COEVOLUTION

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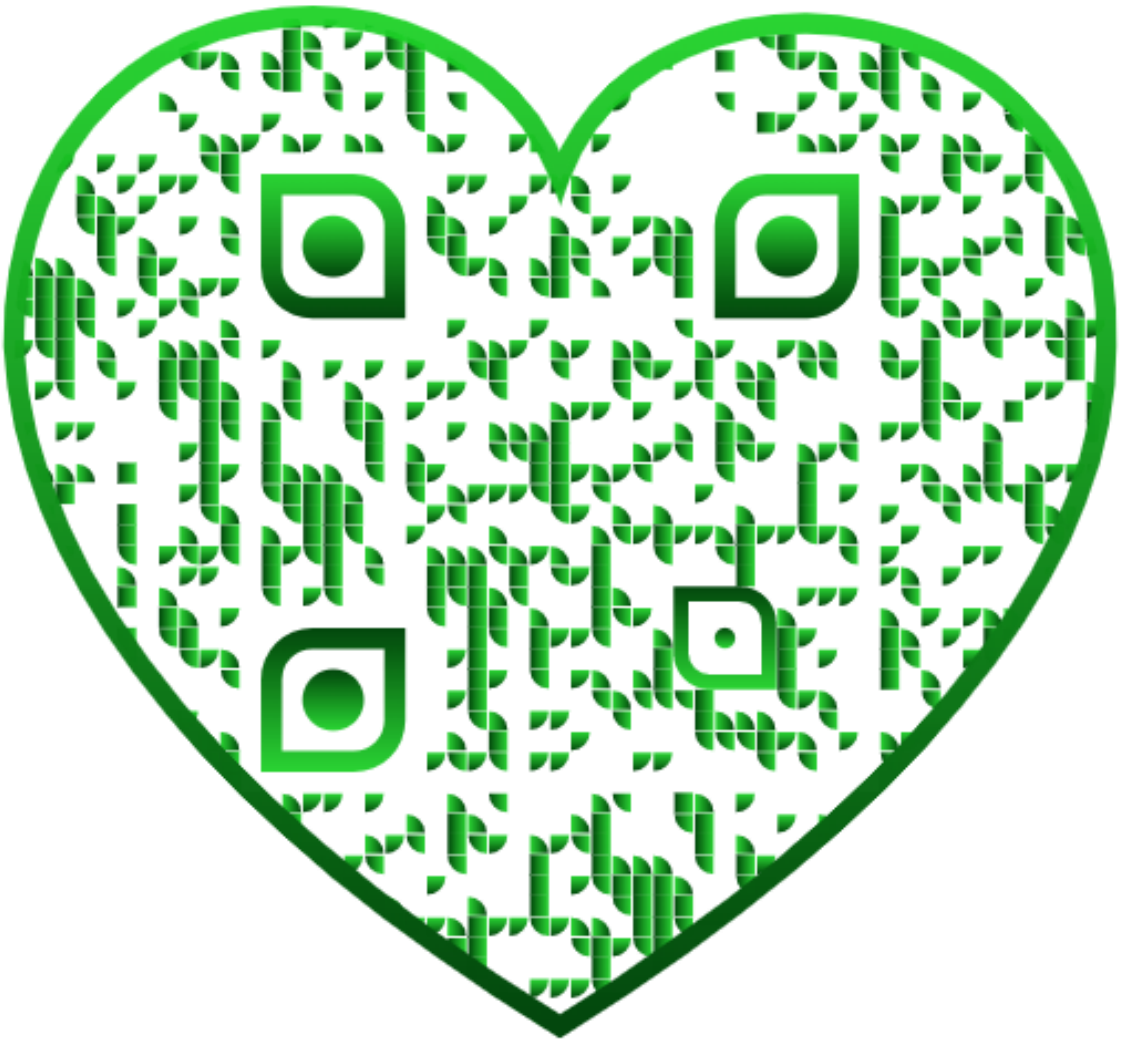
The true story of a man taken for ten days to an extraterrestrial civilisation

Alec Newald



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by

Alec Newald

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Author's Note

I find it rather strange that over twenty years have come and gone since my experience and that fifteen years have passed since I submitted the original manuscript for publication, and here I am finally putting the true meaning of the title, C*o*E*volution*, down on paper. Perhaps this is the first time that I have stood back and re-examined the entire manuscript and the events related therein, without the fallout from such still stacked around me.

I should hope that I see the world and my life's experiences with a broader perspective, now that more than six decades of it have come and gone. In a way I was so sidetracked when I wrote that first edition, describing everything that happened including what I saw and experienced, that I forgot to highlight the whole point of it all.

During that experience, I met up with a group of people who had lost their way in the grander sense of those words. It appeared that I had been groomed since pre-conception to help them out! This is one aspect incorporated into the title C*o*E*volution*, but you could call it a localised event. What, you might ask, has it got to do with the human race?

I think simply this: these people had lost their way because they released the connection to their routes. Co-existence, co-evolution and co-operation suggest things done in unison, in partnership. It is only recently that I have learnt just how important the connection between planet and people really is—which might seem remiss of me, as this connection is talked about often in New Age literature and, more importantly, in ancient texts. I guess you could say that I lost sight of the forest because of the trees. The meaning is still there in the original manuscript, but I never highlighted it as I should have and it is vitally important.

The human race is at a crossroads, a nexus. Technology now allows simulation of the real thing in many forms. Is it about to separate us from our routes? I can feel it coming; maybe you can, too.

Why go out and do the real thing if you can sit at home in the comfort of your lounge and simulate the doing? It's cheaper and far easier, even safer. It's almost becoming a disease—or is it already a disease, one with dire consequences for the continuing evolution of our race?

These others who had lost their way removed themselves from their original home planet. Perhaps this was by accident rather than by design, but the end result was the same: a degeneration of their evolutionary path to the point of extinction. It would appear that unless we are grounded, too, and in complete unison with our parent planet, we can expect most evolutionary steps or leaps to pass us by.

As if that weren't enough to digest, it would appear that we are under the influence of outside forces. I refer to these as "the Dark Overlords" or "the Dark Forces", because it seems that they are hell-bent on holding back any evolutionary steps which the human race may be due to take. Perhaps you've guessed it: the dark forces are masters of simulation and deception. Take 9/11 for instance—a masterstroke of deception from every way you look at it. Its ultimate aim was another war with more hatred, fear and despair—a signature of the dark forces if ever there was one, and it happened in broad daylight right under our noses.

Beware the human race if we travel too far down the road of disconnection to reality in all aspects of life. It would appear that we can't even trust our own eyes to distinguish fact from fiction when the tricksters are at the top of their game. "Tricksters" is another name for the dark forces, the masters of simulation.

My attention has recently been drawn to the Nag Hammadi codices, described as the oldest bound books in existence. It's strange that they should tell a similar story.

All this is only by way of a warning. If we are strong of will, we are still in charge of our own destiny. There is still time to reconnect, re-evaluate and, with any hope, participate. We have always had free will, and we still do. It's our choice to be free or to be controlled.

The other aspect of this adventure that I need to address is my failure in the first edition of this book to explain how my hosts, the people of Haven, see the world in which they live or, indeed, how they see the universe as a whole. In many ways it may sound contradictory to what I've described in the first half of these notes.

It does show, I believe, that my hosts eventually realised the error of their ways and attempted to address that shortfall in their thinking. Perhaps this is another guide for us here on Earth. I surely do hope that we, as a race, still have the time to redirect our endeavours.

My hosts are indeed an alien race. My problem was in writing up my adventure from my own perspective—that of a forty-year-old European male, complete with western-style upbringing and no backup from overseas travel experience. By this I mean that I had never even had to interact with anyone from outside my own narrow western belief system, let alone with beings who call Earth, in general, foreign territory. So now I'll attempt to do what I should have done fifteen years ago for the first edition of *CoEvolution*.

To 'them', everything is alive—therefore everything, including planet Earth, has a personality. If they were to describe a poison that we should avoid in our drinking water, they might call it a dark force, a negative being that could negate life. This puts an entirely different perspective on the way things are talked about in general conversation. I didn't explain this clearly enough in the first edition.

Almost everything that I saw or touched on Haven, their home planet, was alive—including machinery and buildings as we would know them. These structures had a personality, and their relationship with the aliens was closer to that of a family pet back on Earth. When the aliens returned to their dwelling place after a time away, they greeted it as another living entity, a friend, a loved one. They had a bonding relationship with this shelter. They talked with it just as Earth people talk to their pets. The house or dwelling responded at times with a flush of colour, and windows or viewing ports opened on request, out of a solid wall, such was the interaction.

So, in trying to relate to you what they told me about many things, I failed to interpret correctly some of these statements. In clarifying, it is my hope that you may see the meanings more clearly from our human perspective.

Because of recent happenings upon planet Earth, I've become aware of more glaring examples of my failure to interpret correctly. These examples include the dark force that Haven scientists were investigating below ground in an area of our southern oceans near Antarctica, and the dark force that permeates our planet's atmosphere. I shall describe these forces in more detail later.

My alien hosts regard these as living entities, but you and I might consider them as toxic chemicals in the soil and storm systems in our atmosphere.

I think that is a function of our short-sightedness rather than their oversimplification.

I hope this goes a little way towards opening up your perception of at least one type of alien thinking and interpretation of the world around us. Maybe it will allow you to better understand my journey among them. After ten days in their company, I, too, began to think like this, almost to the point of becoming one of them; so when I started to write up these adventures, the explanations came in part from *their* mindset rather than ours. I should have made this more clear to the reader. This oversight has taken me a long time to correct.

Alec Newald, Auckland, New Zealand
June 2011

Introduction:

The Hidden Reality

There is much about this planet's history that has never been told. I do not speak here of yet-to-be-discovered historical facts, but only of material that is already known by a select few within our communities. Most of this knowledge has been carried through the ages and jealously guarded by the few secret sects that were privy to it from its inception, but these sects were not necessarily 'secret' at the time this information was first placed in their trust. The original intention was that this ancient knowledge would be shared with this planet's inheritors, *en masse*, when the trust-holders deemed it appropriate.

The species slated for inheritance of this knowledge is known as H*omo sapiens*. For your information, H*omo sapiens* and the Cro-Magnon precursor species were artificially engineered!

The final pieces of the Cro-Magnon jigsaw puzzle were put together many years ago. This was not the first humanoid creature to walk planet Earth, but it was the first type ever to be constructed to act as a receiver or container so that a second 'bodiless' entity could cohabit with this humanoid form to experience physicality through the actions of its host's solid outer-body form! You may recognise this entity if I refer to it as the soul or spirit.

The new species was designed to be able to take on board all the stored information that awaited it at any time in the future. In other words, it was already fully developed in its mental capabilities and required no further improvements or evolutionary developments at that point. All the knowledge that would ever be needed by this race, up until its next evolutionary step, was already present on the planet and in the safekeeping of the trustees.

These trust-holders have long since broken their vows to the givers of the knowledge, and I think that until very recently they had even

forgotten the identity of their ancient benefactors. Perhaps a day of reckoning is close at hand for the trustees.

It may now be a little clearer to you as to why the secret sects or governors of our planet would prefer that the anticipated visit from the 'landlord' did not take place!

I cannot supply you with all the knowledge that has been withheld, but I can reveal snippets of it during the course of this book. Some of this knowledge had been lost to us as a result of natural catastrophes over the many millennia that have passed since the information was first entrusted. Just as much has subsequently been rediscovered, more often than not by sheer accident.

However, if any of these rediscoveries grossly affects the profitability of businesses run by the ancient trust-holders' line of descendants (who have since become our behind-the-scenes governors), you can be sure it will be placed in some bottomless pit somewhere—to be remembered as just another suppressed invention, but only by the few who may have been lucky enough to see it before it was hidden from view. In the days of a sparsely populated planet, perhaps this would have been of no great significance, but today our overburdened world needs all the help it can get to climb out from under our polluting habits. It sickens me to know that so many inventions that would indeed ease the burden of pollution on this planet have been suppressed.

As I understand it, the people of Earth (well, most of us) are not the only ones concerned about what we are doing to this planet and ourselves. I refer to other intelligent entities who would be only too willing to help if they were invited; but it would seem that our secret governors have rejected this help, even to the point of raising their fists at these outsiders who only seem to have our well-being at heart. However, it may be that I err here and do not have all the facts.

You should realise, however, that the same forces that would deny us the knowledge of our heritage are also trying to deny us access to the truth regarding UFOs and off-planet visitors. The reason for this always appears to be one and the same: the gaining of wealth and personal power over others—or, conversely, the fear of losing this power!

This group of governors I speak of is not large but is all-powerful. I call them "the Dark Overlords", just to be dramatic and perhaps 'polite', for a true description would be unprintable.

Their interwoven networks reach out worldwide, even to a quiet little place like New Zealand, the place I call home. If they have their ultimate way, they will soon be able to reach right into our homes and our private lives whenever they choose.

This can only happen if we *allow* it to happen—and we are! We have to stop living in fear. We must unite with our friends and protect each other. The system that used to be in place to protect us has now been changed to protect systems of hierarchical power with agendas almost too scary for freedom-lovers to contemplate. We, the citizens, are now a poor second on their list!

At this juncture, I owe you a brief description of the one who is making these startling allegations. To start with, pre-1989 I was no subversive—in fact, far from it. That portion of my life I had spent trying not to be noticed, and it seems that I succeeded! It was my good fortune to have been raised in an unpolluted area of this planet—a factor which could well have had more bearing on my experience than even I realise. It was certainly an advantage to grow up with parents who were not regimental in their outlook on life. If I wanted to go to church, I could; indeed, I was even encouraged to do so, though my parents themselves never went. I was not forced to play a sport of any kind; but when I took one up of my own volition, my parents gave me every support in its execution.

I thank them immensely for giving me such a good start in life. You may think it strange, but I have little or nothing to do with them these days. It's just that I feel they gave me wings and I have used them, but I don't have a need to return to the nest whence I flew. I hope they take this as the compliment it is meant to be.

By 1989 I was a typical family man, I should think; forty years old and happily married with one child—at least I was up until the day before this whole adventure began. Until that day, I couldn't have cared less or known less about the happenings I have outlined above. To me, a UFO was just that—a UFO; and everything I knew about the subject I could have fitted on this page, with room to spare! The New World Order could have been a chain of grocery stores, for all I knew about it! In other words, the Dark Overlords had done their job well as far as I was concerned. In February 1989, all that changed forever.

The only really strange thing about this statement is that I now feel as if my life has just started, and that *this* is what I was meant to be doing all along!

Before I get into the heart of my adventure *per se*, I would like to explain a few points which you might otherwise find puzzling, particularly in reference to the dialogue you will encounter in this story. The conversations I relate are not necessarily to be taken as 'word-for-word' accounts. While I have done my best to record them, I have mostly conveyed just their general meanings. These conversations took on a distinct pattern which was not always correct or appropriate in terms of accepted grammar and style. Still, I have tried to duplicate this pattern wherever possible to give you the 'flavour of the moment', so to speak.

As strange as this may sound, during conversations with my off-planet friends we hardly spoke any words (that is, words in a form we would recognise). We certainly didn't use the English language, but there is no language on this planet that can adequately compare to the one transmitted during the course of these conversations. Their astounding telepathic communication system deserves further explanation, so I have devoted a separate section to it at the end of this book (see Appendix 2). You may wish to read it first before proceeding with the story in the sequence presented.

PART I

Men go abroad to wonder at the height of mountains,
at the huge waves of the sea, at the long courses of the rivers,
at the vast compass of the oceans,
at the circular motion of the stars,
and they pass by themselves without wondering.

— Saint Augustine

1

Ten Days Go Astray

I used to love driving long distances. Driving a car is one of the few things I seem to have a natural talent for doing. In stating this, it is not my intention to be boastful, but simply to inform you that I feel very comfortable behind the wheel of a car—*any* car.

Because of this, I do not usually have to pay much attention to the technical aspects of driving a motor vehicle. In other words, I have a tendency to daydream a little when I'm driving. On some trips it has been quite frightening for me to realise I have traversed considerable distances between my conscious recollection of landmarks! I have found this more likely to happen if the trip is one that is especially familiar to me.

Upon further study, I now know this is not a totally uncommon phenomenon. Perhaps you have experienced it occasionally yourself. If so, try to imagine a similar feeling stretched out over a ten-day period. This may give you some idea of how I felt upon reaching my destination at the end of my 200-kilometre drive in the summer of 1989.

Auckland City, a major metropolis in the northern region of my homeland, New Zealand, was my destination on that trip, while my starting point was a small but very popular tourist town called Rotorua. I had been living in Rotorua with my family for just over a year but had spent the rest of my life in or very close to Auckland City.

The Rotorua-Auckland drive should have taken three hours at the most—on any other day but the one in question, as it turned out. The fact that ten days had somehow slipped by during the course of this journey was something I did not even realise at first, though it wasn't long before it became blatantly obvious to me.

Just why I made the journey is a story in itself, for even if nothing of note had happened on that quite familiar 200-kilometre journey it would still have been a day that will be forever burnt into my memory cells.

Indeed, the latter half of February 1989 was to become a time of both great sadness and yet wonderment for me. Although I didn't know it at the time, as I was about to lose one thing I was about to gain another. I'm sure you have had moments in your own life that you wish you could forget, or at least had not experienced. For me, the start of this trip was one of those moments.

I had just separated from my wife of sixteen years, though this was not my idea. My state of mind and general outlook on life was possibly at an all-time low. I can remember that when I arrived in Auckland I was feeling extremely tired; my heart was racing and my mouth was dry. If I didn't know better, I would say I had just run a marathon! As is understandable under the circumstances, my stomach had a knot in it the size of a cow! I had the feeling that this was not really happening to me. I was truly in a daze for some time, and nothing seemed quite 'real', as hard as that is to explain.

Things seemed to happening around me in slow motion, but that was only half of it. Crazy things were going on even *days* later—things like turning right at intersections when I should have been turning left. Because of this I was getting lost in the city—a place where I had spent the greater part of my life growing up. Smaller things, like not knowing in which hand to hold my knife or fork, and other coordination difficulties I dismissed in the end as just part of the overall side-effects of my marriage breakup. This went on for some considerable time, and I would have to say I am not altogether clear of it now. It was almost as if I had been turned inside out or back to front!

Amongst the confusion of all the above manifesting itself upon me, I made the 'minor' discovery that the middle of February had now become the *end* of February! I do not wish to appear blasé about all this, but at first I thought I had lost only *two* days. I had left Rotorua on a Monday, so the following day in Auckland should have been a Tuesday. As it turned out, the following day was a Thursday! What had happened to the Tuesday and Wednesday? As I was investigating this puzzle I found that I was now residing in the last week of February, which was impossible because it was only mid-February when I had left Rotorua on the Monday three days before! It appeared that I had lost not only Tuesday and Wednesday of one week, but the Tuesday and Wednesday of the previous week and all the ensuing days as well!

This did not go down too well with me. I had heard about this sort of thing happening, and usually it meant the very worst for the state of mind

of whoever was suffering from those lost days. Could I have spent ten days wandering the countryside in some sort of comatose state and sleeping in the car? If not, where had I stayed? What had I eaten? When I arrived in Auckland, all my clothes were just as I had packed them, but why should I have worn the same clothes for ten days instead of changing into fresh ones?

I could not explain how I had fed myself for those ten days. When I left Rotorua I had $100 in cash on me. Of that, I spent $40 putting fuel into my car, and I'm sure I still had all the rest, $60, in my pocket on arrival in Auckland. I did not use my Bankcard! I did not have ten days of bearded growth on my face, either! Where had I been and what had I been up to for those ten days? Why could I no longer tell my right from my left? Why had the clock in my car stopped working and why did it show the same time as my wristwatch which was also no longer operational? They had both stopped at approximately 10.30 am!

Another curious thing that set itself upon me at this time was the need to make contact with someone, but I had no idea who that someone might be. That feeling has not totally subsided even today. I was restless and could not settle. I was confused and uneasy because there seemed to be no answers to any of my questions.

All this time, one particular phrase kept running through my head: "an interest in motor sport". What it was doing in there I did not know. I definitely have an interest in motor sport, but why should I need to remind myself of it? Surely I had more important things to think about?

At that stage I had still not found a flat or place of my own and was staying with friends. Sleep was not easy to come by and I spent many a late night sitting up in bed reading. I would read anything I could get my hands on—even newspapers—and usually from cover to cover. One night, while searching a weekly newspaper for accommodation advertisements as much as anything else, I came across a section which contained ads from people looking for partners or friendly contacts. I had never read one of these columns before, and it dawned on me that I was now an unattached male and free to look. "Why not?" I thought.

I was skimming down the columns when one particular ad caught my eye. It read: "Interests include motor sport..." I got a funny sort of feeling deep down inside. I had to reply to this one! And so Gaewyn was introduced into my life. If I told you she has incredibly large, sky-blue eyes and is only a touch over five feet tall, it would probably not mean too

much at this point in my narration, but I'm sure you will get the connection in good time.

Finding a place to live was more difficult than I'd first thought, and right about then, as if in sympathy with me, my car decided that it, too, would go through a rough patch. Trouble had already started with the fuel injection system even before the trip up from Rotorua was over. I'd quickly had to deal with that problem, but over the next few weeks other problems appeared, mainly with hydraulic seals. I would fix one, only to have another go on me. I'm reasonably good at mechanical repairs under normal circumstances, but at that particular time in my life I did not need the sort of ongoing problems the car seemed to be generating, so I decided to sell it. As it turned out, this was my first in a long series of mistakes that would alter my life forever more!

Not long after selling the car, I had a rather mysterious and uninvited visit from two gentlemen who claimed they were scientists from the DSIR (Department of Scientific and Industrial Research). They were making enquiries relating to the vehicle I had just sold. Of all things they wanted to know where the car—and I—had been of late; whether it had been in an accident involving a power pole or high-voltage electrical fields; and whether any electronic welding had been done on it in the recent past. They even wanted to know if anyone had worked on the fuel injection system recently. They went on and on.

To say they took me by surprise would be an understatement, and I could only answer no to most of their questions. When I finally gathered my wits enough to ask why they wanted to know all these things, their own reply was vague, to say the least. An interested party had asked them to check into it, was all they would tell me.

These DSIR scientists seemed very anxious and quite excited at first. When I could tell them nothing that would satisfy their curiosity, their attitude changed markedly, and not for the better. They showed me a photo, supposedly of my former car's injection fuel-air mix circuitry board but it was an exact mirror-image of what should have been fitted, or so they said! Admittedly, it made me stop and think about all the odd things I'd been experiencing over those past few weeks.

I was just about to mention this to these visitors when something within made me stop. No, this was not the time, and these were not the people to be discussing it with! I almost took a step back myself as this puzzling but dominant attitude took up residence in my head. So I kept

quiet about the unusual side-effects I was experiencing—not to mention my most recent discovery that ten days had disappeared from my life on a 200-kilometre drive up from Rotorua! I cannot offer you any logical explanation of why I should have acted in this way towards these gentlemen.

They had slipped through their initial introductions so fast that it is possible I misheard or misinterpreted who or what they represented, but think it unlikely just the same. One of the two men had shown me a card with a duly-stamped DSIR or similar logo upon it. On the other side of his leather cardholder was a card with a very impressive seal or crest. It read as something along the lines of the "Royal Institute for International Affairs", as best I can remember. Since then I have discovered that such an institution does exist in Great Britain.

I wondered at the time why a British scientist would be so interested in my car. Indeed, I presumed this man was British because of the Royal Institute wording on his card. I could hardly credit a New Zealand scientist, let alone one from overseas, with taking an interest in it. My thought then was that perhaps they occasionally swap personnel for research purposes. This particular man certainly spoke with an upper-class English accent. There was something about him, though, that grated on me, possibly because of the way he was almost speaking down to me. I'm not sure, but the feeling lingered long after they had gone.

I have since found out that 'scientists' were probably the last thing these gentlemen were! However, I shall continue to refer to them as this because I have no other appropriate name or description for them.

These two scientists promised to return after they had given me some time to recall any details about the car that I may have forgotten over the course of time. I had visions of having to refund all the money to my recent buyer and having to take the car back, but I had already spent some of that money and could not replace it. If such a scenario were to take place, it would be somewhat embarrassing financially.

Maybe I overreacted to the manner in which these so-called scientists were questioning me, but I decided to up stakes and leave, even though I had only been in my new flat for a few weeks. If I had to move, I thought it best in this case to leave no forwarding address and to make it as difficult as possible for anyone to trace me. I was running, but I didn't really know what I was running from! Nevertheless, I was confident in thinking that no one could find me unless I wanted them to.

The vibrations from that last encounter and interview were different from anything I had ever before experienced. There seemed to be something different about the way I perceived things. It was as if I could see right through the false front put up by my visitors. Of course, at the time I had no idea it was a false front. I had always been quite a trusting person, so I found this newly acquired skill—or, rather, instant distrust—a little bewildering.

That feeling seemed to be more than justified when a few weeks later, to my surprise, the same two scientists appeared at my doorstep. This time they seemed even more sinister and much more insistent. I have no idea how they found me so quickly, but it troubled me to think that they could.

Being a little more blunt myself this time (all a bluff, I might add, as I was shaking in my boots the whole time), I told them there was nothing I could remember that would add to our previous discussion, and asked them to leave me alone. They gave me funny looks and left reluctantly.

A day or two later I was sure my flat had been broken into. Although it appeared that nothing of value had been taken, a curious little crystal was missing—one of a pair that I found in my car after that very long trip up from Rotorua. I had no idea where these crystals had come from as I couldn't recall buying them at any time in the recent past. They were of the type known as iron pyrites, shaped like a cube or dice and the colour of gold. It may even be known to you as fool's gold. They were both the same shape, and I don't mean just generally but exactly! The only difference was that one was fifty per cent larger than the other. The larger was approximately one inch or 2.5 centimetres square. I say "was" because I now no longer own that one!

On closer inspection, I realised that some of my papers were missing. Amongst them were some sketches and odd doodles I had been making lately. An uneasiness descended upon me, and once again I decided to try moving. This time, to cover my tracks, I was very selective as to whom I told of my whereabouts. I changed my car and used a friend's postal address whenever possible, trying to put 'them' off my trail.

I think I should mention at this point that I have since read all about the mysterious 'men in black' who reportedly so often turn up after UFO sightings or similar events, and I would have to say that these fellows did not really seem to fit the bill. However, I stand to be corrected on this issue.

The moving seemed to have worked this time. Weeks went by and my mystery men did not return. The odd friend would occasionally report to me that someone had rung to enquire as to my whereabouts, but these callers would never give a name or state the nature of their business. It appeared that one problem was now solved.

By then I was having strange intrusions from a different source: a dream that would not go away. Not since I was a young boy had such a persistent dream haunted me. In the context of this adventure I was yet to find out that there is no such thing as coincidence.

I'm not sure how many days had gone by since my return to Auckland, but it was not the dream so much as the persistent night-time headaches that alerted me to the fact that something was going on and all was not as it should have been. When these headaches awakened me, I was always partway through the same dream.

Nights passed, but the same thing kept occurring. Eventually, intrigued by the message that seemed to be contained in the dream, and with the consistent vivid reality of it all making me feel like I was really there, living in this 'other' world, I took to keeping notepaper by my bed. Upon awakening in the middle of the night I would jot down parts of the dream that I could remember. This was fun at first, but as time went on it began to have a very negative effect on me. A feeling of great loneliness encroached upon me.

I was so disturbed and uncomfortable at night that in the end I asked Bob, the friend with whom I stayed on first moving up from Rotorua, if I could once again impose on his hospitality for a few days, in the hope that close company would take my mind off this feeling and that it would pass. This worked up to a point, but the dream persisted. Bob and his family, of course, had no idea what was really happening to me. How could they? Even I did not fully understand it! I think they were quite concerned, however, and I did not really know how to put their minds at rest.

Meanwhile, back in the bedroom, I had amassed quite a stack of scribblings from my ongoing nightly episodes. Then one night, out of the blue, I received an important new message which ended this sequence of dreams. After this I had no more dreams, or at least none that I could say was directly related to this experience.

I felt I was free at last (at least at night I was), but strange things were still happening to me in a physical sense. If I chose to wear a wristwatch,

its battery would go flat in just a few weeks. (This was still happening to a lesser degree even as recently as 1993.) I couldn't stand wearing anything metallic against my skin at that time, anyhow, as it usually caused a rash to appear.

By now I realised that I had lost ten days of my life somewhere between Rotorua and Auckland, but that did not mean I knew anything about what may have happened during that time. I had a distinct feeling from within that something was quite wrong, both medically and mentally. A subsequent medical test suggested nothing was amiss, apart from the fact that I had a slightly unusual blood type.

This did not put me at ease, however, and I asked Bob if I could transfer the ownership of one of my cars into his name, so that if anything should happen to me he could ensure that the proceeds from the sale went to my teenage son in Rotorua. There were reasons for this which I will not go into here, but on reflection I can see how this may have caused more concern for Bob and his wife. I apologise to them both for any worry I may have caused them in those days.

At home I played around with my scribblings from the dream, trying to make some sense of them. There were a few clues that seemed to tie it to those lost ten days, but I was still far from putting all the pieces together. As with all dreams, it darted about and it was hard to find a common, consistent theme to it all.

One time soon afterwards, as I began to study and rewrite my notes, a very strange thing happened. It was as if someone else was guiding the pen: the gaps began to fill; the story started to flow and make sense. I could hardly believe what I was writing!

This is how I believe my adventure began...

2

Ghosts in the Machine

It was approximately ten o'clock on a midsummer's day when I set out on this journey. I remember the first section only too well, and do not need prompting from dreams or any other outside influence. The weather was passable when I left Rotorua, but my route took me through some rugged hill country, and a fine misty rain set in at this higher altitude.

Those of you who have gone through a marriage separation will not need to be told how it feels; those who haven't may wish to take my word for it. Whatever the case, you don't leave your wife of sixteen years and child aged fourteen years without it having the most horrendous effect on every part of your body! I felt numb, sick, and, as I said before, in some sort of daze. It really did feel like there were two parts to me: an inner and an outer portion. The innermost part was heavy, very heavy; the outer part seemed to be in slow motion, assessing the options. There was no deep thinking going on here; just options being considered, like diving off the first big cliff I could find, or under a very large truck!

The weather now seemed to be in the same frame of mind, for what at first was light rain and low cloud was now a mixture of thick fog—unusual for that time of day. It appeared to be sticking to the car as if trying to hold it back. Could it have understood my mood or read my mind? I didn't really want to leave the area, even though I knew I had to. If my other, outer self was sending out a message for help, I suspect it would have been heard in the next galaxy! Perhaps it was.

I was midway through this hilly section, and the road was quite twisty as well as wet and slippery. Visibility was now no more than 50 to 100 metres. It was almost like being in a dream. I was finding it more and more difficult to concentrate on the road, but I didn't really care.

Slowly, an even stranger feeling came over me. The best description I

can give is that it felt like I was being immersed in a slow-setting glue. My vision became blurred and the steering wheel began to hum in my hands. There is a vague notion in the back of my mind that the road itself was vibrating! Then I got the fright of my life. The steering wheel appeared to lock solid! Confusion reigned for a second as to whether the steering had actually seized or I was paralysed. There was no time to debate the issue, for a large rock-face was looming up in front of me and there seemed to be no way I could avoid hitting it.

This is all I can remember of the physical trip in a reality that could be described as conventional, apart from my eventual arrival in Auckland ten days later. What happened during those ten days of 'missing time' I would now like to share with you.

Having for all intents and purposes passed *through* the cliff face, I found myself devoid of car, and, what's more, devoid of body! I was in a state of weightlessness. It was rather like being put through a sieve, I should think. All the solid bits appeared to have gone, yet there was still a feeling I could walk, or had to walk to get anywhere. The tricky bit here was that there didn't appear to be any parts of me touching the ground—if there *was* any ground!

Looking down, I noticed that a glassy or icy type of substance was prevalent. This ice-like floor had a whitish look to it, as if lit from below. I got the impression it was cold, but I was not sure if I possessed the necessary equipment to sense temperature. This was curious in itself because there also appeared to be heat involved, perhaps emanating from the ring of soft, blue light that appeared to surround me, even though this light source looked to be some distance off.

At this stage I assumed it was possible to move across this floor. Before long I found I could travel in any direction simply by looking that way and pushing forward with what would have been my head—if I had possession of such a thing. While doing this I felt little prickling sensations, similar to the static shock from synthetic materials but less severe. I have no idea how long it took me to discover this; nor how much time had passed while I just hung there, thinking I was alone in what seemed an endless realm of soft, blue light.

Eventually, and most likely because I was becoming acclimatised to the low light level and whatever other transformations my body may have been going through, it was possible for me to make out some ghostlike entities moving about in the far distance.

There seemed to be a faint golden glow about them. I looked down to see if there was any similarity between them and me, but it was difficult to be sure. There was a haze about me that prevented my looking down with any clarity. It was hard to know whether to head *for* or *away* from these far-distant entities. I decided to err on the side of caution, at least for a while longer.

As time passed it became easier for me to see, almost as if a fog was lifting from around me. Other distant objects came into focus or view in more and more detail. One such object was the ring of blue light that I had been studying since it first appeared out of the mist. It encircled the entire area I was in. There was no way at that time to be sure just how large an area this may have been, but I should think that a football field, or even two, could have been placed within it. No doubt this blue ring of light was responsible for the bluish haze that appeared earlier.

I could now clearly see that what at first appeared to be a circular movement by this light was a deception, somewhat like a neon sign blinking on and off alternately and so giving the appearance of movement in a given direction. I thought I could detect the very faint smell of ozone, as if the air had been ionised, as well as that carbon-type smell emitted by electric motors while they are running. I could even 'taste' it. And all this without the apparent aid of a nose or mouth! There was no noise that I could pick up, but then perhaps I did not have ears to hear!

"I seem to be taking this very well," was the last of my conscious thoughts before I had the distinct feeling that someone was tapping me on the shoulder. Turning around, I found myself face to face with two of the ghostlike entities.

Throughout this entire procedure, if I am correct in calling it that, there was an air of complete tranquillity. Because of this, I don't remember actually being surprised or startled by anything that I encountered. This may explain why it seemed perfectly logical to me that I should follow these entities, even though no words were spoken that I can recall.

If culture shocks were the order of the day, they were not over yet! As we passed through the ring of neon light that seemed to encircle us, I suddenly regained a normal-type body and so did the other entities—or at least that is what I thought at the time. There seemed to be some time-loss factor here and, quite likely at this time, there were other things that I was not aware of that may have happened to me. It was a little embarrassing to realise that my clothes had not come along for the ride,

but it definitely was the 'me' I had become used to over the last forty years. The question, then, was whether to be relieved or not to find a body still attached. After all, what seemed like just minutes before, I had been contemplating ending it all anyway! Now I was totally confused as to whether I had succeeded or not!

The two humanoid creatures I followed appeared to be female—or, should I say, they had all the parts that the females I'd most recently been in contact with have! All these parts appeared to be in the right places, too! If you will excuse me here, it was very difficult *not* to notice these things, for even though they were not naked as I was, they only wore what looked like some sort of plastic coating or very tight-fitting suit. I say this now, but at the time I really had no way of knowing what I was actually looking at. It could have been a plastic covering or just their skin that was coloured. Their entire bodies, head to toe, were a light blue-grey colour. The covering certainly did not leave anything to the imagination! I remember finding this rather comforting at the time! In amongst this very strange and alien environment, they, their colour aside, were at least vaguely familiar to me. They had some other features that were unusual and of note, including a lack of any noticeable hair on any part of their bodies, and a slightly disproportionately larger head and eyes than I would consider normal for a human.

One of the entities moved toward what looked like a clear glass cabinet, indicating she wanted me to step inside it. As I did so, it adjusted up to my chin level. At the same time something else came down from above, but I couldn't see it clearly. Again there was that familiar carbon-magnetic taste. Then, on looking down, I found that I, too, had gained a plastic body-suit or skin and taken on a blue-grey appearance. From this I deduced that my female companions may well have a skin colour similar to mine beneath their suits. Interestingly, I now had no body-hair. It was not quite so clear to me what would happen should I desire to go to the toilet—perhaps there would be no need from here on in. This later proved to be a good guess. There was no way I could know if the plastic skin covered my head as it did theirs, and there was no mirror handy. The entire suit was also impossible to feel. For all intents and purposes it wasn't there, but it gave me complete freedom of movement.

The humanoids (I really did not know what to call them) were smaller than I am. They came up to my chin in height, which, on reflection, would make them somewhere between four foot nine inches and five feet tall.

One was slightly taller than the other. They reminded me of children rather than adults, at least in their physical stature.

Until then I had been too dumbfounded to try to communicate with these beings, and was not even sure how to try. Although I had regained my body, there was no way I could make any sound come out. Eventually one of them made contact with me. The taller of the two somehow put the thought inside my head that, should I like to follow her, she would take me to a place where it would be more comfortable and possible for me to communicate with others of my time-span. I wasn't sure what she meant by that, but I assumed she was referring to my age.

There are two ways to describe this creature who stood before me. If I were indeed dead, she might be an angel, albeit without wings. (Whether this meant I'd gone up or down, I didn't know!) If not an angel, then what—an alien? This would be the harder of the two options to check out, I thought. After all, what should or does an alien look like? She most certainly did not look remotely like descriptions I had seen and read about in the odd magazine or Sunday paper. These sources gave descriptions of aliens that were only four feet or less in height, mostly with quite large heads and huge black eyes, hardly any nose, mouth or ears, and stick-like arms and legs. Apart from the fact she was rather small in stature, this (dare I say) beautiful creature was almost five feet tall, with alluring violet-blue eyes slightly wider apart than usual and turned up at the outside. They were almost oriental in appearance, but much, much larger, not unlike those depicted in Egyptian wall paintings. She had a fine-featured, impish face with a narrow jawline and small but well-defined mouth and lips. Her neck was rather longer than usual for her size, but it was accentuated by her sloping shoulders.

The bodysuit, if that's what it was, enabled me to see a perfectly formed set of small breasts, followed by a very fine waist. Her hips were rather narrower than you would expect to find in a mature female; rather more girlish, perhaps. She had fine, long-fingered, five-digit hands and rather frail-looking legs, once again more in keeping with those of a young child. Her head was a little larger and fuller at the back, but there was not that much which could not be passed off as pure terrestrial.

I should imagine that, with a little cosmetic disguise work, she could walk down the street without anyone taking a second glance. However, her suit kept reminding me that she also appeared to be female in every intimate detail and in full accord with Earthly traditions! Her movements were smooth and graceful; petite would best describe them and her. I

was later to learn that her appearance was not the only thing about her that was more than outstanding.

On following her, we eventually arrived in an area that looked rather like a bowling alley. It had ten or so pathways leading off a semi-transparent floor. There was a strange resistance emanating from most of the alleyways, but none from the last. It was at this one that we stopped.

"You may wish to link with some of your fellow beings in here," she said without actually saying anything. "I will be back in a short space of your time with some helpful instructions from my Guardian."

This was a telepathically communicated message as it turned out, though I didn't know it at the time. And no wonder, for as far as a language goes, this, to my knowledge, was like nothing this planet has ever encountered, save for one exception. (See the Communication section in Appendix 2 for more details.)

She continued on her way without looking back, leaving me somewhat stunned and standing at the junction of the path leading to the last alleyway. At no stage of my interaction with these creatures did I receive any direct order; only suggestions. I pondered what might happen should I choose to go down some other alleyway, but then I decided that discretion was indeed better than valour and headed off down the glasslike pathway as she'd suggested.

I did not yet fully comprehend what had happened or was still happening to me. The fact that I had been left alone in a strange place without a guard meant that either they trusted me or there was little I could do that worried them; probably the latter.

"This just had to be a dream—what else *could* it be?" I thought, trying to reassure myself. In the morning I'd awaken at home as usual with the family, and all I would have would be a fading memory of this crazy stuff.

"Her Guardian?" My mind was sliding back to the present situation. "Wonder what that means. Sounds a bit formal."

3

Transports of Delight

At the end of the pathway was what appeared to be a solid door. A quick inspection showed there was no visible way of opening it manually. I waited for a short time, half expecting it to open automatically. When it became fairly obvious that this was not going to happen, I began pondering my options. I could just wait there and hope someone else would come by and use the door, or I could wander off and try to find someone to open it for me. Considering where I was and what I might meet on my wanderings, that idea did not strike me as the more intelligent option.

As these thoughts were going through my head, I decided to reach out and run my hand over the door. Perhaps there was a device that would open it, even if I couldn't see it. On doing this, I was startled to find that my hand went right through the door! Again I pondered my options. In the end I threw caution to the wind, and through the door went all of me.

I was now in an area that was more familiar to me, in as much as the odd glasslike structures from before had been replaced by a less-translucent material, more like solid plastic than anything else. I was in a room with items of furniture that looked like tables and chairs. The only thing that was strikingly different about them was their rather rounded, smooth appearance with no sharp corners. Even the room, if you could call it that, was circular in shape. That aside, by far the most unusual feature in this very large room was the floor. On walking across it, it seemed as if my feet did not actually touch the floor. This was a slightly unnerving feeling, to say the least.

There were figures across the far side of this 'arena', and I made off towards them with a little more confidence than I displayed the last time I saw figures in the distance. In this instance, they appeared to be wearing the same sort of plastic-type bodysuit as I had been fitted with.

Encouragingly, they also appeared more human in proportion than my recent escort.

"Welcome!" was the message that entered my head, even though, once again, no sound had been made.

"Don't worry. No harm will befall you here; quite the contrary."

A woman seemed to be communicating with me. She was standing next to a table-like piece of furniture upon which was something that could only be described as a circular three-dimensional picture display. She looked vaguely familiar to me, even without hair!

"My name's Millie," she added.

Once again I attempted to speak, but nothing came out.

"Don't try so hard, just *think* it," she suggested.

"What...am...I...doing...here?" I managed to get out, so I was told.

"You're just lucky, I think," said Millie.

"Lucky!" I couldn't see the humour in it.

"Well, they know you," she said, "or else you wouldn't be here."

"Explain...please," I got out.

"No, I'd best let them do that. I have no idea why they want you."

"Well...where...is...here...then?" I asked.

"You're aboard a lightship, a transporter; well, it's more complicated than that," she said, but did not explain any further. "I'm here because I chose to be, and because of the length of time I have been here I can no longer go back—to Earth, that is," she added.

"What about me? Can I go back?" I asked.

"I should think so, but I'm not sure. Only the Guardian can tell you that."

"Why did you not go back?" I asked.

"I chose to stay because that is what I wanted. I have my reasons, and later, when you are more settled, I will tell you about them. But I can see there is still much you want to know, and my story is long—at least too long to be told just now," Millie concluded.

"This Guardian fellow—who or what is it?" I asked.

"Well, there's more than one, but I'm not sure how many. They run the ship, in fact. They are not only of a higher rank but they are quite different. I must warn you, Guardians are not at all like the Mark 2 models, as we call them—the ones you would have seen when you came aboard. They are only responsible for general duties. These Guardians,

or Elders as they are sometimes called, are very powerful but you need not fear them."

"If I ask this Guardian to put me back, could it then do it, do you think?" I asked once again.

"Yes, I should think so, but not right now," Millie replied.

"Why not? I have no desire to stay," I quickly added.

"Mostly because we're probably nowhere near Earth right now, and you'll have to wait until the return journey."

"Journey?" I butted in.

"Yes, that's the point, you see. It's only when they come inside our atmosphere that you can get sucked in here. As close as I can describe it, it's a bit like being sucked into a radio signal or, in your generation, a TV signal, and then spat out into the viewing room. You were unlucky to get zapped in here on an outward trip—unless, of course, they planned it that way. What I meant by return journey, if you will look here..."

She pointed to the three-dimensional device I'd spotted earlier.

"That small dot there is probably our Sun, and that's how I knew we were on an outward journey. I'd been following our progress just before you came in. Once we get clear of our system you'll be able to see the other side of yourself, just for a short time. Will that ever be a surprise! You'll know when it happens, believe me, but I'll let *them* explain what that's all about. Then we'll be close to their home base or planet. That should be a sight for you as it's your first time with us,"Millie suggested.

"You said before that you could not go home now. Why is that?" I asked, more than a little concerned about the answer I might get.

"It's just been too long now; too long in low gravity and low air-pressure. Mostly too long in one of these suits which do all the work for my internal body parts. That's the price you pay if you want to live for over a hundred years, I guess," she said almost jokingly.

"How long will I have to wait 'til they come back?" I asked hesitantly.

"Well, not as long as you may think. But once again you'll have to ask them that question," Millie answered. "Was anyone expecting you? Have you family waiting?" she asked.

"Well, that's a long story, too," I replied, "but the short of it is, not really. Some friends in Auckland, but I did not say exactly when I would arrive—at least I don't think so. It all seems to be a long time ago, like it was in some other lifetime. Is this just me, or is it normal to feel this way?" I enquired.

Even though I was in the middle of this conversation with Millie, it didn't really feel like it was *me* who was standing there talking. I looked around. "How could all this be real?" I asked myself. "There are people here in skin-tight bodysuits. I have just walked through that solid door without opening it. Some sexy siren with nearly nothing on was just talking to me without making any sound. Now I'm here talking to someone who's about a hundred years old and doesn't look a day over forty! Look at that viewing screen—that's out of S*tar Trek* or beyond. I've never seen anything like it before in my life."

"Are you still with us?" Millie asked, interrupting my daydream. "As I meant to add before, the Elders have been experimenting with some form of genetic engineering on these Mark 2 models—well, they are Mark 3 and Mark 4, actually. In my own way I have helped them with this, but we won't go into that now. These beings are now a lot closer to our own kind than the Guardian model, if I can put it like that. No doubt, all this will be explained to you in due course," she assured me.

"What are these suits?" I asked, but at that moment I was aware of a presence that would have made my hair stand on end, if I had any!

Looking up, I realised we were being approached by three aliens, the tallest of them looking like my female escort from earlier on. The second one was just a little shorter and was male as far as I could tell. The third was smaller, much smaller, and walked ahead of the other two.

He, for want of a better word (because the gender was not at all clear), was slightly built with a roundish head and rather unusual, squinty eyes which were well-spaced and placed rather lower down his head than are our own. He had a very small mouth, but I did not notice any ears or nose. His physical appearance, however, was of almost no consequence, for I was immediately struck with an almost overpowering feeling of his presence. I cannot say it was hypnotic; if anything, the opposite. It was as if his energy was being projected and absorbed by my body. There is no way I could ever adequately describe this sensation to you, using mere words. Those who have had this experience will know just what I mean! His communication with me was also much stronger and clearer than I had experienced with any of the others. This was still not the 'alien' I had read about or seen graphically illustrated in various magazines or papers. The size was about right—four feet in height with a slight frame—but where were the big black eyes? Perhaps he'd left his sunglasses at home! I joke here, but later this was to prove not too far from the mark!

An Elder or Guardian

"Welcome," he said. "I am the designated Guardian of this section. Anything that you feel you might need to make your stay with us more pleasant, ask and I shall do my best to supply it. The suit you have been given will make it possible for you to understand us, and us you."

He must have read my mind as he entered the room, for I had just asked Millie about the suits.

"We do not speak as such, as you will have noticed by now. Sometimes a verbal sound message is necessary in long-distance communication, or if we wish to play a little with your own Earth astronauts."

I'm sure his face raised a little smile at this point, but perhaps I was mistaken. He continued.

"I will not enquire if you wish to stay or return at this time. I would hope you may desire the chance to absorb more knowledge and understanding before you make that decision. There are things we cannot tell you at this point in time. You will understand, I hope. Nevertheless, you will have the chance to acquire some considerable knowledge on a wide variety of subjects, including your own kind, before you make up your mind on this matter. However, some or all of this knowledge may have to be removed from you, should you decide to leave us and return to your own planet.

"I have assigned Zeena 5, here, as your assistant communicator and guide until you learn to find your own way around. She will tell you where you may and may not go, and answer most of the questions I know you will want to ask. You may be interested to know that Zeena 5 volunteered for this assignment. Take from that what you will."

He was gone, leaving Zeena behind, before all this could sink in. I never saw him again.

"Haven't we met before?" I asked, enquiring only to be sure that it was Zeena who had escorted me earlier.

"Yes, more than once, but you will not remember the first time," she replied. "That was a long time ago."

This was hardly the reply I was expecting.

"I also wish to learn from one of your kind, so I took this opportunity to do so. If you would like to say goodbye for now to your new friend, I shall show you around my second home, our transporter."

I was hardly in a position to refuse, so I said goodbye to Millie for the moment, then turned and followed Zeena from the room.

Have you ever tried to ask ten questions at the same time? My mind

Zeena, a Hybrid Female

was working overtime. I must have swamped Zeena with a jumble of them all at once, if her reply was anything to go by.

"I will answer them all as best I can, but perhaps just one at a time would be the way to go!" she exclaimed. "'In approximately ten of your Earth days' is the answer to the question that is on the top of your mind."

That saying has never had a more literal application, for the question uppermost in my mind was, "How soon could I get back home?"

I could see this was going to be more than a little awkward. No sooner would a thought enter my head than Zeena was reading it. "This could be very embarrassing, at least for me," I thought to myself. I was not at all sure if Zeena knew about Earthly things like embarrassment.

"And how should I feel if I were embarrassed?" she quizzed.

"Well, you'll have trouble going red in the face, I should think," was all I could think to say.

I also had no idea if she understood our Earth-type humour. Her reaction suggested she did not.

"What did Millie mean by seeing the other side of myself?" I asked, hurriedly changing the subject.

"I don't think you would understand that one fully right now," Zeena replied. "There is so much that should come before the answer to that question. Suffice at this time to say that your very make-up, and the make-up of everything you can see for that matter, is split into two cycles. The negative or alternate one of these cycles is not known on Earth except by a few, and most of them work for the military. This negative cycle can defeat all the laws of physics as you know and understand them, and this includes time travel. Perhaps you have heard of antimatter? Your other self, the other side of you, is not much different from that concept. But you must not think that you have antimatter within you. You see, it is very difficult for me as you have not yet had the grounding in this knowledge."

We passed through the 'bowling alley' once again, which triggered off yet another question.

"What are these other alleyways for?" I asked.

"Yours is not the only planet we visit from time to time," she replied, "but I cannot take you into any of those, I'm sorry."

She would say no more on that subject.

"Why have you come to Earth?" I kept on eagerly.

"Once again, that's a long story which I will be pleased to answer for

you, but perhaps later after I have shown you over the parts of the transporter you will be permitted to use," was her reply.

"Millie hinted she was almost one hundred years old, yet by Earth standards she does not look it. Can you explain that to me?" I asked.

"Surely, your new friend does not look to be her Earth age because she has not been within your Earthly time-frame since she has been with us. Should she return to Earth, she would indeed age at a very fast rate until her body reached its correct age. The time she has spent time-travelling with us would not be cumulative as it is outside all physical laws. But you know this already, for I am sure of my facts..."

Zeena hesitated as if to say more, but did not.

"We don't all know about these things on my planet," I replied, rather like a schoolboy who has just been ticked off by his teacher for being inattentive in class.

"Do not suggest I have overestimated you, for once again I am sure of my facts," she continued, as if I was holding out on her.

This was a most puzzling attitude, for surely I was not supposed to be knowledgeable in time travel. I thought it best just to leave that subject where it lay.

4

Rest and Recreation

The first stop will be your sleep area. Should you choose to stay with us, you will find you need less and less of that as you begin to draw your energy and life force from the transporter's power supply. I personally find one hour's synchronised meditation is enough each day. We can try that together a little later," Zeena added.

We arrived at another of those doors I had trouble with early on. As we passed through it we were engulfed by a dull, red light.

"You may use that area nearest the entrance. Just inside you will see a light circle on the wall. If you touch it firmly, I shall be aware that you need my presence. Our power system prevents me from reading your thought patterns when I am out of the room."

"That's a relief!" I thought to myself.

"Just look for and use one of these light circles in any room, and I shall get the message," she added.

I was momentarily embarrassed yet again, thinking back to the way I was looking at her when I saw her for the first time, knowing now that Zeena must have been able to read my mind at that point.

"Oh, that's alright," she said, embarrassing me for a second time in as many minutes. "We are not used to it, but I think I quite like the idea that someone may actually like the shape of my body. I will have to give that some more thought."

The sleeping area I was allotted was probably no more than two metres (seven feet) square. There was no bedding as such, and the bench-type affair she suggested I sleep on did not look all that comfortable. Its cover had a texture not unlike that of my bodysuit—smooth and plastic-like. I jumped up on the 'bed' and to my astonishment I found it was soft and comfortable. It seemed to be able to mould itself to my shape no matter how I sat or lay. Perhaps this trip was not going to be too bad after all!

In describing this room as square, I don't want you to get the wrong idea. Nothing I saw over the next week or so was ever just square. I don't recall seeing a seam, joint or sharp edge in any item of construction. As with my sleeping room and bench-type bed, all corners were rounded or moulded. It was obvious their construction materials and techniques were well ahead of anything we use on Earth. Most items appeared as if they were all part of the whole, or made as one unit.

"Next stop, entertainment and recreation, as you would call it," were Zeena's words as we exited the sleeping area.

We seemed to be skirting the ring of neon-type light we had passed through on my first trip across the ship's interior.

"What's that over there?" I asked, pointing to the blue light.

"An anti-static device, among other things," she said. "We pick up a lot of that entering and exiting atmospheres. It is also one of our receiving antennae for energy-collecting. You may wish to spend most of your time in here," Zeena suggested, ushering me into one of the biggest single areas I had yet seen on the transporter. She seemed keen to change the subject whenever technical material was being discussed.

"There will be others from your home planet in here, plus some of our crew who are off duty. I am sure they, too, would communicate with you if you wished it. If I am not available at the time, there are many things to do. There are visual devices over here and there," she said pointing ahead and to one side. "They will give you a rundown on how to play some of our contestable games, and also a panorama of space, at least as we approach and leave planets. These recordings can all be played back."

"I still have a million questions, Zeena, but I must confess to feeling more than a little tired. Could I just rest for a while?" I asked. The distinct need for sleep descended upon me in a matter of moments.

"Not a problem. Is that how you say it? I will take you back to the sleep area, but first I should get some liquid for you. We are approaching transition sector and it would not do for you to go through that in a dehydrated condition. If you would care to wait here for just a short space of your time, I shall return with the sustenance for you," Zeena said before leaving the area.

I was just too tired to be bothered even asking what the transition sector might be. Later, perhaps. Zeena then returned with a piece of information that quite amazed me, even in my drowsy condition.

"It has been thirty-six Earth hours since you entered our time-space. For one of your type, that is quite some time without rest, is it not?"

I added the other five hours on Earth before all this began, bringing the total to forty-one hours. No wonder I was out on my feet! This lack of sleep was shock enough to my system as it was, without everything else that had recently transpired.

"It's a little longer than optimum," I replied, but this was something of an understatement.

Zeena led me back to the sleeping cubicle via a path which seemed to have a spiral shape, but its scale was so immense that its dimensions were difficult to judge.

Arriving back at my 'bed', I must have gone to sleep almost immediately.

When I opened my eyes again, Zeena was sitting opposite my cubicle.

"Verva," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a rock," I replied.

"Curious expression," was her reply.

"How long has it been?" I added, enquiring as to the duration of my sleep.

"One half of an Earth day—twelve hours," she answered.

"What's 'verva'?" I asked.

"Oh, 'good spirit, fresh energy to you'. It is a greeting we use a lot, like your 'hello'," she explained.

"What's on the schedule?" I enquired.

"Some more liquid replacement for you," was her reply. "Come on. We have only two more of your Earth days and there is much to learn if you desire, and quite a few questions I have for you, too, before I return home."

Zeena appeared most anxious, but how could she be more inquisitive than I? In any case, I was still reeling from awakening to find myself 'dream-bound' and not back on Earth as I had expected.

"Her home! Now there's something I'd like to know about," I thought to myself but realised almost immediately that Zeena would read it.

"About the size of the planet Mars in your system," she replied, right on cue. "But it is not in the best of health, for our sun is slowly dying and we are being roasted with radiation. We are also losing our atmosphere. We can patch that up to a degree, but not for ever."

"Doesn't sound good. What are you guys doing about it?" I asked.

"Well, we have been looking for a new home for many of your years. The best bet is still Earth, but we cannot take your gravity, among other things. That has always been the major factor, but it is also not of the right conformation for us yet. It used to be, but we are not quite like we used to be."

Zeena hesitated, as if pondering whether to go on with this topic. She chose not to continue.

"There is every chance that the Earth is about to change in the not-too-distant future," was her revised answer.

"Change its conformation?" I enquired, startled.

"It shall mutate to a different density level, as you would understand it. It's no big deal. It's happening all over, all the time," she replied.

I think she might now have been trying to downplay it all after she noted how panicked I must have appeared.

"It'll what?" I queried, looking at her in amazement.

"Well, that is another of those long stories I promised to tell you about. It is best we get comfortable first and you get some fluid intake."

"I don't feel at all hungry," I commented, still feeling more than a little worried about her previous statement.

"No, you should not need any solid nourishment while you are with us. We take only a little liquid now and then, drawing most of our energy from the forces around us with the help of our transporter's interchanger. That's one of the major tasks performed by the suit you are wearing," Zeena explained.

"Do you ever take them off?" I enquired, in no way meaning to be rude.

"There is no need, except to renew, for sometimes they do get damaged. Without them we could not take nourishment in the form needed, so we would die after a few days—just as you would on your home planet without eating your foods," she replied.

We entered the recreation room and headed for a side exit.

"In here," she explained, "is the nourishment room for this sector. There are various strengths of nourishment depending on your needs. I would suggest the strongest of them for you right now. That would be the same as you had before your sleep period."

She pointed to the station at the far end of a row of seats and said, "Let me show you how to use it."

As she was attending to my needs, two other crew members entered the refreshment room. I cannot be one hundred per cent sure that I was the cause of their reaction, but they took one look at me, turned, and left the room.

The fluid was unusual: not so much the taste, which was quite sweet and left one with a rather warm feeling not unlike the after-taste of ginger beer, but its colour was a glowing gold, almost luminescent.

"I should now start to answer some of those questions of yours," Zeena continued.

5

History Lessons from the Future

How, how shall I start?" Zeena asked. "Perhaps with the Elders." "Elders?" I chipped in. "Like the Guardian you have met. They are each many hundreds of Earth years old and have a very ancient lineage. Their ancestors, who are my ancestors, are also very distant ancestors of yours; at least in part they are. Now do not interrupt!"

Zeena headed me off at the pass, even before I could get the thought out of my head.

"This is going to be difficult enough to explain without interruption. I will make room for questions a little later," she added. "These distant common ancestors of ours came to Earth many times, but more important to you was the visit of two million years ago, your time-scale. They were not the first [aliens] to visit. In fact, they and others have lived in and explored what you call your solar system for *hundreds of millions of years*.

"These travellers tidied up some earlier attempts to manufacture a species or race of humanoids on Earth, the end result being H*omo sapiens*. I will not go so far as to say these ancient ancestors of mine were solely responsible for your race, for that was indeed a joint effort of many ETs, all of whom at some time have laid claim to manufacturing your race. This is not a deliberate lie on their behalf—just a slight exaggeration of the facts. Do not interrupt yet, please. I shall explain all in due course.

"In many ways you have manufactured or at least fine-tuned your own race, and it continues even at this very moment. This is mistakenly called 'evolution'. 'Natural progression of the species' is a fine turn-of-phrase uttered by one of your kind's more enquiring minds some years ago. It was thought by many to explain the path of evolution, and there *is* an end to it. But this thinking leaves more questions unanswered than answered, for how and when did a butterfly obtain its wings? I shall not

pursue this subject for there are more important things to discuss, but no doubt you see my point. Perhaps there will be a time at a later date.

"I will, however, tell you more of your own race's personal history, for it is important that you should know your own past, and that evolution as you understand it is a myth. The changes are never slow but they are always planned. Later I shall show you that nothing in this universe—past, present or future in your time-scale—is left to chance. Forgive me, for I diverge from our chosen path.

"Some of my ancient Elders stayed with your developing race. Others moved on. From time to time there were conflicts with other ET races as to what was best for one or the other, just as there are conflicts on your planet now, among your own kind. You must understand that Earth is a very special place. It is very beautiful and there are many who have desired to own it. I would not go so far as to say this is no longer the case, but you should always have your wits about you! Even we, although we do not wish to own it, would like to live there. But we cannot—indeed, we must not—interfere with the processes that are happening on your planet right now. That is not to say that there are no other ET races that will not interfere, and that is why you must have your wits about you.

"Some of those processes which are occurring, or are about to occur, are the direct result of that seeding by our ancient Elders. Even the pyramids are ancient legacies left behind by our Elders to help you awaken when the time is right. They are very important to you, and it is from this front that progress of a most unexpected kind will manifest itself to your race in the not-too-distant future.

"All knowledge will be made available to your race in good time and in accordance with the laws of evolution. There has yet to be a force artificially manufactured in any universe that my people know of that is more powerful or wiser than this natural law. Trust me when I say this, for my race knows well the cost of interfering with the laws of evolution. We would warn your own people, if only those in control would listen. Alas, that approach appears to have fallen on deaf ears, so we shall now attempt to pass on the message in a different way.

"There was indeed a time upon your planet, not so long ago in the context of this history lesson, when a 'force' came down upon it and did in fact claim it [the Earth] and all upon it as its own. That force—and I know you will find this difficult to accept, Alec [Zeena used my name for the first time]—that force is still among you. It is indeed now a part of

all of you, so I suppose you could say it still does own the planet in some way.

"After this force won your planet, it realised it would have a continuous fight on its hands, for you were not as you are now. You were well on your way to enlightenment, with a very strong spiritual base. You were actually almost as strong as this force itself. It had to trick you in order to master you, and while you were down it altered your make-up, your very structure; your DNA, in fact. It crippled you and stunted you, and set you back many thousands of years. It made you into what you are today, which is only a portion of the greatness you can be, for you have not yet even fully recovered. And if that force has its way, you never will!

"That force is known to most as the 'force of darkness' for it is indeed the enemy of enlightenment. You will please understand that this is a very simplistic description of a most complex entity. Even *we* do not understand it in its entirety. It is in the air that you breathe and everywhere about you. It has aligned itself to the planet and you. It beats to the pulse of your very planet, for you and the Earth are one and the same. This is one thing your peoples do not seem to comprehend, but you can use this union of the whole to do wondrous things, just as we have.

"Unfortunately, most of your kind fight the natural forces of your wondrous planet. By this I mean you bend them, even break them, to fit your needs. It need not be this way. If your people will just open their minds and hearts to your planet, as many of your ancient races have done in the past, it will show you the way. All is not lost; it just needs to be recalled. Until this is done, we have much need for concern. It is not just Earth planet you are violating as you bend and break Nature in your whims of fancy, for all of all is connected. This is really very basic knowledge. It has been ignored because it suits those who would play with power to ignore it. We and others are indeed benevolent to your race, as we all are connected, but soon something must be done before your play does meaningful harm to us all!

"We find that there is a need to teach you more about the dark forces that permeate you. You would do well by your people if you take great heed of this lesson and pass on your findings to those of your kind who would listen. The dark force vibrates at a level that is compatible with your brainwave patterns. This much you should already know, but others of your kind have kept it from you.

"In spite of this, some, like you, Alec, are building a resistance to this alien intruder. This is one of the reasons why you find yourself thinking differently from the majority around you. It has enabled you to see more clearly the error of your ways and what must be done. You shall continue along this path a while longer yet, and even doubt your own kind from time to time. Be patient. This is all I can suggest, as inadequate as it may sound. We have been working on these things with you for many a year now. All of your people will find their way with the passing of time.

"As you find with all afflictions, they are easier to contend with if you understand them. I am doing my best to explain all this to you in terms you will understand. Please interject from here on if you do not understand some point, for we do consider the following to be most important.

"Some on your planet have aligned themselves with this 'force'. Note I have said 'aligned' and not 'allied', for there is a difference. You understand this? [I nodded.] They have gained much power from the force, and some are even foolish enough to think they have it under control. This is naïve, of course, as the force or alien entity is feeding off these people or, rather, feeding off the conflicts these people create in their bid for wealth and power. As long as it suits the dark force this shall continue, for the 'fear' emotion is what it lives off.

"The easiest way to defeat this force is to remove fear from your societies. This will, in effect, starve it out. It will then go elsewhere, looking for easier prey. You see, your human race is one of the very few that lives with this most unusual thing called 'emotion', which is why the force came here in the first place. We, too, had emotions once, so I am told, and some are saying we can now experience them again, thanks to the new breeding program we are experimenting with. Forgive me, I digress again.

"You will find some of your kind are trying very hard to harness this most dangerous force. Unfortunately, they do not fully understand that it is an entity in its own right and that this is a very dangerous mistake to be making. They think they are playing a game and that they are winning this game. We have tried to warn your people more than once in the past, but no heed has been taken. As your people say, 'it is *your* life'.

"The worry we have is that your planet breathes with you, in harmony even with your thoughts. To attack the people by using the force in this way is to attack the planet. Be it on your own heads if you invoke the

wrath of your planet. There would be little or nothing we could do for your people should that happen. Perhaps you can help us with this message. We have an idea to put to you, but that shall keep until another time, for there is still much to be related on other subjects.

"Your societies, right from the very beginning, have engineered fear into your lives. Most of it is an artificial fear of society itself; in other words, you fear your very own laws. Your high priests from long ago shouted down to the common masses, describing what wraths would be set upon them if they did so much as *dare* to cross the all-mighty gods of their time. Forgive me if I make what you call a 'joke' of this, for these all-mighty gods they describe were people like me or the Guardian, whom you have met. Do *you* fear me, Alec, from where you stand?" Zeena asked.

"I feel no fear," was my answer.

"So you see how your masses were manipulated in our absence by those who would gain from it?" she asked again.

"I can see how a lie could fool the uneducated," was my reply.

"And you think your people are better educated on this subject today?" she asked once more.

"If you ask what we know of God, then perhaps not," I replied.

"Exactly my point," Zeena stated. "And so the intimidation goes on, only you have a hundredfold the number of laws today. These are not the laws of Nature, however; just of your manipulators who in turn have been manipulated by the force.

"The laws of Nature you break every day as you drive to work in your disgusting machines. It is even more curious to us that you all know these things but you continue to allow them just the same. Why is there not a law against it in your society? Does pollution not kill? Are your people so blind they could not see what would happen with the proliferation of these strange machines? You need not answer, for we know the reasons. This is just as you might say, an example.

"You will perhaps tolerate our confusion, though, when we fail to understand what we have observed in your so-called Western societies in which thousands of your money are spent to save but one life, while millions of your kind die in other far areas for the sake of small amounts of this money. Are you not all one people of the same flesh and blood? For this question, we ourselves do not have such an answer. Could you perhaps help us in the reasoning of this?" Zeena asked, looking at me in a most perplexed way.

"My own people sometimes embarrass and confuse me. No, I have no answer to that question," I replied.

"Very well. Please take this question home with you to put to others, for we also find this most confusing. Why do your people take such time and interest in a single tree should it be cut down in your cities, while they allow large areas of many-years-old trees to be removed from the forests which are out of their sight?"

I have since duly completed that request.

Zeena did have some encouraging news. She suggested that the force would soon feel the weight of an invasion from above, and there would be battles fought at sea and underwater, and also in the skies high above. Most would know little about these events, except those caught within the by-product of the battles. By this she meant that the Earth would experience storms of gathering intensity, and where these storms would once have been confined to the vortex points of our globe (the western Atlantic-Bermuda area and the western Pacific, south-east of Japan), they would now appear randomly all over our planet. She did not say who or what might be behind these battles or be the cause of them. However, when the way is clear and some portion of the fear has been removed, *we may indeed see other races of the cosmos openly visiting and interacting with us here on Earth*!

"In the due course of time you will awaken from this 'sleep' that the force has had you in, with a little help from your friends," she added. "Being a sailor," she said, suggesting I watched the weather, "you will know what to look for. Trust in your instincts."

This is all she was prepared to say on the subject.

"Your race is nearly strong enough to fight back and win its rightful place in this galaxy of ours. We will help you and your planet to do great things again, for we love all life. Even the dark force is a form of life and we must and do respect it. Do you understand, Alec? This is very important."

Zeena at last let me have a say.

"Yes, I do. But how do we fight this force if we cannot see it or know where it is?" I asked.

"It is within your very soul. You fight it with knowledge and understanding. But only each and every one of your kind can help yourselves. Nevertheless, to know that it exists is half the battle, and you can pass on this knowledge to all who should care to listen. Your race is

about to change, become more aware—well, most of you are. It is an unfortunate fact that the ones upon your planet who truly understand what a great hold this force known to you as fear has over your people are the very ones who are using it against you, and always have. They only understand its power, not its reason for being. That is why we have chosen this time to explain to you and others of your kind what *we* are here for. We have come to help enlighten you and, in so doing, perhaps free you from this force. We also understand that there will be some among you who will resent this knowledge being made available and will do their best to belittle and downplay its importance to your race.

"We may also need things from you and your planet. Call it a trade if you like, but I would prefer to use the word 'coevolution'. We both can grow. We both need to change. You will become more like us, while we need to become more like you. We can truly become great friends once you learn to break free. We have been waiting a long time for this to happen, and you, Alec, are part of this very special event that will happen, as are many others. You will find them and they will find you. Just let it be known that you are a child of the light, whenever you feel the time is right. You will be amazed at what will happen from then on."

As Zeena finished this part of the lesson, I really did not know what to say. How could I reply to what she'd just said? Her narration had brought up more questions than answers, and quite frankly I did not know where to begin. Even though most of what she'd just said was totally amazing, it was as if I had always known it was so! For that reason you may think my next question out of place.

"The thing that worries me the most," I replied, "is your earlier comment, before this lesson began, about the Earth 'mutating' into something. Where will that leave us, the people?"

"You have no fears there. It will be you, the people, who help the Earth to transform. You will already have passed over to the next level of density, or be in the act of doing so, which in actual fact is evolution—*true* evolution, as it just so happens; not the form of change that you may have associated with that word in the past. I am sorry, here, because there has not yet been time to ground you in that knowledge. The Earth, too, will evolve along these same lines, and that is what I meant by 'mutate'. I am sorry for the use of that word if it has caused you concern," Zeena quickly replied.

"I have more questions," I said, looking at Zeena and hoping I could

continue to ask them. Her indication was that I could.

"What happened to those early ancestors—the ones who stayed on Earth, the ones who helped us in the past?"

"Some of them eventually interbred with your kind, although there was resistance to this initially. The offspring of these unions became our common ancestors. All who were pure of our blood eventually died of an unknown illness or left the planet. Their life-span should have been many hundreds, perhaps even thousands of your years. Some say they simply died of premature ageing. There are many possible reasons why this may have occurred, but it is not necessary for us to discuss that now. The few who escaped this fate and left Earth are now lost to us; where they may have gone my people do not know, for that was indeed a long time ago. But while we are on the subject of interbreeding, there are a few questions I would ask of you if I may," Zeena requested.

I nodded my approval, knowing I would get more chances to ask the hundred-and-one questions I was waiting to ask.

Her first question took me a little by surprise.

"Have you bred on your home planet?"

"That's an interesting question," was my startled reply. "By breed I suppose you mean have I any children of my own?"

I couldn't believe she didn't already know the answer to that question. Perhaps she was just being polite.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, I have a son who is fourteen years old and is fit and healthy. He doesn't appear to have too many problems, except that he could be without a proper father from now on."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I was in the process of leaving my family unit permanently when you guys zapped me up here!" I replied. "Don't ask why. It's very complicated, and I'm not sure I know the answer anyway."

"This breeding process, in the form you H*omo sapiens* use, I have studied as much as I can from our records, but there is still much I wish to know. I have been selected for a modified reproductive process when I return to my home planet. We as a people are running out of time to develop offspring which could survive on any other planet apart from our own without life-support systems. By this I mean we have not yet found another world that is compatible with our specific and rather unique needs. I may be able to elaborate on this point a little later. For now, it

is enough to say we have few options and may have to adjust to new environments such as planet Earth—which we still like to call our second home, even though we are far removed from being able to live there full time," Zeena finished, sounding rather distressed.

"Our planet is rather full already," I commented, not really wishing to add to her burden.

In spite of what I had already witnessed and been party to, I was in no way prepared for her reply to my statement.

"Oh, we have already had communication with Earth governors on that subject; since the 1950s, in fact. They know of our desire and need. We have even made a trade, as you might call it. I cannot elaborate on it at this time. But not everyone has lived up to their agreements since then."

"Why does nobody know of this on Earth?" I asked, my eyes wide open.

"Your various governors, in their wisdom, decided that the Earth's general population was not then ready for the message and knowledge we had planned to give your people. If you think back to the subjects we have recently discussed, it is hardly surprising, is it? They feel you are still not ready, and we will not tell your people a half-truth to suit others. So we have this situation—what do you say?—a stalemate," Zeena concluded.

"What did the governors say when you said you would like to return to Earth at some time in the future?" I asked.

"All they wanted were the 'lollies'," she commented, without expanding on that subject.

"There are not that many of us," Zeena continued. "Fifteen million is but a small total, is it not, among your billions? And our technology trade-off would make life so much easier for your population. If I dare be so brave as to say history could repeat itself, you may find we interbreed to become one race again, as happened so long ago in your past histories.

"At this point in time there are still some important things that we must physically do here on Earth: some repair work, as it were; a legacy from the past which I am not permitted to discuss at this time. We must correct that which is in a state of disrepair. Just by way of coincidence, that work is now almost completed. This is no small thing, for repairs have been going on for many of your years. Time is now short, for next will come the changes—your *awakening*."

She answered my question before I could ask it. There was not much

I could do but sit in silent amazement.

"You must realise," she continued, as I couldn't think of any worthwhile thing to say, "that we are quite a primitive race compared to other extraterrestrials that may communicate with Earth people from time to time. That is one of the reasons we are so attracted to Earth and to you as a race. We feel a real kindred or bonding for your people. We also think Earth is a most beautiful place."

"Where would you like to live on Earth if you had a choice?" I asked.

"We have an area that we call our own."

Zeena explained to me that they are already using an underwater base in the general area of this land that has been set aside for them, although she would go no further in describing where that might be.

She was then called away, promising to return as soon as possible to continue our conversation.

[Editor's Note: This is continued with Chapter 24]

6

Suits and Suitability

I decided to use this free time to explore areas that were available to me and at the same time make mental notes of any interesting phenomena. That probably sounds ridiculous considering where I was, but my initial shock from that first encounter had now passed and slowly my mind was beginning to function.

What had earlier seemed more like a dream was now coming into sharper focus. All about me there were things well worth my trying to remember, but, if I were only going to take note of the overall picture or concept, these important details might be lost to me later.

"Just how big is this thing?" was a question that had been on my mind since arrival, so I decided to try to work out some form of scale for the whole apparatus.

I paced out the main recreation room as it was the largest single area I had been able to get into after my initial induction. If only I could remember these measurements and those of other rooms I was allowed to use, I thought that later I might be able to construct a map or plan of the layout—and who knows what I could learn from that!

The areas were constructed in such a way that the curved walls and unusual, defused lighting made size rather difficult to estimate using sight alone. Back then I had no idea just what material was used to construct these rather strange-looking walls, but I noticed there was a honeycomb-type pattern deep within them. I was also puzzled by the fluorescent blue-white light that was emitted by these same walls and the domed ceiling, for it seemed to have no direct source.

I paced off 62 strides of approximately one metre's length in a set direction. The room appeared to be circular, but just in case I also paced out the direction perpendicular to it. To my surprise this was as near as possible to 90 to paces. So, in reality, the room was an oval shape. But

this did not help me estimate any overall size as there was far more to this 'machine' than the room where I was currently standing. Still, it was a start.

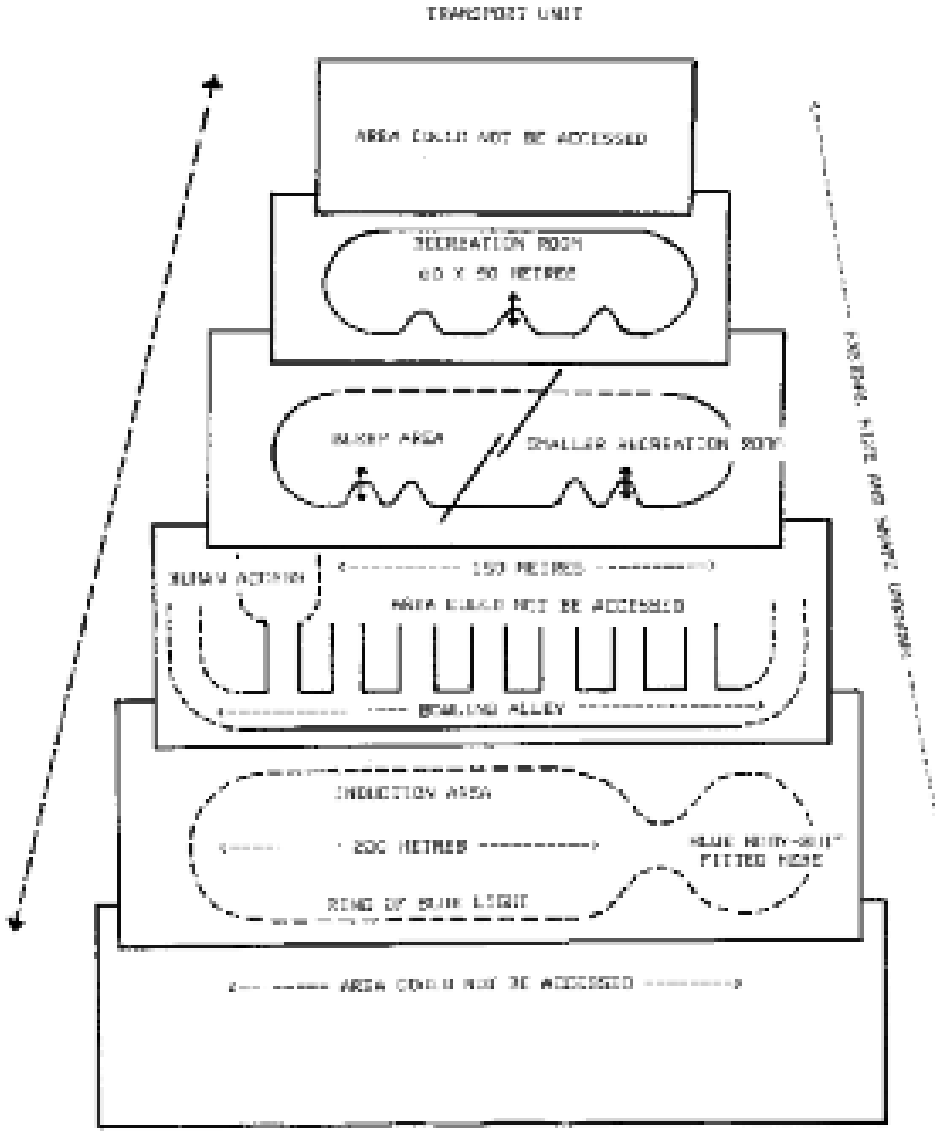
The entry portal—the area where I had first 'materialised'—would be bigger yet, I thought, and I made a mental note of its approximate direction in relation to the recreation room. There was also the spiral aspect, which suggested more than one layer or deck. However, it is possible that this latter aspect was an illusion, for curiously enough I do not recall a lift or any other mechanical means of getting up or down or from one area to another. Yet I still feel that more than one level was involved here.

There was gravity, but it was not great. It also appeared to fluctuate. There were times when solid objects, such as the walls and even my body, appeared to be very translucent. They would take on a glow and become transparent. When this happened, they flashed all the colours of the rainbow and were almost entirely lost to view before coming back into what I would call focus! These periods seemed to come in waves or pulses, and usually at the same time as the gravity fluctuations. They also occurred on the return journey, but I am not sure how often; perhaps as many as four times each way.

At one end of the recreation room was a large version of the three-dimensional device I had seen earlier when I met Millie. On asking, I was told it would show pictures from outside the ship upon leaving and approaching various planets; at other times, images of the home planet or various things of interest. According to others, there was commentary to go with these pictures, but I was never able to hear it. Zeena was helping me with that, but I did not have time to develop it to full potential before our arrival at her home planet. I was more concerned with learning to suppress some of my own private thoughts, rather than read their more difficult ones!

There were devices that I was able to use more easily, however. These were more like a one-on-one type of personal device with no screen, and seemed to be capable of projecting a picture or imagery right into my head in 3D. I was able to hear or interpret this system very well. While I've not had the opportunity to use terrestrial virtual reality projectors, I should think that they would be lucky to come anywhere *near* these devices I was using.

In general, the overall layout of the areas I was allowed to access was



Cross-sectional view of Transporter's internal layout (external size and shape unknown)

very spartan. Those of you expecting to hear detailed explanations of wall-to-wall gizmos are going to be disappointed, because there were none—at least none that I could see.

I made my way back to the 'bowling alley' area. It fascinated me probably all the more because Zeena would not discuss its function in any detail. I took courage in both hands and decided to have a little wander into forbidden territory. I thought I would venture down one or other of the many pathways that led to areas other than the one designated for my use.

The first alleyway I chose to try was furthermost from my own, simply because that's the way I operate or think. Tell me to do something one way and I'm bound to try it another way first, given half a chance. The slight repulsion or force that I'd felt when walked past this point on other occasions soon became so strong that I was unable to proceed further than half the distance along the passageway. I then realised why I had not seen any locking devices on entranceway doors. Perhaps they were not quite as trusting as I'd first thought!

Using a little logical deduction, I concluded that if the resistance was highest at this end of the alleyways—and it did appear that there was a variation in the resistance levels—then perhaps I should try to effect entry into one of the doorways closer to my designated one. It was a long shot, but worth a try. I made it right up to the door this time, although it was akin to walking up an icy slope. Getting to the door was only half of it, though, for I could not pass through it as I'd hoped. It was as solid as you would normally expect a door to be.

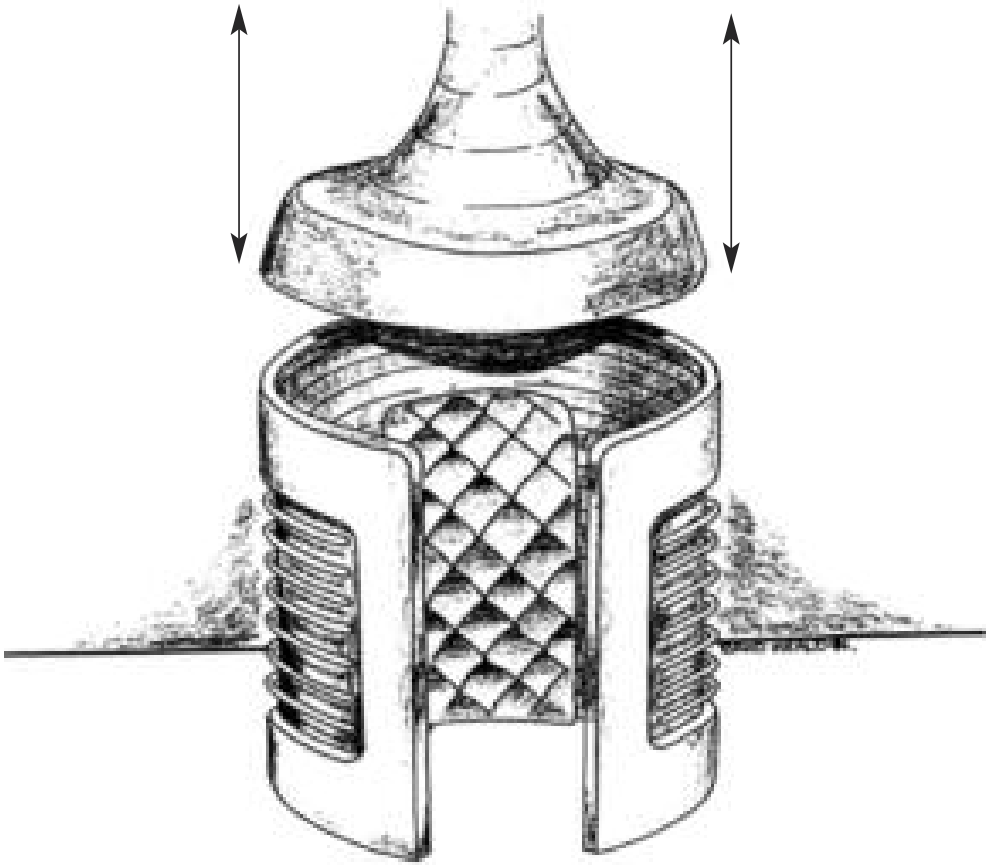
Thwarted, I decided to return to my own reserved area, for I still had many questions to ask, if I could find anyone to put them to. The bodysuit was high on my list of subject matter, if only I could find someone who was half as curious as I was.

Have you ever tried to look at yourself all over without a mirror? There was nothing that even remotely resembled such a thing aboard the transporter. In fact, I could not find one reflective surface, so for the facial examination I had to make do with looking at others and asking Zeena.

As far as the bodysuit was concerned, from personal examination I found it to have a neat, even fit, just like a second skin. There was no way I could separate it from my own skin. The strangest thing about it was that I could not actually feel it at all.

One thing that I discovered about it, by accident at first, was that if I

Bodysuit Maker



The bodysuits were fitted and removed in a 'processor' of a similar shape and design to this.

gave my leg a sharp slap with my hand, this would generate little sparks. I could achieve the same by clapping my hands. Mind you, it had to be done very hard. I rubbed my hands on other surfaces to see if this would have any effect on the suit, but I was not able to damage it in any way.

As close as I can describe the texture, apart from it being like a second skin, it was perhaps similar to teflon, a very smooth, even substance. The fingertips, however, did seem to be ribbed ever so slightly. Whether this was some form of reinforcement or just to aid one's grip, I could not say.

The facial covering was of great wonder to me as it did not cover the eyes, or, if it did, it was transparent. It did not cover the mouth, nose or ears. As far as the eyes went, it covered the eyelids in detail all around the eyes but left the eyeballs untouched. I don't know how this was done, for the covering showed no sign of peeling or delaminating that I could see. The same was true for the mouth, but the covering over the lips stopped just inside it. I still have a mark or dividing line on my lips which shows up from time to time, even after many years—such was the ferocious radiation from their sun. Another notable factor was that the suit completely covered the lower orifices, as the body did not need to excrete waste products in the usual way. However, the suits could be removed if necessary, but only for limited periods of time and under controlled conditions.

To remove their suits they used a process similar to that used during fitting. They replaced them at regular periods, more often for growing children than adults, but generally their suits would last for at least one of our Earth years. They were still in the process of refining them and thought they were not far away from a suit that would last a lifetime—however long that might be! Actually, there were two types of suits worn, but I won't go into the second variety now.

The suits not only supplied nourishment for the body through an energy- transfer link with their collection devices, but, in a reverse transference, conducted body wastes away as well. A by-product of this transference was the instant dissolving of body hair, hence the loss of all hair upon being fitted with a suit.

Zeena had nonchalantly informed me that my fingernails and toenails would eventually dissolve, too, if I should stay with them for any length of time. Indeed, she herself did not have any fingernails. (As an aside, it seems that my own nails are now much thinner than they used to be, and will probably never grow back to their thickness of yesteryear!)

Upon her return from duty, Zeena was keen to continue her explanation of what they were doing and were about to do on the new breeding program, and why it had become such a priority for her people. In order for me to understand, or at least *try* to understand fully, another lesson was apparently necessary, so she suggested once again that I make myself comfortable as it was likely to take some time.

"For you to understand the problems that we have, it is best that I tell you a little more about the world you live in. Some of this will be hard to understand, but some other aspects will ring a bell when you start to look at them in a different light," said Zeena, who was sitting opposite my sleeping cubicle.

I had just finished another small nap to make up for my forty-hour marathon without sleep.

"You will remember some time ago I promised to tell you about the other side of yourself," Zeena continued. "This concerns the cycle of the atom, the part that is still little understood by your people, or, should I say, not yet fully understood by them. When this is understood, a whole new dimension, or dimensions, will open up for you; for in this instant of time between the pulses of atoms lies a world within worlds. They are in fact parallel dimensions to your own—at least to the one where most of you live your 'now'. These dimensions are so close to your real 'now' that you can slip in and out of them without even knowing you have done so! There are sometimes little clues that tell you what has just happened. This dimension-slipping has been going on since you first walked the Earth, only now it is becoming more common to your people. It can happen almost every day to some, but they are basically unaware of it. This is happening because you are awakening to your true selves.

"You are close to a major dimension-leap, the like of which you have never before experienced; a leap that will bring you closer to my people. This is what we have all been waiting for! How many times have you searched for something in a room and could not find it? You go back some time later and there it is, right in front of your nose; there is no way you could have missed it when you searched. You see, you are not always where you think you are. The trick is to be fully conscious when you make these mini-leaps and be aware of where you have gone. You will be very surprised, I think. It is a place not far from there that you will find us.

"We basically come from your future. It does not matter if it is six minutes into your future or six years; if you can get to one, you can get

to the other. But, for us, it is not as simple as that, for we also come from another dimension; not quite the one you will shift into, but close. So we are what you would call dimensional time-travellers. Sounds like a good movie, does it not? Your Mr Spielberg would love it!"

I had to laugh at that one.

"We—myself and others like me—are in fact a whole new race, or, to be more accurate, a newly reconstituted race. Further modifications are still required before we can achieve our goals as a people. This is one of the reasons for our travel to your time zone, and, indeed, the reason for others being here who are also experimenting with their biological make-up, although they have far different goals behind their experimentation than we do.

"The reason behind so many abductions occurring on your planet over the last few years of your time is that this is the last chance for our race—and other races of ETs with problems similar to ours—to interact with you as a race before you change to a form that will no longer be of use to us. Yes, it is that close! My own surrogate mother was of your time and race; in fact, you have met her."

"Millie?" I enquired.

"Yes," she said.

"I wondered about that because of something she'd said earlier," I replied.

"We could go further back in time, but it is *this now* that we need. I will not complicate matters by trying to explain that; we would be here for many more days. My race still has a problem to overcome. We must breed a race with stronger limbs and oxygen-processing units."

"Lungs?" I enquired again.

"Yes. We have been using a mixture of your species' DNA and chromosomes, along with our own. Our blood used to be very similar to yours, and still is, with a little modification, although we really only have one type as you would know it; well, two, but they are both very much like your A-negative. We can modify most things, but what it adds up to is that we are not going to go looking for problems: we already have enough of them.

"We have approximately only five per cent of your male population to work with, notwithstanding health, age and so on. There is a very special, shall I say, 'X-factor' which must be brought into this equation, which in fact brings only about one per cent of this already small group into our

calculations—that is, if we should require a male to help us. The fact that we are not of the same vibrational plane is the major problem. This is part of that X-factor, and is related to health and disease resistance, biological balance in relation to birth location, previous adaptability tests, and so on and so on.

"I cannot begin to explain the complications we have had. It has stretched our technology to its limits and beyond. The end result is what you see before you now. I may look good to you, but I still could not live on your planet without our technology to help me constantly. The bottom line is that the process has been too slow, and up to now has not done the job. At the present rate, it may take more time than we have to spare on our crippled planet! We now need to start taking some risks to speed up the process."

"What kind of risks?" I asked.

"Well, up until now we have been more concerned with preserving our mind-generated energy distribution abilities—which I don't expect you to comprehend just yet—but now we need to concentrate on the physical aspects, the strength and endurance, even if we lose a little of the other abilities."

"Become more like us?" I chimed in again.

"Yes, we must," Zeena replied. "We already have, as you noticed earlier," she said, with what almost appeared to be a smile on her face. This was the first hint of an emotion I had seen.

"Now there needs to be a step—a big one—even further down that road. There is a chance for me to become part of that step," she added. "That is why I wish to ask you more questions about *your* breeding processes; procreation—would that be a better word for it?"

"You would be surprised at some of the words we use for it," I replied. "Even I don't know where some of them come from."

"I understand it is most primitive and basic in its natural form. It is possible that I may be able to be fertilised and to carry the foetus almost full-term within me. That may not sound much to you, but no female of our race has carried a child within her for many hundreds of thousands of years. The artificial methods we have been using are too slow and hard to change. They may even be impossible to use if we settle on a planet like your Earth.

"I have been designed to take the place of what you would call a synthetic birth process. There has been quite some progress just lately.

Even a hundred years ago, your time, one of our type could not have interacted with your species on this level. That is how much we have evolved in different directions since the early colonists left your planet. Now we find it necessary to take a step in another direction."

I noted how she diplomatically skirted the suggestion that they might be going backwards on the evolutionary tree. I could not really understand what knowledge she could want from me, and I doubted there was anything I knew that she did not already know.

My mind went back to Millie for a few moments. There were some most unusual coincidences about her and me, and I now knew her direct connection with Zeena. I wondered if my being here had anything to do with that. Millie was exactly forty years old when she arrived on board the transporter—the same age I was at the time of my induction. She told me she had feared for her life moments before being brought aboard.

Millie's life has been more adventurous than mine, but we both liked to be different, unconventional. We were both born out in the country, far away from the city with all its pollutants, and we both had one younger sibling of the same sex. Perhaps the most unusual thing was our strong German ancestry, which might suggest common bloodlines or relations. Even our parents were similar in that they were not blessed with large amounts of money. Neither of us has smoked, nor consumed alcohol but for small quantities.

This was all part of history now; not that it really mattered. Were there too many coincidences? I later wondered if Millie's blood type was A-negative...

7

Pyramids of Light

Zeena suggested I concentrate on the issue at hand.

"My knowledge of terrestrial artificial insemination is almost zero," I admitted, almost as a reflex answer, "but I do know a little about the other kind. Just ask me what you want to know."

Zeena was most inquisitive and hounded me to the full extent of my knowledge on the subject, much to my embarrassment. I was not allowed to leave one detail out.

"We have tried artificially inseminating several of your females. The results, as I have said, are before you now. I and others like me, whom you may have seen around the transporter, are only a means to an end, we hope. Now it is deemed time to try the alternative method. I volunteered, for it is a tremendous chance for me to help my kind," Zeena concluded.

"You are very brave," I replied.

"I fear more for my race if this does not work! I have asked enough of you for now, and I thank you for that information which shall be of assistance at some later date," she said, after it was obvious there was nothing left for me to add on the subject.

"I am on duty again soon, but I shall introduce you to some of the crew members who are not. You may be able to get some more answers to your questions," she said.

Very little information was forthcoming from these sources. However, what I did manage to find out was big news to me and caused me much unrest and consternation.

I now put this information to our great world leaders and keepers of the faith, but if they already know about this (and I now realise they have known about it all along), they should hang their heads low in shame!

Electromagnetic energy naturally surrounds and permeates most planets, including our Earth and the planet I was about to visit. This energy can be used as an endless, inexhaustible power source which is very cheap to access. In the case of my newfound friends, it has been their power source for many thousands or perhaps even millions of years. This energy can be tapped in the simplest of ways with technology we have right here on planet Earth *now*. Indeed, UFOs use this energy source to power their craft when they visit Earth! It is so prevalent that our bodies even pick it up unintentionally. When I got back home and did some study on the subject, it surprised me to find that anyone who is really switched on already knows this!

This power source does not require generators as we know them; hence nuclear, hydro, coal and oil power generators or stations could be dispensed with almost overnight. It appears there is no need for wires to transmit this power, for each user could have their own inexpensive receiver, similar perhaps to a radio or a TV. In total, the costs would be minimal.

The question is, why aren't we tapping into this power source right now? The right sort of people knew about this back in 1940—well, in 1900, if you really want to get accurate in reference to scientist Nikola Tesla. There should never be, and should never have been, a power shortage on this planet.

This disgust I have with some of my fellow humans in powerful positions is the main reason why I did not and will not cooperate with the planetary establishment when questioned about my experience. I simply do not trust them in any way with *any* information on *any* subject, let alone with what I may have picked up in my travels!

Now, on to more agreeable subjects. There was an aspect of this interaction that really confused me. If these ETs were of a different dimension or vibrational plane, how was it possible for me to be interacting with them right now? This was one of the first questions I put to Zeena on her return.

She suggested I should ingest more fluid. Whatever was happening to me during this interaction, the fluid intake was obviously a most important factor. In any case, I was ingesting a thinner mix by this time. While taking it in, Zeena explained how this multidimensional interaction could take place.

"Our vibrational plane is a little higher than yours. There is really not

that much difference. Soon there should be none, as we attempt to change our base vibration. Perhaps you could compare it to air and water on your planet. If, for example, you were the water and we were the air, by heating the water you can produce steam or water vapour. This gaseous substance can then mix with the air about it on more or less an even basis, as you are now doing with us. Some people on your planet may even be able to perceive us in our 'original' form, but we are now of much denser substance than we used to be, although we would still most likely appear as wisps of smoke or as ghosts [as I had seen upon my induction to the transporter]. When we first brought you here, we had to modify you to make you a little more like us. What you are now is a possible future you. Do you understand so far?" Zeena asked.

"Yes, very well; our race could change, become less dense," I replied.

"You will not have remembered the process of transformation. You could not. You would just have perceived that at one moment you did not have a body, and the next moment you did. The whole process takes just over twenty-four hours. Not many of your kind have been through this process," she explained.

"Why me?" I asked.

"That is not for me to say. Perhaps you will be able to answer your own question by the time you leave us, for you still have much to learn. Leaving may not be what you ultimately desire after you are fully versed in your selected role here with us."

I did not know quite what to make of this reply, and I did not wish to waste time pondering it as I was dying to ask more questions.

"These colonists, the ones way back in our past—how much do you know about them?" was the next question I put to her.

"A little," she replied. "I studied their history as part of the breeding program I have volunteered for. We are not quite like some of the other ETs whom your people have been interacting with. We do not have a central knowledge pool or collective intelligence to call on. I told you earlier we are just a little primitive compared to some."

I couldn't help but wonder where that left us Earth types on the list.

"The reason we know a little about them is because in the early days of their colonisation they made several return trips to our home planet before they established themselves on Earth. I suppose we are lucky they did not bring back whatever illness may have killed some of them on Earth.

"The point of first landing and colonisation was very carefully selected, for there were other alien influences on Earth at that time. There always have been. They picked a somewhat remote area, not at all fashionable at the time. It still is not. No, it would not be prudent for me to say where this might have been, in light of recent developments. They did interact with native tribes in due course, but that was much later, as was travel to other parts of the Earth."

"Egypt?" I suggested, remembering her earlier reference to the pyramids.

"The Mediterranean and North Africa were places quite popular with early visitors, yes," she replied. "It is interesting to see how the people of that area worshipped our ancestors long after they had moved on."

"In what way?" I asked.

"It is understandable, I suppose," Zeena replied. "Our early explorers had a life-span seven or eight times as long as your average native people of that time who simply thought them immortal. They were *gods*, or so they must have appeared to your primitive tribes. If I know our early explorers, they would have played up to that title just a bit, as well," she said with a half grin. "We, or they, left you a blueprint or model upon which to base your later ascension—and by that I mean all aspects of ascension—physical and spiritual, as you would understand it—plus technology for space-time dimensional travel, but your people seem to have overlooked it. Perhaps they think they can do better. It is taking a while for this 'better' idea to come to pass, though."

"What model?" I excitedly asked.

"The pyramids! They could hardly be more obvious, could they? Some of our opposition sure did a good job closing you Earth people down, I think," she added.

"How do you mean, time or space travel? What's this got to do with pyramids?" I asked.

"Well, you are in one now," she replied nonchalantly.

My jaw almost hit the ground.

"Why do you think the ancient Egyptians were so keen to try to build copies, and Pharaohs so keen to call them their own? They knew the connection with time and what they believed to be immortality. They also knew our people could travel off to far-distant lands in them and they thought the Pharaohs might be able to do the same. Some of the early Pharaohs were very closely related to our people and knew the

secrets the pyramids could teach them about life."

"I'm in a pyramid?" I had to make sure I had this right.

"Yes, well, not exactly, but it will become one when we stop moving," Zeena hinted.

She seemed to be searching for just the right words to use. Perhaps we were approaching the shut-off point in my allowable knowledge intake!

"Our transporters can change shape when we need to gather energy from a planet, whether it be Earth or any other," she continued. "The pyramid is by far the most efficient shape to do this with, and a cone is another shape we can use if we wish. What happens when you spin a pyramid very fast? Does it not look like a cone? If you spin it even faster it will flatten out in appearance like a disc. Spin it faster still, and a thin line will appear; then it is gone from your perception. Does that not sound familiar?

"Do you remember a dunce's hat? A witch's or wizard's hat? How long your people's memories are, but never for the right principle! Yes, you people have had the knowledge. You just choose not to remember. That is one of the reasons you are here, Alec, so we may remind you. Wait until we get to Haven. I will show you many pyramids, all of which are houses of great light and learning. You will never look at life in the same way again, I can promise you that."

This turned out to be an accurate prediction!

"Haven?" I enquired. "What's that?"

"Oh, I am sorry. I have not yet introduced you to a dear old friend, Haven, light of my life—our home planet! You will have seen it on the knowledge viewer. Perhaps it was referred to as 'Nirvana'. Sometimes the language mix is confusing even for us."

Zeena's communication with me had been short and precise at first; just enough to get the facts across and no more. Businesslike would be the best way to describe it. But lately I was detecting a touch of compassion and possibly curiosity in her mind's voice. Perhaps I was just getting used to this unusual but very expressive form of communication. The colours, the resonance of the language (if you could call it that), the pictures—so much that it was like one great continuous blur of information. Even so, I felt a change in attitude from her as I plagued her for more and more information on our common ancestors.

Zeena was indeed becoming more than a tutor as we discussed more and more personal things between us. Her desire to know the Earthly

way of life was just as keen as my desire to know of hers. The family unit was of most interest to her because they have no real parents on Haven. Their early life is as adopted children. Now, there's nothing wrong with this as such, but even those on Earth have a desire to seek out their real parents at some stage in their lives. With Zeena, this was not possible because a machine was responsible for her birth!

I explained to her that even with a close association with one's children they were still capable of surprising you with their abilities. My own son is rather reserved in his associations with others, and certainly far from an extrovert in my eyes, yet he astounded me by almost winning a first-year high-school speech contest and doing so while attending a new school in a new area. I knew from that day on he would be fine, and capable of making his mark in the world in whatever way he should choose.

Zeena, however, had cause for concern. She might well become the first real mother their race has seen for many thousands of years.

Her interest was also in the relationship of marriage. I tried to explain it but found to my surprise that it was difficult to put into words. After all, how do you describe a marriage relationship to a person who has never made love or felt such a one-to-one bonding? Yet I felt that Zeena loved all with a gentleness that we could not understand or even live up to. I really had to think hard before answering her, and I'm sure my explanation was not adequate.

I moved the topic back to that of Haven and her childhood. It was amazing to find she could remember back to almost her first days. As is usual practice, Haven children are given out to their foster homes when they are approximately one year old, by which time they can communicate reasonably well and are just starting to levitate!

"I think that is why our growing stations want to get rid of us," she said with a smile on her face, "and it is perhaps the most trying time for our new families as well."

I could just imagine what that must be like. We on Earth complain when our children start opening cupboards by themselves. Zeena had been lucky to go to a family unit that had brought up children before. Even though she did not say it, I had the idea that she might have been thought of as a little bit special by her superiors, even at that early age.

Zeena's foster parents lived right on the water's edge, next to one of three large seas. Her love for the water was evident in the stories she

told of her early years there. They hadn't developed sailing boats on Haven because, with their mind power, they didn't need to make use of the wind, but Zeena had played around in boats of their own design right through her growing years. Even now she loved to sit out on the water during days of stillness, just to clear her mind.

I knew exactly what she meant, having done the same thing numerous times myself. A spark was lit within me. Perhaps we were not so different after all! I then told her of my early years and how I'd developed a passion for sailing.

Zeena said she wished we could have more time on Haven so we could fashion a sailboat of some type for her to try. This was the first time she had mentioned that I might spend time with her on Haven. Things were happening here—I could feel it!

Zeena spoke about their schooling, which was more an individual type of tutoring, or at least it was in small groups of about four. The same tutor or tutors stay with them for many years. Their school years number about thirty, but learning as on Earth goes on throughout their lives. Their knowledge span is immense.

Her family unit included a brother of approximately the same age, and a slightly older sister whom I never met because she was stationed on another transporter which was not due back until long after my own return to Earth. It seemed that the search for an alternative planet on which to live was a full-time job for a great many of their people. I was soon to learn that the chance of their finding one was almost zero, but still the hunt went on.

Before I could ask any more questions, Zeena had a request of her own.

"We would very much like to conduct several tests, but these must be done with your full cooperation. If you have any doubts or queries, we will be pleased to explain. There is no pressure here—you must know this.

"There are wave patterns within you which we would like to monitor. These are similar to what you may understand as brainwaves, but these patterns do not concern themselves with your thoughts. Also, mitosis cell-division counts are important to us at this time in our studies. Yours are of particular interest, and we would wish to see if there has been any variation in these counts since you have been with us in your altered state. There would be no danger involved with any of these tests and they could be of tremendous help to us in our research."

"Well...okay," I said rather hesitantly, my mind going back to all the worst sci-fi movies I had ever seen.

As it turned out, my fears were ill-founded. All I had to do was sit in a special chair which was fitted with a wraparound headrest.

Their technicians commenced the procedure and positioned the headrest. It was tight-fitting around the head and came well forward just above my ears. They then proceeded to show me a range of flashing pictures. I have no memory of what they were about, or whether they were projected onto a screen or placed directly in my head. How long this went on, I do not know. I'm not sure if they took a blood sample, but they did put one of my fingers into a tube-like affair for a time while the pictures were being shown. (I've included another note about these tests in Appendix 1.)

Zeena did not discuss the outcome of these tests, other than to say that the Elders would judge the results. She said she would pass on anything of interest that came out of them at some later date.

In any case, our subsequent discussions were to have a dramatic effect on both our lives in the not-too-distant future!

8

A *World* Between Dimensions

I'm not sure if it was my cooperative participation in this test or simply the results that seemed to spark my hosts into giving me new and additional information. Whatever the reason, this had happened before.

Simple subjects well within my grasp or understanding would be discussed initially, then additional material would be added to what had been already been presented. I can only presume this was some kind of face-saving scenario, or they may have been concerned at overloading my mental capabilities in the early stages of my familiarisation process. It seemed that information was only being fed to me on a need-to-know basis, but occasionally new material would override and outdate the old.

I regarded receiving each new update as a compliment, for it must have meant either they trusted me or considered I was intelligent enough to assimilate this new material.

This next update seemed to suggest that the reasons for their interest in the Earth were far more complex than I was led to believe in the beginning.

Zeena seemed to have a confession to make—not that she worded it as such. She suggested that if I made myself comfortable once again she would tell me a story of foolish endeavour.

First she asked me to recall her recent explanation of the differences between my original vibrational plane and theirs, and how that level had been raised so that I could interact with them on an equal level.

"That is only the half of what we can do," she explained. "There was a time, you see, a long time ago, when a group of very restless people wanted more than they had. They were very intelligent for their age and evolutionary development. They soon mastered the art of space travel in its basic concept. That was easy for them, but they wanted more.

"They were also keen to master the art of time travel, but to master that art in the form they wanted required that they alter something about themselves. Indeed, this 'something' was their actual physical make-up, their vibrational energy. This change would have come naturally with time had they waited for it, but these people were impatient in the extreme. They decided they would force the change artificially. What I am saying here is they were about to force the pace of evolution synthetically—something that had possibly never been done before in the history of their universe. As it turned out, there were very good reasons why others had not attempted this feat. However, at that point in their development they were confident in their wisdom that they could achieve this goal."

As Zeena's thoughts flowed through my mind I could not help but feel that all this sounded alarmingly familiar; not in subject matter, but rather in the bull-at-a-gate-type mentality exemplified on Earth by some of our nations' attitudes to nuclear testing!

"Events were set in motion to achieve this goal," Zeena continued. "Once started, they could not be stopped. The situation could be compared in a very simplistic way to setting a large boulder in motion atop a very steep mountain slope. Forces were involved here that you might describe as awesome and yet at the same time microscopically subtle.

"What they were trying to do was change their very reality, their plane of existence. They wanted to change from what you currently understand as a three-dimensional hard-interface reality into the fourth or next higher dimension! This next reality is in fact only very slightly different from your own, but it is a softer, airier plane where objects can intermix more easily. There is not so much of your world's hard-line boundaries, especially as far as body form is concerned. Also, time can be stretched more easily in this domain. By this I mean that time travel is less harsh on biological entities and is achieved with fewer of the nasty side-effects your people are about to have to contend with.

"These people knew all this before they attempted conversion. Alas, premature conversion of *non*-biological entities had side-effects they had not foreseen and are paying for to this very day!

"As I mentioned before, these people were very advanced technically, and they did indeed succeed in transmuting themselves out of their three-dimensional reality. There was more to it than that, however, for

they also needed a place to live—a planet that vibrated in a like resonance to themselves. It was not beyond them technically to alter their existing planet, and this is what they set about doing.

"To keep harmony and balance in their solar system they decided that the sun would need to be subtly changed, but their wisdom was not so great as to realise the sum total of the effects upon their old system when they projected themselves out of it and into other realms of existence. They envisaged that just the shadow or non-physical portion of their planet would be projected into this new domain, but this was not what ultimately happened. We shall perhaps leave the ramifications of the physical effects on their solar system for another time.

"Their main problem was that was they did not quite get over to the fourth or next balanced dimensional plane—at least not the one where natural evolution would have sent them. They became trapped in a halfway house—call it dimension 3.5. They had now solved their time-travel problems, but at what cost? They could not interact with other life-forms as they used to, and they were now living in a world or density occupied by no one. For some reason this meant that natural evolution passed them by. They stopped evolving, and could only watch as other groups and races changed densities and evolved about them. That was bad enough, but worse was yet to come.

"The artificial change in the density level of their planet had somehow caused an imbalance in the rate of energy their sun was receiving from other sources. This in turn accelerated the sun's rate of decline, making it age much faster than it should have. They were now trapped on their custom-designed planet with a sun that was going out on them, and it appeared that there was nowhere for them to go!

"Then someone remembered a beautiful planet far off in a distant part of the cosmos which they could access using their time-travel technology. This planet was not yet in fourth-dimensional resonance, but from their studies they believed it was soon to become so. It was a planet whose people were not that far removed from themselves, thanks to their early explorers' tinkering with genetics. Yes, they had travelled to that planet in the distant past.

"So they came up with a great plan. What if they could backtrack their evolutionary cycle just a little and retrace their steps? What if they could reintroduce into their population some of this original DNA? These genes were seeded upon that planet by ancient explorers who at that

time had not gone through the dimensional changes that now dogged their race. These genetic blueprints were still carried by some of the natives on that special planet called Terra. If they could mix the old with the new and deprogramme themselves in some way, then there was a chance they could survive on that planet long enough to be there when the expected evolutionary leap occurred—a leap that would take them where they'd wanted to go many long years before.

"You will know by now that this is my very own people I am discussing here," Zeena suggested. "It is our dream, our goal; but we would need the help, understanding and cooperation of your people before we could even hope to achieve it, Alec!"

I did not know whether the last part of Zeena's story was asking a question or presenting a plea. If it were either, there was very little that I, one solitary citizen from planet Earth out of a population of some 5.5 billion or so, could do to help the cause, except perhaps present their case to you in an unbiased manner. If, at some later date, you were to encounter this very same topic and had a chance to lend your weight in some way in any related decision-making, you would at least have some honest facts before you to help with that ultimate decision.

Zeena continued with a rather depressing description of present-day Haven. Even though their scientists had been able to protect the atmosphere to a certain degree, the amount of radiation getting through from the sun was becoming a major concern. They were rapidly reverting to being the underground race (or at least one that only came out at night) from which their ancient ancestors supposedly developed. But the nights were cold on Haven and seemed to be getting colder. The radiation had already had a dramatic effect on plant life—what was left of it. The deserts were now drier than in the past and totally devoid of life. These same deserts were now encroaching on their cities' outer limits despite attempts to seal or fuse them solid to prevent further movement.

The population was determined not to become prisoners on their own planet—a planet which, not so long ago, must have been very much like our own Earth. According to Zeena it once had vegetation similar to our own, and very little desert area. The sun they had inherited or manipulated (I'm not quite sure which is the correct interpretation) was now nearing the end of its useful life. Its radical and soon-to-become-violent pulsations would eventually put an end to their planet's ability to support biological life-forms.

A problem which Zeena's people would now have to address if they were to establish themselves on any planet larger than Haven was the gravity factor. Haven is a tiny globe even by Earth standards. Its gravity is approximately half to one-third of Earth's and its atmospheric pressure is also lower, although I do not know the exact factor.

Zeena's ancestors were an ancient race, and in those distant days they were stronger and more resilient than now. Haven was not their original ancestral home planet, but one they moved to when some catastrophe befell this other planet. According to Zeena, this was so many years ago that records of such a move are long since lost to them. This factor, however, has been the catalyst for many a story or myth growing among her people. (One of the more accepted of these stories is featured Chapter 14.)

Their original home was small by Earth standards. This much they know as fact, for they have always chosen planets smaller than Earth as way stations or outposts. In our own Earth's solar system, planets like Mars or even the Earth's present Moon appealed because of their size, despite the Earth being far more luxuriant.

The main reason Zeena's ancestors eventually had to tolerate Earth's gravity was to help establish intelligent life on our planet. She went on to state that great technical feats are possible in low-gravity environments, and suggested that even the people of Earth are discovering this with their space programs and scientific experiments in weightless conditions.

Some of our scientific investigators have doubted that any extraterrestrial race would wish to colonise a planet like Mars while a sparkling jewel such as the Earth was so close.

"In part this is true," she said, "but they surely must realise Mars was not always as it is today [that is, with low-density atmosphere and very little water]. To some degree they miss the point, for what do they know of our reasons for seeking out Mars in the first place? For one, you should know that we seek our own past, just as you would do, no doubt, if you could travel there in body as we can, for you know that our histories are connected.

"Most of your scientists approach the riddle from the wrong perspective—*their* perspective. It is hardly of any consequence for them to think of going to a planet with half or less than half the gravity of their own planet, but what would they think of moving about on a planet with

twice or even three times the gravity of their own? I believe they would think very much about it!

"As for the density of your atmosphere, my people have always needed breathing aids to assist them in this respect on your planet. Also, of late, we have been living in a form of self-contained bodysuit which has made my people a very much altered and further weakened race. However, due to our present living conditions, there is very little we can do about that."

Turning to another sensitive subject, Zeena suggested that the feminine side of the human race owes a lot of its early development to those first colonists and their interbreeding.

"The finer features of those early explorers have come out predominantly in the female offspring of their unions. Even to this day, Earth females show a higher rate of ambidexterity than do the males, as well as a higher ability to work from instinct and intuition or sixth sense. Your young females also have an ability to concentrate and absorb knowledge at a faster rate. The tendencies towards self-preservation and non-aggression in Earth females are all traits of the Haven civilisation, and even the feminine appearance is more of our kind than yours."

She suggested I could remember reading somewhere that human females have more efficient lungs than do the males, and interface their left and right brain hemispheres in an almost totally different way.

Most of what Zeena said sounded logical and made good sense, and started me thinking that there are indeed almost two distinct human races on Earth—the female and the male! The ironic twist to this whole theory seemed to be that Haven's people now needed more Earth male-type attributes to help rebuild their race.

At last there was a chance for more questions from my side of the ledger, and during this time Zeena and I discussed our mutual love of the sea.

"Do you use your planet's oceans for travel, as we do on Earth?" I asked.

"No, not as you do. Maybe long ago in our past, but not now. We do, however, play about on it as you do, but that does not include swimming; just in craft," was her reply.

"Why don't you swim?" I asked.

"In these suits! I do not think so. They are not compatible with complete submersion in water," Zeena replied.

"What if you get caught in the rain?" I quizzed.

"Rain we can deflect away from our bodies, but solid water all about us removes us from contact with the energy source. This would not be a good thing," she replied.

"Can you elaborate on this energy source, please?" I requested.

"Sorry, not at this time. This subject is a little sensitive to our people now, especially where Earth relationships are concerned, but not you, Alec; only your Earth military establishments," came her reply.

"I remember reading a report back on Earth that UFOs have been seen entering and exiting the sea. Could those craft sometimes be yours?" was my follow-up question.

"It is possible for our transporters to take on many shapes to suit us. One of those shapes is indeed an underwater configuration. You may also wish to know that we can split our Earth atmosphere craft into more than one vehicle. You must understand, however, that what you are in now is not such a craft.

"For your own interest, if at some point in the future of your time on Earth you should see what is called a UFO, then it may be one of our craft if you see it divide by three or by five. With formations in the shape of a triangle, or if five craft are involved, you will see for sure a rectangle with always one craft in the centre. This is the formation that so intrigued some of your ancient tribes and is called a 'quincunx', I believe."

Zeena then went on to mention something about an undersea grid network which allowed them to travel underwater with ease.

Later, upon my return to Earth and after much diligent study on the UFO subject, I was surprised and delighted to find in one of Bruce Cathie's books on Earth harmonics and UFOs that there is almost irrefutable proof that some, if not all, alien spacecraft are plying our oceans and skies using an electromagnetic power grid system.

This grid appears to surround our planet in a manner quite similar to the way one might wind up a ball of string. A very crude example of how this system might be tapped of its power is seen in the way old-style electric tramcars used overhead power-lines to pick up electricity to run their electric motors. They did not need to carry the power source with them; they had only to reach up above and it was there.

For a more detailed account of the Earth grid system, I suggest you read one of Bruce Cathie's many books on the subject.

9

The Arrival

Zeena was off doing her thing (whatever that might have been), so I had time to spare. I was amusing myself with one of their internal videos, as I called them, when there was a general buzz of excitement amongst my fellow travellers. Most of those who were in the recreation room had gathered around the larger of the three-dimensional viewers. The buzz was that Haven's sun had come on line, and soon we would be able to catch a glimpse of Haven itself.

I had already been told much about Haven and seen many pictures of it, but this was the real thing. First we had to pass around their sun, so it would still be some time before I could sight the planet.

I'd also been told well in advance to stock up on my liquid intake before this event took place, although, as with many other instructions throughout this entire experience, the reasons for doing so were a little harder to come by. I decided that now was the time to head for the drinks station so I could be back in time to watch the big event.

We completed our arc of the sun, and as we approached Zeena's home planet it became visible on the three-dimensional viewer. There was confusion on my part at first as to what was Haven and what was not! For of all of the pictures or three-dimensional representations I had seen up until then, none showed Haven to be the junior partner in a twin planetary system. What's more, I'd not even been told that this was so. This was rather puzzling, but at the time I was more or less transfixed by the sight on the viewer before me and did not give it too much thought. I was seeing it all now, and that was the only thing that counted for the moment.

By a twin planetary system I mean that Haven looked to be a small planet in orbit around a much larger planet—perhaps similar to our Earth and its Moon, but with the roles reversed. Haven seemed to have

the water and some clouds, while the larger globe looked very much like our own Moon—dry and barren. The only real difference appeared to be that on Haven there was a predominance of blue-black seas and reddish-brown land, rather than the blues and green-browns mixed with abundant cloud cover as on Earth.

As detail became clearer, it was obvious that this planet was dominated by its land masses rather than by water; indeed, it looked quite dry even from this distance out in space. Unlike Earth, there were very few clouds, and those that could be seen tended to hang close to the shoreline.

I had already been told that three major seas or oceans made up approximately forty per cent of the planet's surface, but most of the water seemed to me to be in just the one area. There did not appear to be any ice caps, but Zeena had suggested earlier that these come and go quickly in Haven's short seasons. I was then told we were approaching Haven from its northern pole. This region was in its summer phase and there was no ice cap in the north during this time.

Apparently the two planets orbit a single sun, somewhat similar in size to our Earth's Sun but much older. This orbit or year takes approximately two-thirds of one Earth year, and the distance from Haven to its sun is a little less than from Earth to our Sun. Because Haven's moon is bigger than ours it evidently has much more of an effect on Haven's tides, and that is why most of the population live in what we would call the polar regions of the planet. Even though Haven's orbital trajectory around its sun is of a faster pace than that of Earth's, its rotational speed is slower, or, in other words, its day is longer. Their days are divided into twelve segments, each of these being equal to approximately four of our Earth hours. This means they have a forty-eight-hour day!

As we got closer I could see that, although impressive in size, most of the land mass looked to be desert, similar to the outback of Australia but much more severe. Zeena had told me that much of it is uninhabitable, but it has not always been that way.

As I understand it, most if not all of their development has occurred on the shores of their three main polar seas. At first this had the effect of splitting their population three ways, each group developing its own culture. They later found that by combining their knowledge they could make more rapid progress in all fields of endeavour. This is possibly why they have advanced to such a high level of accomplishment.

Just before our descent to the planet's surface, it was suggested that I might like to return to the lower level viewing room, as the area we were in was to be cleared before we began landing approach procedures. The reason for this was never explained to me.

It was not long before we descended through their atmosphere and I got my first sighting of Zeena's home town, Nepalesa. The transporter appeared to be going straight down at this point. The landing site was not too far from the main city centre, and as we came in I was lucky enough to have a great sight of the overall layout of this major metropolitan area.

Zeena had given me a fairly extensive rundown on how the planet as a whole was run and governed. It sounded very simple—far simpler than anything on Earth, especially when you consider that this was the entire planet they were running, not just a country. Each major district—and there are three of these as I have explained before—elects three citizens to represent them on the high council, making a total of nine high councillors who are empowered to make all major decisions concerning the planet's well-being. Bi-yearly, a new councillor is elected in turn from one of the three districts and takes his/her place with the other nine. The councillor who has been standing the longest, steps down and becomes a general overseer. This way there is a new council member every second year and a constant flow of new ideas. No member can sit again once he has stepped down. So there is stability, and fresh ideas keep coming through. It works, and works well: their progress as a people is proof of that. The cities are run on a similar basis, just a step or two below the general council.

My first impression of the land that I could see from the scanner was of vast, flat plains running into a curved coastline which curiously straightened out as it approached the developed area of the city. There was an artificial look to it. Even the colour was different compared to the rest of the coastline. We came in quite quickly so I did not have much time to study the landscape in great detail. On the opposite side of the city, and some distance out from it, the land was barren and reddish in colour. I caught a glimpse of what looked like a large river canyon, but it was gone before I could really focus in on it. There was very little that was green; mostly just a dull, light-brown with a more reddish-brown further out into the desert area.

The first most striking thing about the city was its neatness and order; the second, its immensity. Even from well up I could not make out the

boundaries. There may well be bigger cities on Earth, but where I come from this place would be rated big—*very* big. It stretched out in both directions, following the coastline out of my line of sight. There seemed to be only a thin strip of land that was not coastline or desert, and the city was sandwiched within it.

As we dropped in altitude, the sea lost its bluish look and turned almost black. There could not have been much wind as it looked very glasslike. I could make out a dark outline not too far off the coast which presumably was a deep drop-off from the coastal shallows.

The last thing really to make an impact upon me was the lack of tall buildings, save for the odd tower or two, and the dominance of a small, circular shape among a few larger pyramid-shaped constructions.

Hardly more than a minute had passed since we had entered the atmosphere, but now the craft was already settled. There was a mixture of apprehension and excitement within me. Now that I was here—wherever *here* was—just what had happened to me really started to sink in. Would I ever see home again? Was anyone looking for me there? What if I never made it back, *ever*? I had no idea what horrors might await me in this new land.

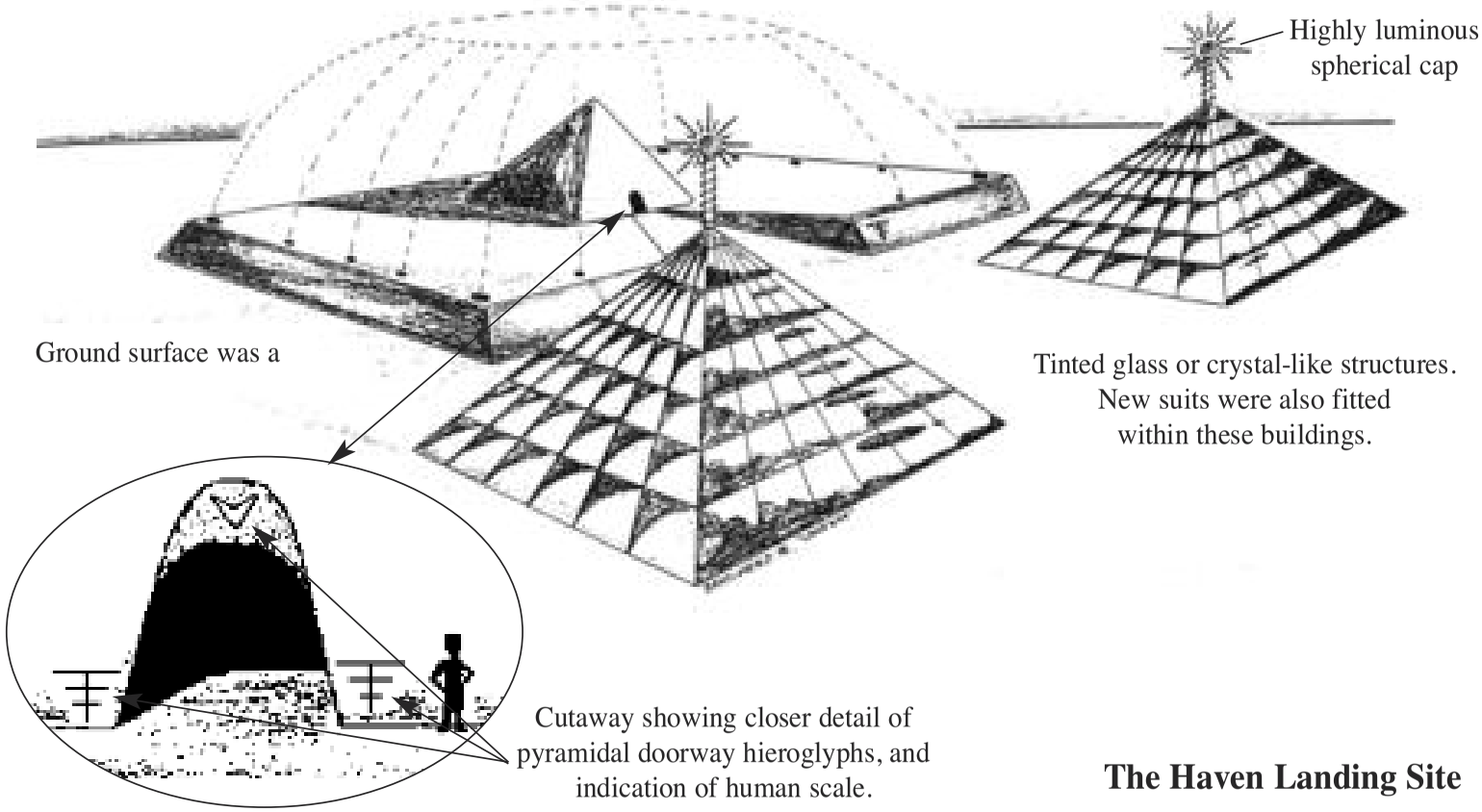
My panic soon eased, however, and curiosity won the day. I eagerly scanned the viewer for my first close look at the alien landscape. I could see little of interest, and only at short distance as the viewer must have been at ground level.

What I *could* see was an area of level ground, similar to a courtyard, leading to two pyramid-shaped buildings. They appeared to be made from a material that looked just like tinted glass or semi-transparent plastic. I couldn't quite see the apex of these buildings from my vantage point, but later I was to find that they were capped with a spiral tower or antenna arrangement. The height of the tower added approximately twenty-five per cent to the building's overall height. Each building in turn was topped with what I can only describe as a large light-bulb. As peculiar as it may sound, I was sure I had seen something like this before, in the distant past. These bulbs glowed day and night, and upon closer inspection appeared to be of a net or mesh construction rather than being glass spheres.

Zeena had earlier asked permission for me to stay with her family as a guest, and I was to wait on board until her duties were completed and then accompany her to her home. While I waited for Zeena, I saw no

There appeared to be some form of electromagnetic grid or shielding device above the actual landing site, possibly a force field or energy-gathering device.

We arrived and departed in a silver-grey pyramid-shaped craft, at a site similar


Highly luminous spherical cap
Ground surface was a
Tinted glass or crystal-like structures. New suits were also fitted within these buildings.
Cutaway showing closer detail of pyramidal doorway hieroglyphs, and indication of human scale.

The Haven Landing Site

other personnel leave the transporter. It is possible I missed seeing them, as I could only see in one direction on the scanner. Still, I thought it strange at the time. Perhaps a period of time was required for acclimatisation. Whatever the reason, it appeared that all on board the craft were subject to this delay.

I still had no real idea of the external shape the craft, apart from a suggestion much earlier on that it was pyramidal. I was very eager to see for myself. Time passed—how much, I could not say—but at last I would have my chance.

Zeena was the only one who exited the craft with me, but I barely gave that a second thought for it was like stepping into a dreamworld. I forgot about the craft, for what caught my eye as I stepped outside was the sky. Even though it was broad daylight outside, the sky was almost black, or at least indigo! Only on the horizon could I see a streak of blue and orange.

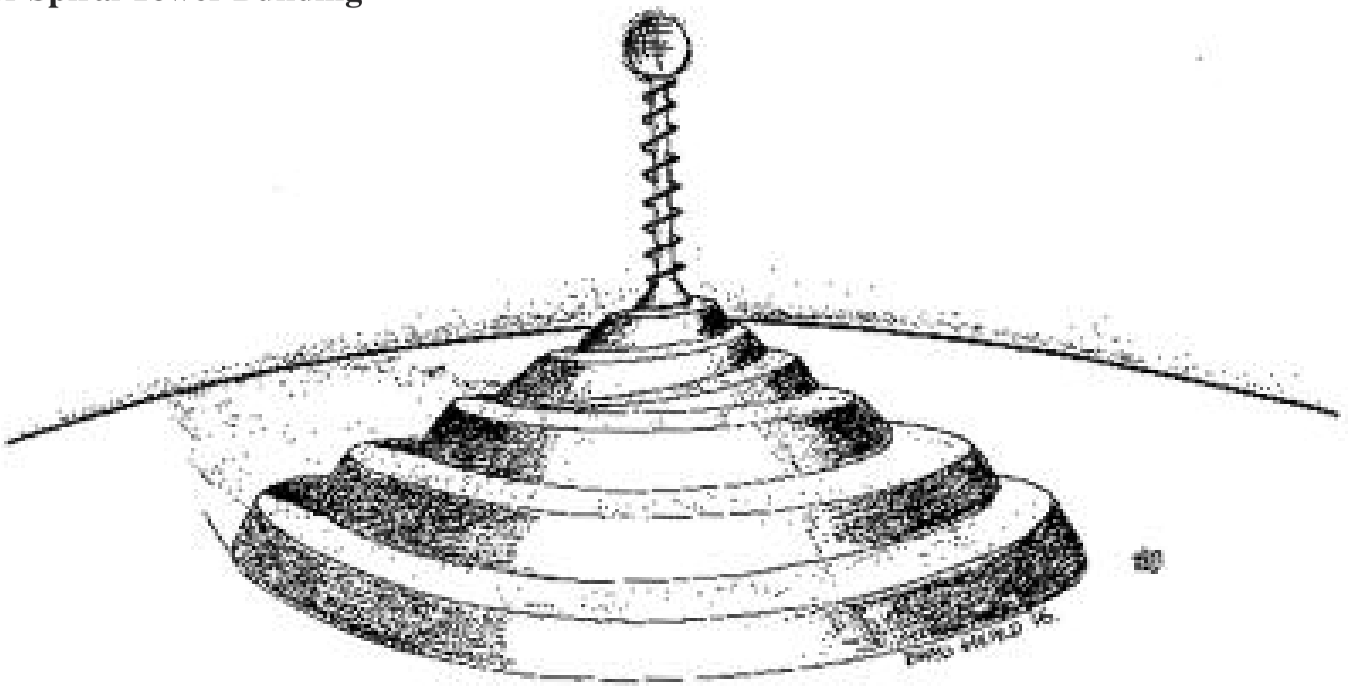
It was at this point that I remembered having been given what could only be described as sunglasses. They were more like wraparound goggles, but the instructions that went with them were: "If the sun is out, wear these. No exceptions!" I put them on.

I had obviously been conditioned to Haven's gravity on board the transporter, for I felt no appreciable difference outside compared to what I had experienced inside the craft. I stepped onto firm ground, though it was an artificial surface. There was a short walk to one of the large structures which I had seen from inside the craft. The air was still and amazingly quiet. Indeed, it was not until I had stepped out of the transporter that I realised there must have been some sort of background noise on board, although I'd not noticed it at the time. The surface upon which I was walking was not unlike cork; it appeared to be porous and slightly yielding underfoot.

As I hinted before, I'm not entirely sure whether we were the first or last to leave the craft but we were certainly the only ones in sight as we made our way towards the building closest to us. Here we were fitted with new and totally different suits. According to Zeena, this was always a necessary practice after dimensional flights in space.

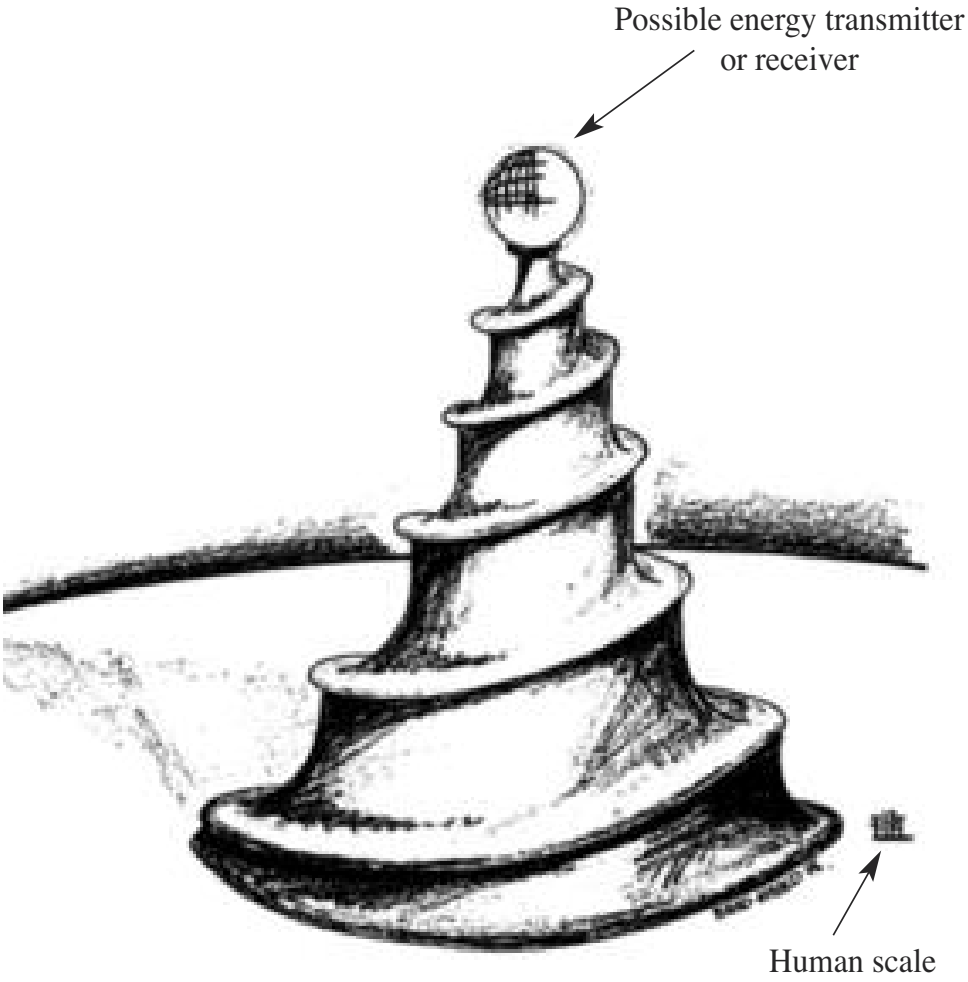
The new suits were designed with different jobs in mind than those with which we'd previously been fitted. The most noticeable difference was that the colour was neither yellow nor gold but something of a hue between both colours. Later, in the sunlight, they reflected more of a

Larger Spiral Tower Building



Additional construction underground is similar in

Spiral Tower Building



golden hue which was quite spectacular. We were also given extra protection for our feet. I suppose you could call them shoes, although they were really reinforcements of the suit itself.

The blue suits (actually, more like a blue-grey) were of a very special kind and essential for off-planet travel, I was told when I asked about the need for the change. The new ones were meant to give extra protection from the sun's radiation. Although this was not the main reason for the change, something happens to the suits during use in space, rendering them unsuitable for further use on the planet. When I enquired as to what exactly happens to them, the reply was so vague as to suggest that the whole thing was either too complex for me to comprehend, so why should they waste their time trying to explain it, or that they would simply prefer I did not know too much detail of these things. Whether this was supposed to be for my ultimate protection or theirs, I could not say.

At that stage it was not Zeena I was speaking with, as she was nearby having her new suit fitted. The thought did cross my mind, however, that Zeena might well be the only one interested in my welfare in this strange land. That thought alone left me a bit cold for I was probably only a curiosity to most of the residents on Haven and I was no doubt a long way from home. This was perhaps just the second time in my interaction that I realised how vulnerable I was. I'll tell you now that I'm not too brave a soul; to say I felt a little uncomfortable would be an understatement!

As we left the building, Zeena put her hand on my shoulder. It was the first time she had deliberately touched me, and I'm sure it was because she sensed my apprehension. Nothing was said between us, but, even though I was lost in my own thoughts, her hand did tell me I was not quite alone.

Outside again, I could now look back at the transporter. The colour appeared slightly different from what I could remember on first stepping from it only a short time before. It was gun-metal grey now, but I'm sure that earlier it looked more the colour of silver or polished aluminium. However, this vehicle was not constructed from any metallic-type product, so I had been told. It was in fact a *bionic* device, although I'm not quite sure if this is the correct terminology. Perhaps there is no word in our vocabulary for this device, for I'm sure there is nothing like it on Earth—yet! Judging by the size of the two figures standing close by it, there was no way I could have paced out 90 metres in any direction while on board. I remembered Zeena saying it could change shape, but she did not mention anything about size. That question I stored away for a

later date, but if my memory serves me correctly I never asked it.

Even though the transporter was of a general pyramid-type shape as I had half expected it would be, the corners were rounded as if moulded. It took on a smooth, even-flowing shape, almost like liquid. I began to question if it was in fact solid. That question was never satisfactorily answered, either. Those of you who can remember playing around with liquid mercury in high school chemistry classes may have some idea of what I'm trying to describe here.

This type of shape-shifting phenomenon I was to see more than once in the next two days on Haven. My eyes may have been playing tricks on me but the craft appeared to shimmer in the Haven sunlight, like a mirage in the desert. It seemed to dance around on the spot as if it were only a projected image, not the real thing standing there. This was another common phenomenon I noticed during my short stay upon Haven.

The sky, too, gave off an impression of being only a projected image. There appeared to be a sequence of waves pulsing through it, varying the light just ever so slightly every now and then. I would have to say it was like being inside a 3D movie some of the time!

I was at a loss as to which way to look for a while, such was my curiosity and awe at what was around me. Some buildings resembled those on Earth, but the outer walls were sloped back at approximately thirty-degree angles and set back some distance at each floor level, making them look more like steps up a hill. Most of the buildings were circular or tube-like in shape. They were laid out in a spiral pattern with the tallest buildings in the centre, but the heights became progressively lower as the buildings spiralled out. All the buildings appeared to be made of glass or plastic.

As I gazed about me I was reminded not to look directly at the sun, even though I was wearing protective glasses.

Zeena led me the short distance from the transporter base to where we would be taken by a mass transit system to a point closer to her home. The system was fully automated and was not unlike a bus or train station. The only thing missing was the transport, for there were no buses or trains—only cubicle-like arrangements, which like most other things were made from the semi-transparent plastic. Coordinates were fed into these cubicles for set destinations, and a few moments later you were there! There were no sensations to be felt other than a slight buzz and/or blur.

Upon disembarking, I quizzed Zeena about the lack of sound outside,

for I'd suddenly realised what was missing on this planet. There were no birds, animals or insects that I could see or hear.

"We have no other life-forms on the planet. That is the way it has always been," she said, "except for some very simple types which live in the sea."

There was a reason, of course. This planet was not a normal planet. Nothing else could live in this dimension—this *artificial* dimension. The sea life that was here now had developed *since* this planet changed dimensions!

We descended a spiral ramp to the ground below. We were still some distance from Zeena's home and it turned out that I was to get a tour of the surrounding area in something Zeena suggested would be a little more familiar to me than the transport systems that had played host to my movements up until then.

One of Zeena's foster parents was waiting for us to arrive and was to be our chauffeur for the remainder of the journey. The transportation we were to use was familiar to me alright, but only because I had seen futuristic projections of the transport devices we might use on Earth at the far end of the twenty-first century and perhaps even beyond that. This "Dan Dare Special" we were to get around in had no wheels; it didn't even touch the ground! I shall describe one in depth a little later.

10

Home Away From Home

Zeena introduced me to Jarze, one of her parent Elders. Jarze's communication with me was very much stronger and clearer than what I received from Zeena. It reminded me of that first and only other interaction with an Elder soon after my induction aboard the transporter. I was to find this typical of all conversations with Elders. It wasn't that I had a problem with Zeena's form of communication; it was just that the Elders were in sharper focus, if that makes any sense to you.

Jarze was seated in the transport vehicle, so I could not get a good a look at her at the moment of our introduction. I say "her", for I felt a distinct feminine thought-line in her conversation. Please don't ask me to elaborate on that; perhaps I just had a hunch or feeling that she was a feminine entity. I never did quite get up enough courage to ask outright. You may think it important, but at the time I had other things to do, think about and observe. There was no way of telling her gender on looks alone. In any case, these people also seemed to place very little, if any, importance on gender, so the issue was never raised from their side of the conversation.

The "Dan Dare Special" had seating for four. It was a bit of a squeeze to get into, but with some adjustments I managed to fit into it. Fortunately their buildings were of a spacious design and the problem of my size in relation to theirs did not become a factor too often. The 'car' (I'll use this word from hereon in to save confusion with other forms of transport) was being 'driven' on a grey-brown surface similar to the cork-like material I described earlier. This 'road' was approximately 10 metres (33 feet) wide and did not appear to be kerbed, but the outside line was so precise it looked as if it had been cut with a sharp knife.

On the way to the dwelling which Zeena called home, I was given a little tour and shown many places of interest which we would visit later

if time permitted. I was soon to discover that Zeena's dwelling was only a few metres from the water's edge and that we could drive right in under the building. As dazed as I was with the amazing sights of the city, I was not prepared for the visual symphony and associated sensations that awaited me within this most spectacular of dwellings.

As we exited the car I had a better chance to take note of Jarze's general appearance. I found her very small in stature, possibly not even four feet tall. Her eyes, which were only visible after the removal of her protective goggles, were quite large and dark. Not wanting to be rude and be seen to be staring, it wasn't until some time later that I eventually noted they were a very deep blue or indigo—curiously enough, almost the same colour as the sky overhead. These dark eyes showed no sign of any white, but the pupils within were quite difficult to distinguish. It was much later and only in a brighter light that I noted they were elliptical on a vertical axis! Dare I say this? Yes, you have it right—just like those of a cat! However, this was not a feature of Zeena's eyes, for apart from their size they were very similar to our own.

Another notable feature about all the Elders was their rather large eyelids—far larger than you would think necessary for the size of their eyes. This gave them a squinty look (which is possibly a poor description on my part). They had four-digit hands with fingers proportionately twice as long as ours, but then their hands were small compared to ours. The thumb was almost as long as the other fingers, and, of course, they had no fingernails! Arms and legs had very little shape or muscle development, but the toes were unusual. Once again, they had only four digits, but the two middle toes were very long—fifty per cent longer in comparison to our own. Their heads were rather more square than round in appearance (but don't take that too literally; it was just a general observation), due partly to a large lobe or overhang at the back of the skull. They obviously had ribs or a rib-cage similar to our own, as the ribs were plainly visible to me. As a race they were far from overweight, but on *their* diet I was hardly surprised at that! Without being plainly rude and getting too close to Jarze, I would say that the Elders had no teeth. What their skin might look like under their suits, I could not say. However, I would think that the power of the Elders' minds could flatten a tank at half a mile—and this is a conservative estimate!

Jarze would have to be the most gentle, considerate soul I have ever met. Her concern for my welfare was almost embarrassing. Nothing was too much trouble, and when I did not ask for anything, simply because

there was nothing I needed, she would seek me out and enquire if there was anything she could do to make my stay with them more comfortable. She, more than anyone on Haven, Zeena included, allayed my private fears and in some respects made my decision to return home, when that time came, just a little more difficult.

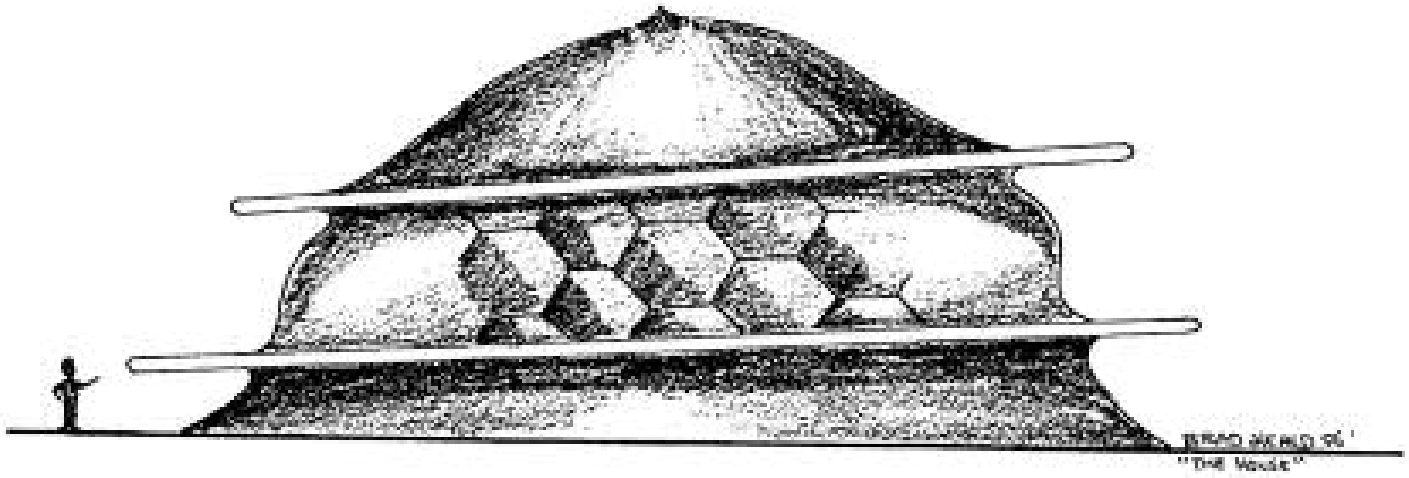
Access to the upper levels of their home was by way of a gently sloping spiral ramp which skirted the curved perimeters of the walls. This ramp could also be seen from outside the building. My personal observation of this feature is that it could have been a form of frame or reinforcement for the dwelling.

The rooms or, rather, the various levels were lit by some form of diffused lighting, both day and night, but I could find no direct source to explain this light. As we reached the second level, their main living area, I was stunned by the beauty and layout. No matter how hard I try here, my description cannot do justice to it. The colour was predominantly pearl-white with perhaps a touch of silver-grey within. This may have helped remove any glare, for I can assure you there was none. Reflected from even deeper within were all the colours of the rainbow, not unlike a mother-of-pearl seashell. The soft light I mentioned earlier appeared to radiate from everywhere. To say it was a truly amazing sight is grossly inadequate.

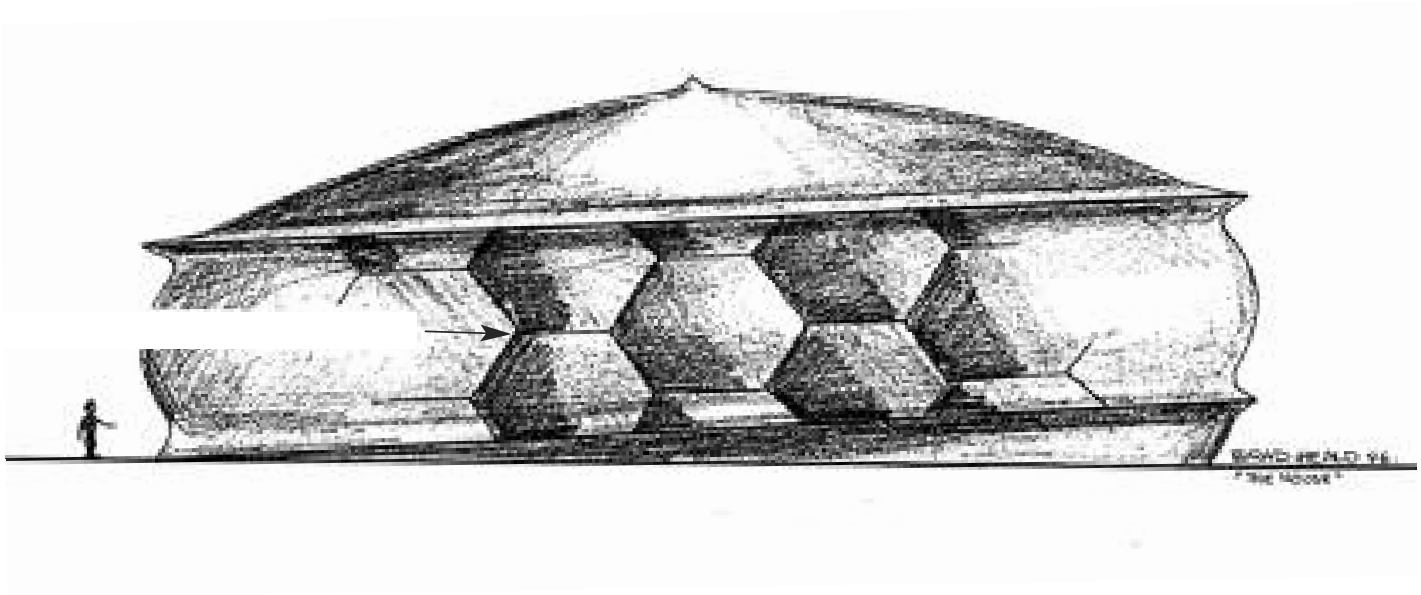
I'm not even sure if it was the colour that was the most stunning aspect of the interior, for I was equally smitten with the moulded flow of form from one section, shape or partition into the next. It was as if the whole dwelling, including every item of furniture, had been constructed simultaneously. Again, there appeared to be no joints or seams that I could distinguish. However this dwelling had been constructed, similar techniques to those used in the transporter must have been employed. The floor, a smooth, padded rubber, was soft to walk on; the colour, just one or two shades darker than the walls.

The furniture looked to be made from the now quite familiar glass or plastic substance. Although it was slightly tinted or smoky, all the colours of the rainbow seemed to be deep within it. These colours could be changed by a person's thought patterns, so if you were excited there was no way to keep it a secret as the room's colours would dance about right through the colour spectrum. When a person was in meditation, the light level would drop and only the softer tones would come through.

The central space of this room upon the second level was circular and



Smaller, spiral-shaped dwelling or house, no more than three storeys high



Variant of dwelling or house, also three storeys high

used as a general purpose area, including for meditation. Bedrooms as such had been made totally redundant, with meditation having entirely taken the place of sleep. These meditative states would last for an hour or two each day.

With no need to prepare solid food, there was no kitchen although they did have a drinks station, but this was no more than a circular table with curved seating around it. The drinks were served through straw-type devices (my very crude description of something far more sophisticated). These straws were extendable from a central console and could also be used to fill a portable glass cup similar to those used on Earth for the same purpose.

My room was on the next level up and was normally used by Zeena for her studies and private times. Because I was still in need of a little sleep every now and then, it was decided this would be the best room for me as I would not be disturbed by anyone moving about the house. Allowing for the fact they did not sleep, this was likely to be at any time of the day or night.

The top two levels of the dwelling had outside viewing terraces. On one side was a view of the city; on the other, a view of the sea. They afforded great views, even though to some extent neither terrace appeared necessary. I say this in all puzzlement, for I do not fully understand whether what I am about to describe to you was totally an aspect of their technological achievements or a partial side-effect of this strange dimensional world which seemed to hint of illusion as much as cold, hard reality. The point was that if one stared at any wall long enough and hard enough, eventually one could see right through it!

When I quizzed Zeena about this phenomenon she seemed surprised that I'd even asked, suggesting it was a perfectly natural occurrence that the building should want to accommodate my wishes. Evidently, the suits helped align the wearer's frequency or life-pulse to that of the biological portion of the building. The best I can do for an explanation is that the building—a living entity in its own right—considers that the occupant's thoughts are its own thoughts and obeys any commands instinctively. This would also explain the colour variations within the house, for they appeared to respond to different personal moods just as if they were the building's own moods. I guess this would encourage the occupants to keep up a cheery outlook, and might say also something of the state of mind of these highly intelligent people that they could conceive and design such wondrous abodes.

Each separate area had a three-dimensional display unit in it, similar to those on the transporter. These units acted as some form of computer link-up system which must have had a central or master unit somewhere, as almost anything could be brought on line with a thought! At least that is what I was told, for I could not achieve or activate this function myself. Indeed, there was never any attempt by my hosts to teach me how to use the unit, either. Moreover, I could not help but notice that my allotted room was the only area not fitted with such a device. Surely Zeena would have needed one for her studies?

They had fashioned a bed for me from two settee-type pieces of furniture. It worked in a similar way to the bed I had used on the transporter. About the house, the other furniture that was used as seating worked in a like manner. The effect could be compared to floating on air—not that I expect you to know exactly what that would be like.

After I'd been shown about the house, Jarze offered us some liquid refreshment. Zeena and I then went outside so I could look around and take in the local sights at my own pace. This was the first time we had been truly alone. At no time in the transporter could it be said that we had any real privacy, not that we'd sought it especially.

We ended up at the water's edge and walked for some distance along it. Not much was said; it was more a time for me to relax and reflect on the happenings of the last few days. I do love being by the water's edge, and its proximity on this occasion only made me think of my home planet all the more.

Later we returned to look at Zeena's water vessel. It was a type of catamaran or twin-hulled craft, comprising two elongated bubbles which were totally transparent and fitted with sliding covers to keep out the weather. As mind-power or telekinesis was its sole form of propulsion, it had no need of engine or sails.

We began to discuss the sea once more, with Zeena explaining it was not unlike Earth's oceans, only much more heavily saturated with minerals and salts—which was the main reason for the limited sea-life on Haven. The minerals in suspension are a natural phenomenon and have not changed very much over the thousands of years that records had been kept. The sea had a heavy metallic look to it as its surface reflected the hot Haven sun. If you could imagine a sea composed entirely of liquid mercury, you would have some idea of what I was seeing. The wavelets that were coming ashore looked tired, travelling almost in slow motion.

As I suspected from my earlier aerial observations, the area where we were standing was artificial and similar to the road surface; a type of synthetic cork. It was a composition of materials, mostly chemicals, which, according to Zeena, I would not recognise. It ran off at a gentle slope into the sea, making access easy, if not a little boring.

We would be travelling to the outskirts of the urban area and clear the artificial coastline the following day, time permitting. Zeena was keen for me to meet her other parent Elder who was involved in the testing and development of their new-version bodysuits. We would wait a little longer in the hope that I would have the chance to meet 'him' before going on a small tour Zeena had scheduled for me.

This seemed the right time for a lesson in synchronised meditation. We had planned a lesson on board ship, but we never quite seemed to have the time. Now I wasn't at all sure about this meditation stuff, never having had any experience of it before—on or off planet Earth! The sight of Zeena floating six inches off the ground on the other side of the room from me was an introduction that would probably unnerve the best of us, let alone an uninitiated rookie. Needless to say, I didn't get off the ground, no matter how hard I tried! And I am yet to succeed, even though I try every now and then when no one is looking. I put the lack of lift down to the 'extra' gravity of Earth, and firmly believe that any excuse is better than none!

A short city tour was next in store for me. This involved the use of the 'vibe station', the device I described earlier, which allows the traveller, upon entering the destination coordinates, to achieve almost instantaneous travel. Every home was fitted with one of these devices. The previous tour by "Dan Dare" car was just to give me a 'feel' for the place. The cars were legacies from the past and only used to access the more out-of-the-way areas which the vibe stations did not reach—or "just in case", as Zeena said without elaboration. I suppose even alien high-tech devices can break down. We would use this car on our outing to the desert, but for now it was the city that occupied our minds.

These city centres were open continuously but there were no shops as such, even though there was much on display. Nothing was bought or sold over the counter, and cold, hard cash did not exist. Their society is more closely allied to what we would call Communism on Earth, but seemingly without all the drawbacks that appear to be rife with terrestrial forms of this style of government. If I have it right, from what Zeena told me, there is a credit allotment of some kind for time spent on community

projects, which could encompass almost anything including space travel. However, there is a maximum level to which these credits can accrue. In other words, if you're a workaholic, most of your extra hours on the job will be unpaid.

If we used this system on Earth, it could solve at least two of our problems concerning money. Firstly, no one person could ever be overendowed with credits or wealth, as we may call it, so power conflicts could be addressed before they developed. Secondly, because any one person could only accrue so many credits, eventually one would have to contribute to community projects once again. So this sort of system would keep the community revolving. Of course, I can see this going down like a lead balloon with certain factions on Earth. While I have a neutral opinion on this idea, I guess you would have to try it to know if it worked for you or not.

Anyway, goods would be ordered, and when available they would be delivered, but nothing was ever sold over the counter. The exact reasons for this I do not know. They don't seem to be materialistic people anyway, and they appear to have no great desire to own things. This would apparently place them on a different plane of thought from ours.

I marvelled at their buildings. They looked as if they belonged there. They were nowhere near as tall as ours. Mind you, ours are products of high-priced terrestrial real estate. That was not a factor on Haven.

Almost five million people live in the city of Nepalesa and its outlying areas—the biggest single concentration of populace upon their planet. Even though the city was large, it was not claustrophobic, although I often feel like that when moving among our own terrestrial counterparts. I can only put this down to the beautifully designed and laid-out buildings.

Perhaps the greatest sight of all among this wonderland of new experiences were the huge, white, glass or crystal pyramids. I was told they contained all the knowledge of these amazing people.

My excitement intensified when I was told we could access one of these buildings and that I would be allowed to study some of their history.

11

Haven on Earth

It had been made quite clear to me on more than one occasion during this interaction that the Haven I was currently visiting was not in the same time-frame as present-day Earth. At one time it may have been, but now it was in our future.

It was therefore plainly obvious to me that if I were to try to study anything of Earth's ancient history using these archives, I would have to access some extremely old Haven records. My task in correlating these records was somewhat challenging at first because a Haven year is not the same length as an Earth year.

I can reveal some details of what I found in those ancient records. In making these disclosures I have chosen to focus on the following dates because they are also relevant to own archaeological records on Earth.

With reference to an earlier discussion about a dimensional leap that the Havenites engineered for themselves, it turns out that this event could well correspond to a date approximately 12,000 years ago in Earth's history—or 10,000 BC, if you like. It just so happens that Haven historical records become more than a little confused at about this time, which clearly suggests that something unexpected happened to them or their planet during this period.

Records of events that occurred on Haven in the far distant past may not at first appear to be important to us here on Earth, but there seem to be very strong links between those happenings on Haven at that time and the somewhat similar events that occurred here on Earth. I found more than one reference to our own solar system amongst these Haven records; indeed, they once called it their home, too! And if our own geological records are to be believed, Earth also went through a very rough patch approximately 12,000 years ago.

I have every reason to believe these Haven records constitute the true

history of that time period. This is not a misinterpretation of Haven records or speculation on my part, for many ancient Earth artefacts, from stone megaliths to calendar systems, also suggest this scenario to be our *true* history. If you would care to re-examine some of this evidence in a new light after you have read this account, you may well agree with me. Indeed, there are many fascinating books to consult on the subject of Earth's 'unwritten' history.

Before I proceed, I should point out that the only possible error that I admit could come into my presentation of these facts may be to do with the exact date of these events. There may well be a discrepancy of a few thousand years for reasons I have already highlighted.

I was astounded to learn from the Haven archives that our Earth did not always have its present Moon and that, indeed, this present Moon is quite a recent acquisition—possibly as recent as 12,000 years ago! However, Earth already had a companion satellite before the arrival of this new Moon.

This older moon was closer to the Earth than our present one; so, for balance, it orbited our globe at a much faster pace. Because it was closer it also appeared to be larger than our present Moon, but this was only an illusion. A by-product of this closer interaction of Earth and moon was a slower rate of Earth spin at that time in our history. This fact has been equally well documented by some of our more advanced ancient races.

You may comment at this point that if the above scenario indeed took place, much would have been written about this larger or closer moon, in which case you should already know about it; but as you most likely do *not* know about it, you may doubt that what I say could be true. Well, I tell you now that much *has* been written about this larger moon, but as it does not suit the 'establishment' to tell us about it, the facts have generally been kept hidden and continue to be suppressed.

Apparently, this moon was not a moon as you might conceive of one. It was actually a small planet—a mini-Earth! (You would have heard the old expression, "as above, so below". Well, perhaps now you may have a fuller understanding of its meaning.) Because of its smaller size, this planet cooled more quickly than the Earth, and life was seeded upon it at a much earlier time than on its larger companion planet.

It was inhabited by life-forms similar to those on Earth today, but some were more advanced. These more advanced life-forms had 'rocketships' tens of thousands of years before the meaning or concept of rocket was

even understood here on Earth. The distance these rocketships had to travel to Earth was but a stone's throw, and could have been achieved with technology no better than what we have on present-day Earth. And these flights *were* achieved! Again, I refer you to those ancient Earth artefacts which show that some of our ancient visitors came here in rocketships, not high-tech interdimensional space vehicles! Much archaeological as well as mythological evidence for this can be found in the Central and South American regions.

I do not hold much sway in what terrestrial scientists tell the ordinary folk of this planet, but I do believe them when they say that long-distance space travel by conventional means (that is, rocket power) is impossible or highly improbable because of the vast distances of space involved and the time factor required with this manner of travel. That being so, it would be highly likely that if anyone visited us in the past with rocket-powered craft, they did not come from very far away. At the most, I would suggest they came no further than from within our very own solar system—and, in this particular instance, from just above us: our companion planet or moon.

By now you may be thinking, "Okay, then, where did this 'other' or older moon go? It is clearly not orbiting the Earth now." To answer this, I will tell you what some people on this planet think may have happened to this moon; then I will explain why this theory is highly unlikely and give you a more plausible explanation.

Many think this other moon crashed into the Earth, thus forming the Pacific or Atlantic oceans and at the same time causing a great flood which no doubt you have all heard about. This event could also have brought about the destruction and sinking of Atlantis. That all sounds very logical if you don't stop to think about it too much, but, in actuality, nothing like that ever happened! Had the above scenario happened millions of years ago it might hold some credence, but we lost our other closer moon only a few thousand years ago.

What do you think would happen if a moon, the size of our present one, crashed into the Earth? Well, we wouldn't have a planet to go home to after work that night, for a start! And even if we did still 'own' a planet there would at least be much damage many miles deep about the equator—damage that would not stop at the boundaries of any present-day ocean.

If the Earth managed to survive such a holocaust, what of the fate of

the human race? Can you imagine what our atmosphere would have been like after such a collision? Remember, this could only have been 12,000 years ago or not very much more, if it happened at all. No, I don't think it happened this way—we would still be digging the mud out of our ears.

Not only does geological evidence point to our having had this larger or closer moon at that time, but it also suggests that one moon was swapped for another. Some of the evidence even suggests there was a time when the Earth had no Moon at all! If you'd like to look into this further, I suggest you consult a fascinating book, *Our Cosmic Ancestors* (Temple Golden Publications, Arizona, USA, 1988), by former NASA space expert Maurice Chatelain (recently deceased).

As I stated earlier, Haven also went through a transformation or dimensional leap 12,000 years ago (Earth time). This not only sent them to another time (the future?) but also to another realm of existence in this or even some other universe. If you can put two and two together here, you may get the same answer I got. Yes, our other moon or mini-planet was Haven!

It is not only the planets of Haven and Earth that appear to be tied. The peoples of ancient Earth who still had Haven blood coursing strongly through their veins could well have been involved in a disappearing act when Haven leaped into this other dimension. In other words, it is as if they went somewhere, too—and the Earth tried to follow!

Well, the Earth could not or did not follow, but the event sure caused a commotion: time-slip overlaps, vortices, big holes in 'dimension now' realities (whatever they are), not to mention the odd earthquake and tidal wave. I believe it may even have damaged this grid system that alien visitors use to power their spacecraft when they roam our skies and oceans.

For 12,000 years, planet Earth has lived with these effects. They are only now being put right by technicians from Haven and other planets with similar interests. These vortex-type effects would have occurred where the cultural and population levels were highest, and may still persist to some extent today.

Thanks to researchers like Bruce Cathie, for his theory of Earth grid harmonics, and Richard Hoagland, for his presentations on interplanetary archaeology and geometry, I would hazard a guess that some of these points would have to be close to latitude 19.5 degrees

north and south on our globe. One area which fits into both the latitude 19.5 degrees north scenario and the ancient culture theme—and so would have been hit very hard by this vortical onslaught—is the piece of water which encompasses the southern end of an area known as the Bermuda Triangle. The area was not all water at the time of this onslaught, but in fact was part of the great land mass called Atlantis. Now we have come full circle and are back to traditional thinking with the rest of the open-minded historians. Atlantis did exist, but was finally lost to us approximately 12,000 years ago.

The disappearance of something the size of Haven from our solar system caused more than just a disturbance to planet Earth. To fill the space, a new moon was drawn into the orbit of Earth. Our present Moon had arrived! But this only occurred after the planet Venus came rushing past the Earth, seemingly from nowhere! Yes, Venus is also relatively new to us. If you doubt what I say, I would suggest you try to find reference to it in any ancient records more than, say, 7,000 or 8,000 years old. The brightest planet in the sky did not go on record until just a few thousand years ago, in spite of our more ancient ancestors already knowing about other planets in our solar system—planets that could not even be seen with the naked eye. Even the people of Haven do not know how Venus arrived here.

Some of our more free-thinking historians and cosmologists have suggested that Venus was responsible for the appearance of our new Moon. I have heard comment from here and there that the planet Venus had our new Moon in tow when it was rushing by the Earth, but lost it to Earth's gravity field as it passed. That is a nice theory, but I could find no reference on Haven as to the origin of Venus. However, I most certainly discovered how we acquired our new Moon.

This is where even my knowledgeable hosts learnt a few things they weren't previously aware of when it comes to dimensional shifts. They had transferred Haven and themselves into what I can only describe as a future linear displacement. That much was perhaps predictable, even by them. You will remember the whole point of their experiment was to evolve to a more advanced state in their natural evolutionary cycle. It is obvious, I think, that this could only have happened to them as a race if they had skipped over some time. And as they took the whole planet with them, everything was now in some future place. But here's the catch: there cannot be two Havens displacing exactly the same frequency in time and space, can there? The answer would appear to be no!

And guess who acquired the displaced and once-future Moon in the vortical vacuum or space that the now-absent Haven had left in its wake? We did! We now had a very old Moon from our future! It was the same Moon, in effect, but it was many millions, even hundreds of millions of years older than it should have been. From my studies on Haven I would suggest several hundred million years older.

It would also appear that when Venus came rushing by us at this same time in our history, the exact reverse of what some historians suggest happened actually occurred. Instead of Earth capturing a moon in its tow, Venus almost stole our Moon away from us, and that is why our Moon now has a wider and slower orbit around Earth than it once had.

If you think I've lost my marbles here, the facts continue to demonstrate that what I was shown on Haven is the true history of the Earth and its Moon.

For one, since astronauts first went to the Moon in the late 1960s and brought back samples of Moon rocks for analysis, it has been accepted that the Moon is indeed older than the Earth. However, no explanation of how this could be so has ever been forthcoming from scientific academia. Nevertheless, some historians interpret these Moon rock findings to suggest that Venus could well have been responsible for bringing our older Moon to us. Maybe, but there is just as much evidence suggesting that the chances of Earth picking up a foreign satellite or moon in this way are very, very slim indeed; some even say impossible. Perhaps they are right, for we did not pick up this Moon from Venus. It is our very own Moon and always has been!

If I have unlocked the door of curiosity for you, you must now open it and step through it for yourself!

To those of you who may think I should have looked into Earth's future instead of its past, I say there was no way I could get near those records. According to Zeena I had already seen more than some would have wished me to see! Of course, there was much more I wish I could have accessed, but already I had used up more than my allotted time. Zeena almost had to drag me from the building. But I was already trying to find ways or reasons for a return visit to one of these most fascinating buildings.

Of all the buildings I had visited up until then, this pyramidal construction, where I studied the Haven records, housed the most plant life. As you might imagine, the open-air environment of Haven was not

exactly conducive to plant life, so most vegetation of the more delicate type was grown indoors.

Upon leaving the building I could not help feeling that some of the plants looked vaguely familiar. They were of the type you would find in a tropical rainforest on Earth, but that thought was strange in itself, for apart from in the movies or on TV I had never seen or been in a tropical rainforest. As I touched the various plants, their feel was as much familiar to me as their shape. I couldn't help but think I had been here or at least touched these plants before, in the past!

I looked over to where Zeena was standing, and even though she sent no thoughts my way I felt she was trying to encourage me to remember something from deep within, but without interfering with the process. We exited the building without exchanging any further thoughts.

In my travels about the city I had noticed some rather strange-looking devices at the entranceways to all the buildings. These turned out to be dust compactors. They attracted any loose dust by using some form of static attraction and then compacted the dust for later removal. They seemed to work quite well, as all the buildings were immaculate inside.

When showing me over the city, Zeena was full of enthusiasm, spending time explaining anything I saw that took my interest. I could tell she loved her home town with possibly far more gusto than I had for anything of the like back on Earth. I could see it in her eyes and in her hand movements as she described various aspects of whatever had caught my attention. I found myself spending more and more time watching her and her movements, absorbing the delightful way she had of conveying thoughts to me.

As was usual after fairly long and intense interactions with these people, I found myself in need of a little rest. Zeena took me back to her home so that I could partake of a little shut-eye before our forthcoming expedition to the desert area. I excused myself to both Jarze and Zeena and retired to my room on the third floor.

Once there, though, I could not sleep so I spent some time out on the viewing terrace gazing out to sea, trying to imagine I was really back home looking out across Lake Rotorua or the Waitemata Harbour in Auckland. It was only the unusual sky that reminded me I was indeed someplace else. I went back to lie down again, but sleep seemed to have passed me by.

It was now becoming apparent that my desire for sleep was more a

reflex action, my body still having in mind the need for it because a set period of time had elapsed. Zeena had suggested earlier onboard the transporter that my need for sleep would diminish once I had overcome the initial orientation period, so this state seemed to be manifesting itself upon me at last. Curious thing, sleep. Now that I didn't need any, I knew more about it!

One of the first things I had been told was that I was now residing in a physically less-dense world, which would be less tiring on my physical self. The main factor, though, was the dreamland state—the natural home of the spirit self or the alien within each of us. I had crossed the road, so to speak, and was now residing in a form of dreamland, which meant my body did not have to go into limbo to allow the spirit to go play in the environment it needed to remain healthy. This is a simplistic explanation, but I will not bore you with several pages of information on sleep, for there are more interesting things to discover.

Because I didn't to sleep, I now had a little bonus time. As both Jarze and Zeena were still at home, this was a good chance to have a three-way discussion about many things of mutual interest. Out of this discussion came the topic of other life in the universe, and how our search for it from Earth has not yet produced any real evidence apart from the occasional UFO.

Jarze was quick to ask if we had looked for it in realms other than the physical.

"We have used radio telescopes, I believe," was my reply.

"Good idea," Jarze replied, "but not very many other life-forms use that form of communication. It would be best for you to use what we have used in the past, and that is a device which is activated by the intelligence levels emitted from various planetary systems."

"How can you do that?" I asked. "On board the transporter I was told that all things, even the energy known to us as atoms, contain a certain level of intelligence."

"Correct," replied Jarze, "but conscious intelligence, such as you or I, emits far higher readings than non-conscious forms—to the order of many of your Earth numbers, if you understand me; perhaps ten-thousandfold as much emission would be a conservative number, I think. This form of detection has other advantages, too. For instance, life-forms that you may not physically see can still be detected in this way.

"You cannot see a life-form that is resident in an oscillatory realm out

of phase with your own [that is, in another dimension], yet you can detect its intelligence or thought patterns very easily. You do have devices on your planet at this time which could be adapted or have been adapted to bring about this end—not that you entirely need them.

"There is one device upon your planet which can read these intelligent thought-patterns very well and could do even better if the owners of these devices would train themselves a little better in their operation. The endowment all you humans were born with, and which you call your mind, can do the job very well if you would only let it. Since the dawn of your race's time on Earth, we and others like us have been trying to contact you in this way, but you keep trying to make it into some kind of religious experience. We have been passing on ideas to help you evolve for aeons of your time, but very little is ever taken on board by your kind. Still, we try," Jarze concluded.

"So these other beings could be standing right next to us when they try to communicate these messages?" I asked.

"Near or far, it makes very little difference if you have full control over this means of contact or communication. It's the receiver at the other end that we usually have trouble with," was Jarze's answer.

"So other planets could be right next door, too, and we would not see them, and perhaps we would even pass right through them without knowing it," I suggested.

"Of course, this could happen if they were totally out of phase, for there are not even any small parts to anything, like some of your Earth scientists believe and spend so much time trying to find. Nothing is solid; it is just an illusion. You know this, Alec," Jarze replied.

"Here we go again," I thought. "Have they got the wrong guy here? I don't know these things. If I'd had a class earlier on about this stuff, I must have slept through it."

"Thank you," I said. "That explains much that has puzzled me over the years."

12

Amazing Escapes

As I no longer appeared in need of any sleep, and the morning of my only full day on Haven had dawned, we decided this was as good a time as any for our planned desert trip. It was going to be very hot out there, so the earlier we left the better.

Zeena and I were to use the 'car' and, more interestingly, I was going to have the chance to drive it—although, to be more accurate, what this really meant was that I would be allowed to control its guidance system. I shall now attempt to describe one in some detail.

Like most other items that were not made from natural products or grown, the car appeared to be made from a plastic-like material. Even here, there is room for doubt in my mind as to whether this plastic was indeed a synthetic product or some natural substance, the like of which we do not have here on Earth. The reason for this doubt shall soon become known to you.

The top half was transparent but heavily tinted; the bottom, opaque and greyish-brown. I guess you could say it was even vaguely pyramidal in shape, but it had a squashed and stretched-out look compared to a conventional pyramid. There were no wheels, and it sat a few inches above the ground, even though it was not yet in motion. If you could imagine a stealth fighter cockpit without wings, you would not be far off the mark. (Now isn't that a coincidence!)

"How does this thing work?" I asked.

"Part mind-power, part magnetic repulsion," was Zeena's reply.

I decided perhaps I wouldn't ask too much more about its internal parts.

"Well, how can I drive it then?" was going to be my next question, but before I could even ask, she responded.

"You guide, I'll provide the power," she said, sliding back the top

section. "Like this." She was reaching over and moving a slider from side to side. "That is the manual way of doing it. I don't think you're quite up to doing that by pure thought yet, Alec."

"I doubt it," I was thinking to myself, without sending the thought to her. Yes, I had at last learnt to keep some thoughts to myself.

"Looks easy enough," I said confidently as I got into the car.

"Just set the slider...that's right. Straight ahead is in the middle, sliding it to the right side will turn us right at the next available intersection. Don't worry," she emphasised, "it won't turn until the road guides let it. Then it will reset to the middle, awaiting the next instruction. I'll navigate," she said.

I was hesitant.

"Come on, let's go," she added impatiently, "and do not forget your extra eye protection."

These glasses or goggles were an event in themselves. The only way to describe how they were attached is to say they simply stuck to your face or suit-covering material without any other support. There was some sort of interaction of materials, as far as I could tell.

As we made to leave, Zeena's other parent arrived home and I was introduced to him. His name was Theurus, but don't hold me to this name or any other name as it is an approximate interpretation only.

Zeena gave him a quick rundown on what we were about to do and then excused us, saying we would be back for mind-links later that day. We headed off in the direction Zeena indicated.

The car's guidance system had me puzzled. As the vehicle did not actually touch the ground, how did it know when to turn? It was suspended above the road by a form of magnetic repulsion, the details of which I did not get into but which didn't seem all that complex. I'm sure it could be reproduced here on Earth without too much trouble—remembering, of course, that gravity on Haven is but a small proportion of Earth's. Obviously, some form of magnetic reaction substance must have been embedded in this cork-type road surface.

In some way, the vehicle would have to set up an electromagnetic field, or charge some particles and not others, in order to find its way around corners and so on without being instructed to do so. There may be another explanation, for there appeared to be some sort of coordinate readout on the dashboard. Anyway, I'm sure *it* knew where it was on the road. Perhaps it used a form of satellite navigation, or GPS (global

positioning system) as it is sometimes known here on Earth—if they still had something as primitive as that on Haven! Unfortunately, I could not interpret the symbols that I saw on the dashboard as the suits were only good for interpreting the thought language.

The car was of particular interest to me as I've been involved in all aspects of motor sport back on Earth. It seemed to be capable of immense speed, not that I could have read a speedo even if it had one. Nevertheless, I was in no doubt that later that day we would have exceeded speeds of 160 kph (100 mph) with ease on the many straight sections of road. Because the roads were so smooth and we were not in physical contact with them, it was more like being in a low-flying aircraft! Later, when we were travelling on these high-speed sections of road, I noticed a small light was blinking on the dash but it would go off whenever we slowed down. Zeena did not say anything at the time, but I think we may have been exceeding a predetermined speed limit. Knowing Zeena as I did by then, this wouldn't have surprised me at all!

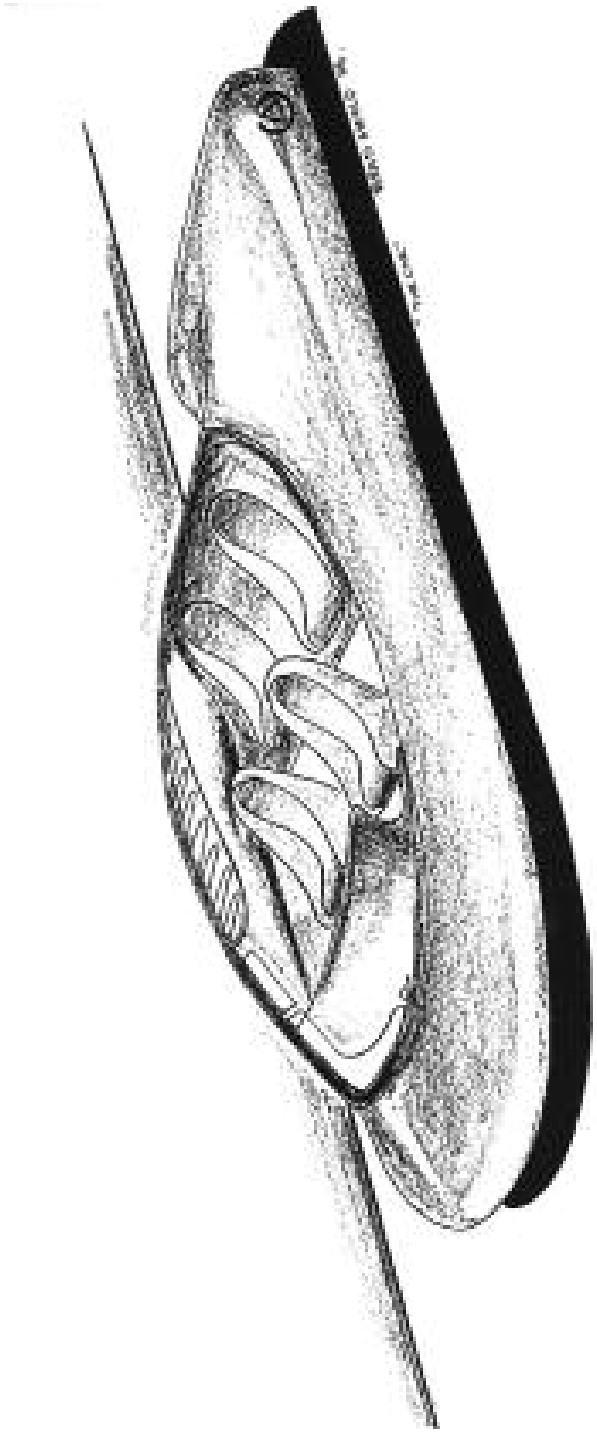
Meanwhile, not too far into the trip, Zeena thought it timely to discuss some delicate issues with me.

"Now that we are alone again," she said with a more deliberate and much slower thought pattern than usual, "there is something I would like to ask you to consider. It is both personal to the both of us and yet far-reaching at the same time. I do not expect or want an answer immediately.

"With the tests you undertook on the transporter, I said I would get back to you when the results were analysed. Well, I have seen them, and they are just what we hoped they might be. Your immune system is of much interest to us, as we expected it would be. We have tested others from your planet. There are others like you, but they not all are compatible. There are many factors to be considered. While it is of much interest to some of the Elders who are involved with the breeding program, health stability is not the only important consideration. We have also been searching for other qualities—qualities which have been lying dormant in most of your race since its inception. Those who can now use these qualities, as *you* can, are more suited to our cause. You know of what I speak?"

She paused as if expecting me to say something, but at the time I could not think of anything appropriate or related to the subject.

"You must have some idea about them; you *must* know," she continued.



The Car, or "Dan Dare Special"

"You might have to help me here," I suggested to her.

What was it with these people, was I out the last time they called, or something?

There was a flash of images across my mind—images which left me with some almost long-forgotten memories. There is nothing more certain: I have had a few close dices with death throughout my life, but I have never really given them much thought, except in terms of looking back and thinking how lucky I was to have survived.

"How did you know about them?" I asked.

"From the tests," she answered.

If you will bear with me for just a short time, I shall endeavour to give you a brief rundown of the major events presented to me in those revived memories.

The first near-death experience that was reconstructed for me occurred when I was fifteen or sixteen years old. I used to hang the mast of a small yacht I owned upon the wall inside my father's garage. There was a fuse-box and power points on the same wall at about the height the mast would be placed. This mast was complete with stainless steel rigging. One day while fiddling with it, a power lead which had been plugged into the fuse-box must have become loose, to the extent that some of the metal pins of the plug were exposed. The stainless-steel rigging was hanging slightly below the line of the mast and made contact with the exposed pins which, of course, being in New Zealand, had 240 volts pulsing through them! At the time, I was holding the other end of the mast which included the stainless-steel rigging. As with most kids in the NZ summer, I was not wearing any shoes, and I was standing on a concrete floor. There is no doubt that I should have died when those 240 volts went through me in an effort to find earth. At the very least I should have been knocked down or out!

I can vaguely remember exclaiming to myself, "Ouch, that hurt!", then being more concerned with what I had done to the rigging. It had been arc-welded together and rendered useless!

This electrocution experience produced some very strange after-effects, including visits from unknown entities. Rather than go into these complexities now, I have left these for a later section of this book (see Chapter 22).

My second dice with death came a few years afterwards, and repeated itself in an almost carbon-copy episode at a slightly later date. It makes

you wonder whether someone thought I needed the practice!

I'll describe these next two incidents as if they were one, for they were almost identical happenings. To some extent they also make a little more sense in the context of this whole adventure, for I really do feel I went somewhere outside my body during these two experiences.

I was sailing; dinghy racing, this time. It was very early in the season and quite cold. The whole fleet, some twenty or more boats, was flattened by a severe rain squall which was peculiar in the area where we were sailing at that time of year. Most of the fleet, including myself, became capsized and we all ended up swimming. The water was very cold. Normally I would not have had trouble righting the boat and continuing after such an incident, but the squall was particularly insistent and there was no use trying to right my yacht while it was still blowing so hard. However, the cold water quickly sapped my strength. In those days, wetsuits had hardly been heard of, and, as we were racing, we wore no more clothes than we could manoeuvre in easily. It soon became difficult even to hold onto the boat. But there were at least a dozen other sailors needing help, some far more 'junior' than I, and I knew our only patrol boat would be looking after them before they got to me. The question was, could I hold on for that long?

Those of you who have experienced extreme cold will know there comes a point where you no longer feel the cold: your extremities become numb. It was at about this point that strange things started happening to me. It was as if I were watching myself from afar, and yet I also felt it was safe and warm inside my head and there was no need to worry about the rest of my body. I seemed to be in two places at once, and I was quite happy to leave my body behind if necessary! There was nothing else I can remember until they got to me. I was too cold to sail the boat back to shore. Someone else did that.

Later, wrapped in blankets and after several hot drinks, I was fully recovered and all back in the one body!

Ten years on, I went through this next life-threatening incident. I was racing again, but this time in a single-seater race-car. The construction techniques back then were more aligned to light weight and speed rather than safety. The car also had an open cockpit, just like a Formula 1 car.

I had just spun off the track (well, I was learning) and was in the process of rejoining it at perhaps a faster pace than was prudent. The car was still on the rougher, loose shoulder of the track and I did not really have

complete control. The two outside wheels struck a marker barrel that no doubt could have been better placed. As a result I now had no steering, and, with only the two inside wheels still attached to the car, I went further to the outside of the track and into the very ditch that the barrel I had hit was supposedly marking out as a danger zone! I was still going at some considerable speed when the car flipped upside down. Luckily, this did not happen until it had reached the ditch, and I say "luckily", for it is not a good idea to hit the ground upside down in a race-car without a roof!

The ditch gave me a little more headroom but left me with no way out. I was hanging upside down, wedged in the narrow furrow. The car above me was now completely devoid of wheels. By then I could feel something hot running down the back of my racing suit. There are four forms of liquid in a race-car: petrol (in this case, 100 octane-plus), oil, water and battery acid. The middle two are usually very hot. Should any of them get out of their containers, I would prefer to be someplace else! But there was no possible way for me to get out of that tight space under the car without help. When help did arrive only a minute or two later, I was out of there.

No one, including my brother-in-law who was also my mechanic, could believe it. The one most surprised was myself, after I saw what I'd survived. Even if we disregard the last factor here, the chances of landing precisely in line with and over the top of that ditch were very small. That's all I will say about it.

It would appear that as a race of beings we have the ability to interact and influence our immediate environment using only the power of our minds. At this stage in our development, this ability apparently only manifests itself under extreme circumstances, such as in life-threatening situations. Perhaps there are a few who can manifest this force to do work for themselves outside of extreme situations. However, I do not count myself as one of those people.

The ability to leave and return to the body while still alive is not an uncommon phenomenon, I should think. To me, this would suggest there is more to us than the physical self. If we can leave the body while we are still alive—and I think I have—then surely we can leave the body when it is dead. There was a link between this out-of-body phenomenon and their interest in me, but I cannot expand on it for it is something that is outside my knowledge pool.

Zeena still had this question to ask.

"I would like you to think about joining the breeding program along with me. There is much we have yet to learn and much we have yet to do. I do not want you to think that this was the only reason why we have given you this experience with us, for you are here for your own reasons as well as for anything you may be able to help us with. If you turn down this request, I and the others will not think any the less of you. I know you do not know who we are, or, more accurately, you do not *remember* who we are, and you humans rather think your bodies are important. I know and understand this better than most around me, for I, too, have a feeling about my own body that the Elders do not understand."

It took me a full five seconds to say yes to her question.

"Now, Alec, this is serious," Zeena stated earnestly.

"Too right," I replied. "I've already thought about it, ages ago, when you first mentioned the scheme to me back on the ship, er, transporter."

"Thank you," she said, looking straight at me. "Now I want to show you my favourite spot in the desert. We can talk more about the program tonight at home."

13

Desert Surprises

We headed out of the city. At first the terrain was not too unlike that on Earth. On Haven, they do not need to farm the land, so they have left most of it untouched. Their population is small by Earth standards and does not take up much of the land area, anyway.

The plant life was scarce, though, and most bushes did not grow over one metre (three feet) in height. There were no trees that I could see and, stranger still perhaps, no real mountains or high ground, just gently-sloping hills—not that I really saw that much of the Haven landscape.

The desert terrain started approximately 80 miles from the city; gradually at first, but after a few more miles it was as dry as I had ever seen anything to be on Earth. Most of the road was dead straight so we made good time. We appeared to be climbing for the last 20 miles or so. The terrain was now a reddish-brown colour and quite rocky, possibly not unlike the planet Mars in our own system. The Haven sun had a red tinge to it, so perhaps this was helping turn the landscape this unusual colour. There was no vegetation at all, this far out.

"Take the next right," Zeena indicated. "It is not far now."

The ground seemed to drop away slightly as we approached the last crest, so I could not see what was beyond it. We slowed, then stopped.

"This will do," Zeena said, opening the roof and jumping out.

The first thing that struck me was the heat. It was ferocious out there, and, to make it worse, there was no wind. The air was deadly still. Our suits carried their own insulation for protection against both heat and cold, but the intensity of this heat went right through that insulation barrier. We both put on an extra layer of eye protection.

Was I still on Haven? This was like another land altogether. This was not Haven: this was Hell!

"Do not worry—there is shade from the sun at my lookout point,"

Zeena said, obviously picking up on my uncomfortable interaction with the environment.

At this point I was not tempted to pick up any of the interesting rocks that were lying about and protruding from the ground, as I usually would do. They must have been hot enough to boil water. Their appearance was more of opaque glass than anything else, and some looked like glazed pottery. The ground was covered not in sand but in a fine powder which swirled about our feet as we walked through it.

Once again, there was an eerie silence that seemed to dominate the land. If I ever needed confirmation that I was not on Earth, this was it.

The path we were following sloped gently downhill and was cut through a bank of flint-like rock that towered above us. At last, sheltered from the burning sun, I picked away at some of the glazed outcrops of rock that projected from the face of the cutting. There were no layers as you might expect. It was a mix of different but smallish pieces which were almost in suspension, more like a fruitcake mix.

"Come on," she said impatiently, ushering me forward. "You're always picking at something or other. There's time for that later. Wait until you see what is around the corner."

It was just a short walk before we were perched upon a clifftop with a view that almost defies description. Before us lay a vast rift canyon which I suspect would be more than twice the size of the Grand Canyon back on Earth, although I have not had the privilege of seeing that mighty landmark in real life.

We sat on the nearest rock and admired the view. For the first time, Zeena went out of her way to sit close to me.

"Oh, man!" was all I could think to say on looking out over the canyon.

"Another curious response," I heard Zeena say in the back of my mind, but my attention was fully taken by what lay before me.

"How far down?" I asked, making my first really intelligible statement for some minutes.

"Almost four of your miles at the deepest point," she replied. "Impressive, is it not? It was opened up in a monumental earthquake, some time around those early dimensional experiments you were studying last night. There have been no recorded earthquakes on our planet now for thousands of years and we are not expecting any more. I have been coming here for twenty years, since my early days. We came out to study the composition of the rocks down there on the valley floor,"

she said, pointing to a spot some two or three miles below us.

The canyon ran straight past us for many miles before zig-zagging its way right on one side and left on the other and disappearing into the desert haze. I was unable to do anything but marvel at the various rock strata that lay exposed before me.

In any case, Zeena soon took my mind off the view in front of me.

"May I try something?" she asked. "It has been a puzzle to me since one of our talks on the transporter."

"Whatever," I replied.

She leant over and, out of the blue, kissed me right on the lips! She then withdrew with a puzzled look on her face. Just as puzzled, I was looking back at her.

I soon realised there was more here than met the eye. It must have taken some courage for her to have done that, and now I felt it was up to me to complete her experiment, hopefully with a more satisfactory outcome.

"Well, you won't get much out of it doing it like that. To have some effect, you've got to put more into it. May I?" I asked.

She gave an affirmative reply. I didn't want to alarm her but I was actually going to have to make physical contact with her in a very personal way for this experiment to have any hope of reaching a successful conclusion. I had never made any deliberate attempt to touch her up until now, so this was uncharted water for me as well as Zeena.

I took hold of her. Zeena was so light I almost dragged her off the rock! I could sense a little uneasiness on her part but she did not resist physically. We may well have been making history then, but all I knew at the time was that it felt good! If Zeena was not getting anything out of this interaction, I certainly was! Finally, good manners prevailed.

"I see what you mean," she said. "That was a little better, but I still did not really feel anything. I can see that *you* must have, though!"

It was impossible to hide the way I was feeling with what I was wearing!

Please remember, this was just an experiment as far as Zeena was concerned, and she was soon explaining other facets of the great rift canyon to me.

As we were leaving the canyon area, I spotted some interesting rocks part of the way up a small embankment. Curiosity killed the cat, so to speak, and as I was trying to reach them I slipped and fell a small distance, grazing my face and damaging the suit in the process.

Zeena was most concerned, but I told her not to worry as this type of thing happened back on Earth all the time.

"It is not the fall that concerns me most," she stated. "Out here, with this sun and no suit, you would not last very long. Quick, cover that side of your face with your hand."

"It's only a small area," I pointed out.

"Cover it up!" Zeena reiterated most insistently.

I obeyed. And just as well, too, as I still have a patch of skin in that area which will not heal properly. If I wanted to bring home proof of my adventures, there were surely less dangerous ways of doing it! That little act necessitated a new suit for me, and I lost some of my sightseeing time because of it.

Later, back at the house, Zeena's parents welcomed us. They, too, were concerned about my accident. There seemed much fuss over what, to me, was a non-event at the time.

We entered into a discussion on the state of the Haven atmosphere, which was brought on by all this attention over my slight injury. My thoughts, though, drifted back to Earth and the problems with *our* ozone layer.

I couldn't help but wonder, if they were ever to make it back to our planet in some form, would they be jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire?

14

Dreams Made of Legends

As I sat together with Zeena and her parent Elders, we discussed many things. It was indeed a strange situation. You could say that my presence in the home of these people was an experiment on their behalf. But the experimentee was also observing those who would propose to do the experimenting!

These observations I made while in their company may be worthy of your attention:

1) The entity known to me as Zeena was as much a mystery to her parent Elders as she was to me. This *new* breed was exhibiting emotions on a scale never before encountered by these people.

2) Zeena herself, up until that time, was no more aware than her parents of where these emotions might lead her. In effect, she was navigating uncharted waters.

3) It seemed to me that these amazing beings (the Elders) were almost looking to me for advice on how to deal with this little-understood phenomenon.

That last statement may not sound so dramatic, but these were super-intelligent beings. Just sitting or standing next to one would nearly knock you over. To have them probe your mind for answers was akin to being run over by a steamroller. Even Zeena's intelligence level was far higher than my own, but it appeared that she was as far from realising the total potential of her physical and emotional selves as an Earth child is in its formative years. Our discussions were not always so serious, however, and because of this I cannot confirm the importance or accuracy of this next piece of information. Just like us, these people are not without their legends and time-honoured stories. One such legend was both startling and disturbingly coincidental to me, but before I relate it to you it would be best if I explained why it had such an effect on me.

Around the age of ten I had a repetitive dream, not too dissimilar in content and presentation to the legend I'm about to relate. But for some reason, the location—my family home in Papakura, a small town to the south of Auckland City—seemed to be the key. I cannot remember having the dream anywhere but there. Perhaps even more curiously, whenever I returned home after staying with friends or relatives, the dream would usually present itself afresh to me, as if saying hello.

Although twenty-five years have passed since I last had this dream, it is still clear in my mind. I would now like to share it with you and, after that, compare it with a most interesting legend of Zeena's people.

T*he dream...*

Our airborne survey craft slid silently and smoothly over the jungle below. The succulent green overlay of tropical rainforest was beginning to look as if it was not going to provide us with any area large enough to land in, let alone set up our seismic and geothermal gear. From a height of 1,000 metres (3,000 feet), the heavy cloud cover was not exactly a help, either.

Arriving in the humid tropical afternoon, we knew it would be this way: hot and wet—conditions not on the top of our must-experience list. There were even doubts as to why we were surveying this area at all, as it was not compatible with our biological systems. The silence on board was so intense as to be almost pervasive. Now that we were here, we would do what had been asked of us as quickly as possible and then leave. The craft was thermionically insulated, but some of us would have to spend time on the surface and we were not looking forward to it!

This was the first time on this visit that we had ventured any great distance from our base camp far to the south. It was situated in an area with a cooler climate, chosen because it was more in keeping with the native conditions of our upbringing.

The valley to be surveyed ran roughly in a north-south direction, with a range of highly active and somewhat intimidating volcanoes to the west— far too close for comfort as far as this survey party was concerned. To the east, some low hill country ran on down to the sea, which was some distance off and out of sight to us from our current position.

"We'll have to launch the scout craft and get down a little closer to the surface to find an area, or we shall be here 'til the next sunrise," was the thought from the flight deck.

"I'll go and load it up, then," I can clearly recall replying.

As I was loading the seismic gear into the tight confines of the surface interface or scout vehicle, for some reason I looked up and caught my own reflection in the highly polished night-landing light reflector. What I saw gave me a start! How could that be me? What was going on here? All that was around me appeared familiar, but the face and body in that reflector were not!

For one, my entire body, even the face, was a light blue-grey, and the whole affair was rather frail-looking as well. I looked down at my hands, and as if seeing them for the first time I stood up and held them out in front of me. The three fingers and thumb on each hand were long and delicate and had no nails. I looked back up at the reflector. The two eyes that looked back were a deep, dark blue, set about halfway down the hairless head, which looked oversized to what I felt should have been there. I reached up and touched that head. Was it really mine? Yes, I could feel it—and then the moment was gone! I was loading the rest of the equipment as if nothing had ever been amiss.

It was decided that just three of us would descend, as we needed no more than that to set up the equipment. There was no need to risk others on the ground with volcanic eruptions imminent. As I was in charge of the equipment, this meant that only two from the flight deck would be required to accompany me. It was also decided that only males would be considered, even though the best geologist on board was female. We had too few females with us on this trip and we were not about to put any of them at risk. Most of the on-site information would be fed back on board anyhow, so she would be able to analyse it almost immediately. If there was going to be any danger to the ground party, there would be almost no delay in relaying the information back to us. We would not need any encouragement to clear the area.

As we exited the mother ship we could see her silhouetted against the now clearing sky, her silver-blue bulk shimmering as she reflected the sun's rays. The huge pyramidal shape was familiar and reassuring to us as we descended to a height just above the tree tops. Evening was not too far away, and the shadows in the trees below made it difficult to find a suitable place to land.

"Looks a little better over there to the right. If we give those volcanoes as much room as we can, I'll feel better about it," came the thoughts from in front of me.

"No argument here," I replied.

"Look! See that?...It's gone...''

"What was that?...Did you see it?" came the questions from up front.

I had two faces staring back at me in wonder.

"Don't worry," I replied, "the monitor will have picked it up. I'll replay it when we're down.''

Everyone's thoughts merged as all eyes were diverted to the viewing ports. We'd been here before, but there was always a surprise or two on planets that were still in their basic evolutionary infancy.

"I thought all the really big stuff was extinct...," I commented, waiting for someone to convince me this was so.

"Some space right below us now. Not very much but it should be sufficient,'' came the thoughts from up front again.

"You both realise that it will be dark by the time we get all this equipment laid out,'' I added.

This statement was followed by an uneasy silence.

As you have not lived in my dream before, it is best I give you some background to it. This information seems to come with the dream, even though I do not know quite how I learnt of it.

This planet we were researching for future colonisation and seeding was average in most respects, but larger than we'd prefer to have been working on. It was about four billion years old—just settling down, as it were. It was the second planet out from its sun and nicely situated as far as climate goes—if you don't mind being cooked alive!

We, as such, had originally come from the fourth planet of this same system—a planet we called Khyber which had formed and matured many millions of years earlier than this planet we were now on. But that fourth planet no longer exists: it was lost to us many millennia ago. Only a precious few of us made it off in time, and some who did ended up on what was the third planet of our system at that time. This planet you will know by the name Mars. In fact, Mars was known to 'us' from then on as Mirdi Khyber ("mirdi" meaning "second"), our second home.

However, it was always only a temporary solution. The destruction of our original planet also severely damaged the atmosphere of Mars, but at that time our technology was not so great and we could not risk travelling further than the red planet. To have made it even *that* far was

considered a miracle then. After the passing of much time, we developed our technology to such an extent that we could now travel the galaxy and beyond.

Mars was already a dead planet as far as surface life was concerned, and had been for many years, although there were still a few of our kind trying to eke out an existence there in underground bases. We went on to colonise a few other planets, but this system was still home to us. We had been waiting for this second planet, known to you as Earth, to settle and cool. Colonisation had been tried here in the past but was destroyed several times due to the over-eagerness of settlers and the instability of the crust. Things were now looking a little more encouraging. This time frame would be of an age known to you as approximately two million years BC.

Seeding was also our intention. By this I mean that we would genetically modify an existing species to perform tasks for us like manual labour, with the idea that eventually they would colonise the planet in their own right. There were a few candidates for that task on this planet and some work had already been done on these entities by those earlier, unsuccessful colonists. Our task at that moment, however, was only to find sites for possible future recolonisation.

Back to the dream itself...

The scout craft landed vertically in an area on the eastern side of the valley, approximately 10 kilometres (seven miles) distant from the line of active volcanoes.

Within an hour we had set all the instruments in place. At ground level it was now dark. We used lasers to clear the area but had set them to cut only the light vegetation, leaving the trees in place. No one saw or heard anything out of place during this time. To protect the instruments from accidental damage by wandering native livestock, and for our own piece of mind, we had set up laser intercept lines around the external perimeter of our camp. These lasers were not set on such low cutting levels! We were there for the night, so were taking no chances.

Protecting ourselves from the dangers of geothermal activity was not quite as easy, however, as the ground was rocked by minor tremors almost constantly. Despite our choosing this unstable valley for our survey, it was as stable an area as any on the planet. It was also rich in the mineral deposits that the new colonists would need in the future.

For your reference, the area of land I am describing to you is that which used to lie to the north of what is now known as Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados and Martinique. At that time this area was part of one large land mass. A little further to the south there was a large inland sea or lake.

It was always about now that I would awaken from this dream, as if the next portion was best not remembered. I can even recall trying to write about it many years ago, but it had no context; perhaps it still does not.

Always, though, it has been the same green, steamy rainforest with me looking up at the canopy of trees and succulent tropical plants, knowing that this was Earth in some other time frame; but I was never able to remember what came next. Did I die back then due to some catastrophe of Nature? Is that why I am here on Earth now—to complete my life cycle on this planet? Who could know?

You may tell me this is only typical of any ten-year-old's dreamworld, but why should a dream last for fourteen years without changing? And why did I have this recurring dream only at the one address?

Before comparing my dream to the Haven legend, I shall digress briefly to relate something that happened to me at about the same time this dream became such a large part of my life. I should say they must be related, but is anything ever that certain in our lives?

This other event is most bizarre and it makes the dream pale into insignificance, for it happened in the physical world and in real time. It involved my taking a trip to hospital due to suspected appendicitis, which was confirmed as such after my arrival was confirmed. I was made ready for an operation, but while I was waiting in the ward I was visited by the strangest of apparitions.

The apparition was of a small girl, not more than a metre tall. She appeared pale, almost transparent, and looked thin and sickly. I did not doubt for one moment that she needed to be in hospital. She had the most unusual eyes, however, that were quite large for her size, but the most striking thing about them was their colour. Until very recently I had never seen their like before. They were blue, but not blue; in fact, they were much deeper than that. With the advantage of hindsight, I would now say they were violet. I could not be mistaken on this account as she moved right up to me and touched my stomach. As she did this, she looked right into my eyes as if to understand my pain. In a blink she was gone—and so was that pain!

I never had the operation that day. You might say I'm still waiting to have it! I do not know if this kind of miracle cure happens often with appendicitis cases, and nothing was ever said about it again at home, from what I can remember, so perhaps it does. I'd forgotten about it until I began putting all this together a few years ago.

That is not the only unusual thing I can remember about childhood and sickness, though. All my cousins had the usual run-ins with viruses, mumps, chickenpox, measles and so on, and as was customary at the time I was dumped in with them to get it over and done with. It was expected that all children would catch these bugs sooner or later—sooner being better than later, I believe. Just to be different, I caught none of them! I believe my mother may have been somewhat disappointed in my lack of cooperation on that front. (Trust me to be different!)

T*he legend...*

According to my hosts, their history spans many millions of years. However, as I've already suggested, having studied some of their records, there is a time span of unknown length in which some details are missing.

A very interesting legend has grown up around the fragments of historical fact that these people *do* have of that missing time period. This legend reaches across the vastness of space and touches our own history on this planet Earth. So it was with great interest that I sat and listened to this wondrous story of survival and adventure, hoping to learn something of our own history as much as anything else.

Strangely enough, their original home planet went by the name of Khyber, but it was originally the fourth planet from our Sun. This was before the arrival of Venus into our system. Khyber orbited in a slightly elliptical manner outside the orbit of the planet Mars. It was predominantly a watery planet, smaller than but not unlike the Earth in most respects. The water was mostly frozen, as Khyber was much further from our Sun than the Earth. In its elliptical orbit, at some stages it would get almost as close to the Sun as Mars—and we must remember that the Sun was just a little hotter in those early days.

The land masses along the equatorial regions at these times of the year were quite conducive to life as we would recognise it. At other times, these same life-forms that had been seeded upon this planet would simply go underground. Some hibernated, while others used the planet's

natural resources, such as thermal heat, to keep themselves warm. After a while, some of these life-forms hardly ever came to the surface; there was no need to, as they had constructed huge underground bases with all the comforts of home. Because of this, two distinct races eventually emerged. Both were intelligent but had very little to do with each other.

The surface race, if you could call them that, preferred to live the simple life. Even though they were very intelligent by Earth standards they shunned technology altogether, opting to live in complete harmony with Nature. If you didn't know where to look for them, you would think they did not exist at all. They were so attuned to Nature that they developed what we would call psychic abilities. Their outward appearance would be considered primitive by Earth standards, in that they had a somewhat hairy or furry outer cover to protect themselves from the cold.

The other race was almost the complete opposite. These beings, too, were highly intelligent but they were also technologically advanced—a necessity due to their living underground. They became a race smaller in stature and more delicate than the surface-dwellers, and after aeons of time they ended up with no body hair at all.

If you saw the two races together, you wouldn't think for one moment that they were direct relatives. The only really obvious common traits were that they both had two arms, two legs and a head. Yes, just like us!

It was the more inquisitive, subterranean group that discovered space travel, but this was when everything started to come undone for them. Their first step in space exploration was to one of Khyber's moons, and in due course they visited all three moons. They later turned the moons into 'space stations', with the intention of using at least one of them at some future date as a vessel to colonise the far-distant stars.

At about this time, they were conducting experiments on the planet itself to do with travel of a slightly different nature: *dimensional* travel. Somewhere along the way, something went terribly wrong with these experiments and the planet Khyber was totally destroyed.

However, the subterranean group which caused this catastrophe did have warning of what was about to happen—enough time to launch a ship to one of their moons before the planet was lost to them. On this ship they took with them a group of the hairy surface-dwellers and several other life- forms that lived beneath Khyber's abundant but cold waters.

The subterranean beings acknowledged their responsibility to the other life-forms of their planet and tried their best to save as many as

they could (perhaps in a scenario that somewhat parallels our own story of Noah's Ark!).

On arrival at the moon or moon station, they hastily finished converting it into a spacecraft. They then used this most unusual vehicle to travel the relatively short distance to their nearest neighbour, the planet Mars. And so it was that Mars inherited a second moon.

At this time in our solar system's history, Mars had an atmosphere and water, but the destruction of the planet Khyber and the subsequent after-effects were to spell the end of the Martian atmosphere. This was a gradual process taking many thousands of years, but eventually, as we all now know, much of that atmosphere was lost. However, even to this day, a large volume of the red planet's water remains frozen beneath the surface, waiting to be used!

In the ensuing period, both humanoid groups lived side by side on the planet, while the aquatic types lived within the Martian seas. However, these entities knew they would have to find a more permanent home sooner or later. There was one obvious choice: planet Earth and its Moon!

The hairy and aquatic beings were given the chance to settle Earth first as they were more suited to the prevailing conditions.

The smaller, subterranean entities used the Earth's Moon as their home base. Over time, they improved their space technology enough to be able to go wherever they chose. A small group of them remained on Mars but was forced to live underground. This was not really a hardship for them, as it was the way of their ancestors. This small group, I understand, is still living on Mars!

Eventually, one of the subterranean splinter groups returned to settle on Earth (my recurring dream?). At first, these beings chose the colder areas of this planet—the north and south polar regions, where they still have underground or underwater bases today! But they were also using other areas (as they still are), much to the consternation of some régimes that would call themselves the unelected leaders of planet Earth.

As I listened to this fascinating legend—and remember, at this time it was only a legend—I felt like butting in with some small additions from my own dream. How could that dream of mine fit so well into a story I had never heard before? The universe is truly a mysterious place...

15

An Alien Among Friends

My first introduction to one of Zeena's closest friends was to one who went by the name of Mahirishi (if I have this right, although it did seem to be pronounced "Mareeshi"). Initially I was of the opinion that apart from some variation in height they all looked fairly much the same. (Now where have you heard that before?) But having gotten to know Zeena a lot better, I could notice the slight differences between them.

Mahirishi, also female, was slightly shorter than Zeena, as they all seemed to be, but only by an inch or so. She had slightly larger eyes, if that was possible, and less prominent ears. Her body shape was similar, which was okay by me, but somehow Zeena looked more attractive in my eyes.

Mahirishi worked for the recently formed hydroponics laboratory (as close as I can describe it) which was created as a contingency plan in case solid food became necessary for some of their experimental offspring in the various breeding programs underway.

I couldn't help but think they should perhaps pursue this avenue a little more diligently as far as the strength factor went, but then thought the better of saying anything amongst this talented a line-up. However, it was interesting to hear what Mahirishi felt about Zeena's volunteering for the above program and what her mother described as unnecessary risks.

"I am sure Zeena has calculated everything out very carefully. She always does," was Mahirishi's reply. "I only wish I had the same courage," she added. "I should really be on it, too. I probably will, once we see how Zeena gets on."

Her second friend was male, although, once again, shorter than Zeena. He was of more help as he worked on a portion of the breeding program.

(I'm sorry for continuing to use this terminology, but that's the way they describe it. It makes you think they're producing cows, doesn't it!) When Zeena was otherwise engaged, I spent every spare moment pumping him for information on the project. Even though he was hesitant at first, when I explained I could possibly be introduced into some part of the experiment he did give me some reassurance: my part would involve no risk at all. He also seemed to feel that Zeena had only a very small chance of actually coming to any harm. He did admit, though, that they were running out of ideas to speed up the development of a stronger race.

He (it's "he" because I can't remember his name) seemed a nervous enough sort, anyhow, always twiddling his long fingers or playing with his liquid dispenser. He kept looking around the room as if trying to find someone. His long neck rather reminded me of a giraffe trying to look over a high fence at the zoo. His head seemed a little bigger in proportion than most, anyway, and I wondered to myself if he had problems holding it up! I had to be very careful that none of these thoughts slipped out as I conversed with him. (Yes, I really *had* learnt a few tricks about holding back my thoughts over the last few mind-boggling days—a vital improvement, if only for reasons of diplomacy!)

I was amazed at how nonchalant the crowded entertainment area was about having an *alien*, namely *me*, in their midst. I caught the odd glance come my way occasionally, but not enough to make me feel self-conscious. Their contact with the likes of Millie must have made *me* old news.

During this get-together I even had some unintroduced conversations with the natives, some very curious to know, of all things, how we managed to tolerate such short day/night periods on Earth. And with our having to sleep a third of it away as well, they seemed to be of the opinion we wouldn't have time to get anything done! I had to admit that sometimes it was a bit of a squeeze.

Others could not comprehend the enormous population growth on our planet. I explained that the country that I came from on Earth was sparsely populated by world standards. This seemed to make them even more confused. I had to confess I had no answers. I'm sure I could visibly see their estimation of Earthlings fall by the minute, and who could blame them?

I pumped Mahirishi as much as I could for information about Zeena—her likes, dislikes, wants, etc. I thought she would know more than

anyone else, at least anyone who would talk to me, as Mahirishi and Zeena had been friends since school days.

Their biggest immediate concern was that no one was sure how long the new breed, like Mahirishi and Zeena, would live. They were amongst the first of their kind, the oldest being only forty Earth-years. There was concern that any quickening of development, such as in the direction they were presently going, could severely reduce their life expectancy, not to mention their mental powers. (I have already commented on the difference noticed in communication between the Elders and Zeena.) This is what was holding back development at this point. Only now did they realise that any more delay could spell the extinction of their kind.

Zeena had always been near the top of her classes.

"You should have seen her," said Mahirishi, "arguing with her tutors, never accepting anything unless they could prove it right in front of her. Then she would spend the rest of her spare time trying to come up with another better way to do something, just to annoy them."

Sounds familiar, I thought to myself.

As Zeena progressed through her schooling and continued to outstrip the other students around her, she was carving an inevitable path toward her involvement in the Earth relocation plans. Even though all major decisions were, and still are, made by the Elders, it was obvious they themselves would never be able to settle on Earth and would have to make way for the new generations that existed, or would exist in the near future.

Zeena's first and only other trip to Earth had occurred approximately one year before this adventure of mine. This second trip had been to test her abilities aboard ship; at exactly what, I was not told.

News of her forthcoming experimental program was now common knowledge, and the fact that I was also to be involved almost made us celebrities in some eyes. Wherever we went, questions came flying in from all directions.

We decided to get away the next morning and travel around the coast as previously planned, mostly to be alone for the last few hours we would be together. But even after we'd returned home, Zeena's friends were dropping by to say hello, or *verva*, as it were, and wish her luck. There was no doubt she was well-liked and highly thought of by their community. In a funny sort of way I took pride in the knowledge that I, too, had singled her out as special, and she, me.

Eventually her friends left, and we were alone with Jarze and Theurus. A rather enjoyable chat ensued—the first time I had been with them without something else going on, if you could call a mind-link transference a chat. For all their imposing appearance and intelligence, they were easy to get on with, asking me details of my life on Earth and events leading up to my appearance in the transporter—details that up until then I had not even discussed with Zeena. They appeared sympathetic toward my problems and wished me well for my new start on return to Earth.

Whether they were aware of my feelings towards Zeena, I don't know. I find it hard to believe that they weren't. Even though we both said nothing in front of them, their ability to read the situation for the feelings we were giving off would have made it easy for them, I'm sure. Even so, they said nothing. They were indeed a gentle and understanding race. I couldn't help but feel that the Earth would be a better place for having them, even without the wealth of technical information they would bring.

Every moment I spent with these people was weakening my desire to return home. What a shame that most of those early colonists had died or been transmuted out of our lives. How much better would we have been had they been able to stick around a bit longer?

We talked on through the night. Zeena and I were planning to leave on our coastal trip at first light so as not to waste any of our last half-day together. When dawn did come, we both went down to the water's edge to watch the sunrise from over the sea's far-off horizon. It was very still outside, and the sun quickly warmed the chill air.

Zeena and I decided to push off in her boat, and sit and contemplate our fate as the sun slowly rose above the lazy-looking Haven sea. It appeared as a huge, red ball on first rising. It was a sight that planet would be seeing a lot more of on a permanent basis, not too many years into their future, as it pulsated itself out of existence. It would first expand to a size big enough to engulf Haven itself, then would shrink and die as thousands of stars have done in the past, and as our own Earth's Sun will also do eventually. I only hoped that by the time Haven's sun finally did its thing, Zeena's people, perhaps just the next generation of them, would be far away on Earth or some other planet they might yet find.

In spite of these thoughts, it was pleasant sitting out on the water, listening to the gentle clink of the wavelets on the side of the boat as a

soft, warm breeze started to ruffle the water around us. We were only a hundred metres or so from the shoreline but it may as well have been a nautical mile as we both sat back with our own thoughts. The city was silent as it always was, and a few small clouds came up over the horizon. As we sat there, drifting slowly towards the shore, a gentle onshore breeze came up as the sun warmed the land.

"Better get started," Zeena said, breaking the silence, "if we are going to get any distance down the coast this morning."

I would have been quite happy to stay out there all day. But we knew her friends would start to drop by a little later in the day. The best way to avoid them was not to be there, so we headed for the shore.

16

Last Memories

Soon we headed off down the coastal road. As I mentioned, the main reason for this trip was not sightseeing but to be alone, away from family and friends, before our appointment at the laboratory that afternoon. It was Zeena's last chance to change her mind, but both of us knew that wouldn't happen. We tried not to talk about it, and in any case she was happy reminiscing about her younger days.

The car was set on automatic mode. Evidently these vehicles are not meant to be used on the manual setting, but that didn't stop us the day before. Zeena had let me have a go, knowing my love of fast cars.

"How does it compare to your Earth machines?" she asked.

"Do you know of one of our expressions, 'chalk and cheese'?" I asked in return.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, we drive a lot of chalk back home," I suggested.

We both laughed.

Zeena continued to reminisce about her days spent with friends like Mahirishi, practising their mind-power skills. The sea brought back memories of when she, Mahirishi and another friend, Myron, had set themselves the task of traversing an arm of their local sea—a distance of approximately 1,000 nautical miles to the nearest land, save for a few small islands. This was to be done without the help of any external power source, and with their mind-power alone.

This idea ran into trouble almost before they started, when Mahirishi discovered after just half a day's travel that she was prone to seasickness (they had allowed five days for the trip). Secondly, the boat started to leak, and in their overexuberant attempts to repair it they made it worse. Such is the nature of plastic boats.

This rather interesting adventure took place when Zeena was fifteen years old. She had discovered that the family of her male friend, Myron, had a second home—a seaside residence out of the city limits, complete with a little-used boat. Like all teenagers, they knew everything and had all angles covered—or so they thought!

They spent the first night trying to stop the boat from sinking, with Mahirishi trying to stop herself from feeling she was going to die. They eventually made it to a small island but were determined not to ask for help, as both sets of parents had told them they should not go. (Sounds familiar, so far!) Once on the island they managed to repair the boat, and Mahirishi recovered at least partially from her seasickness. So off they set again.

Here I digress briefly to point out that even though Haven's seas are not that big by Earth standards, they are still very deep. Zeena told me that no one is too sure exactly what is down in the deep, dark depths (the same goes for our oceans). Certainly these people have explored their oceans (just as we are doing on Earth), but they could never be too sure... On Earth there have always been tales of unknown monsters lurking in the depths, and even on Haven they have their own fantasy adventures...

To continue, just as it was getting dark on the second night, there was a bumping from under the boat. Everyone on board instantly froze; mind-power went 'out the window'. Because of this, the boat came to a gradual stop, but still the bumping continued and, if anything, it seemed to be getting louder. Then the boat started to list a little to one side. The teenagers' eyes were out on stalks by this time and they were too scared to move. It was getting dark by now, and no one could see anything—not that they were game to look!

They stayed that way 'til morning. By that time the bumping had stopped and the boat had returned to its even keel. They continued their journey. There was not much choice: it was just as far to go back as it was to go on. All that day, no one even mentioned what had happened the night before. They were making good progress, though: the previous night's events had given them all an extra turn of speed. Still, they were well short of their destination when nightfall came upon them for the third time.

More alert this time, it was Myron who thought he could see a trail of bubbles following the path of the boat, but some distance behind them. Eventually it became too dark to see anything, so they pressed on, taking

turns so they could continue through the night. No one wanted to spend a fourth night out there.

Sure enough, the bumping started again, only this time it was more severe than the previous night. Mahirishi, who still wasn't feeling that good anyhow, lost her cool and called for home. She had had enough and just wanted out at any cost. Zeena was cross about it, but had to admit she was more than a little scared.

At almost that same time, a strange, glowing light appeared in the water under their boat. They grabbed each other in fright. This was it, they thought; goners, and so young, too! The next minute a head appeared up over the side of the boat. It was Mahirishi's dad! He and one of Myron's parents had borrowed a submersible and had been following the trio from day one. They had decided to spice up the trip a bit, as much for their own amusement as to teach the teenagers a lesson. It took quite some time to live that one down, so Zeena said. We laughed again.

As we left the developed areas behind, the coastline became more natural in appearance. I asked Zeena to stop at the first beach we came to, as, apart from the desert, I had not seen anything else on the planet that was not artificial or 'man-made'. I was eager to explore. We duly stopped and got out onto a grass verge. The grass, or the like, ran down to the beach line. It was a tough-looking, stubby little plant, rather like a very short tussock. The coastline itself was very rocky, but on the beach there was sand, brown in colour, very fine, and nice to walk on. We sat on it after a short time of my poking around just up from the water's edge. It was great just to sit there. We didn't have to say much. The sound of the sea lapping up the beach soothed the two of us, I'm sure.

We both looked at each other and knew what was on each other's mind, even without telepathy. I knew we both felt a little sad. It rather reminded me of school holidays long ago, when, for all the fun that was to be had, the last day or two always lost its gloss because you knew it would end soon. I wasn't too sure, but I thought I caught sight of a tear in Zeena's eye. I know there was one in mine as I looked off in another direction. I had no one to go home to, so why not stay? But deep down I knew that was not the answer. We were as different as that chalk and cheese metaphor I had used a few miles before. I was just kidding myself and making it worse.

"That's a rather interesting peninsula just up ahead," I said. "Do we

have time to take a closer look?"

I was just trying to take my mind off the other subject.

"I should think so," Zeena replied. "It is not far from there that Myron's Elders have their seaside dwelling. I know the area quite well. There is an interesting freshwater spring that comes out not far from there. Come, I will show you."

We left the beach and walked back to the car. It's funny, but I still have thoughts even now about whether our footprints are still in the sand on that little beach in a solar system so far away.

It did not take us long to reach the peninsula, but to access the spring we had to make a small climb up a rock-face. Now, we all know what happened the last time I did that! For all intents, I was ten times as strong as Zeena, and it required almost no physical exertion for me to climb the rock-face; even so, I still felt clumsy in doing so.

I had acclimatised to the Haven gravity, but it was still difficult for me to downgrade some of my movements. I constantly found myself exerting far more force than was really necessary to do some jobs. This tended to make me appear clumsy, as indeed I was anyway, compared to the flowing movements of most Havenites. On Earth I am no more than average in size, but do not consider myself ungainly. But on Haven I was a bungling giant compared to the natives and tended to make a conscious effort to move as little as possible so as not to draw attention to myself.

I could almost have jumped to the top of the rock-face, but held back just in case Zeena needed a hand. She was more precious to me than gold.

Speaking of gold, it looked like that was what I had found on inspecting the area around the spring. Zeena set me straight.

"It is iron sulphide which has been crystallised. That makes it look like gold. You may know it as pyrites, or fool's gold. No need to pick at it, Alec; I have some at home that you may have."

These crystals were the two I later found in my car after the long drive home—the only things I know about that came home with me.

The spring head was surrounded by a small plateau, and I set about exploring the area directly around it and the stream that ran from it. The water was quite deep, possibly six feet. The rocks within it seemed to be unusually sharp—nothing like you would expect to find in a stream. Most of the rocks looked flint-like, and some appeared to be streaked with a quartz-like material.

The plant life was almost clear, transparent, with only a hint of green. The plants looked like great balls of jelly and appeared to have about the same consistency when I pocked my finger into the ones I could reach.

I continued my exploration of the stream itself, right to the point were it exited the plateau in a small but quite exquisite waterfall. The unusual feature here was possibly because of low gravity: water going over the fall was going *up*, not down, with the sea breeze blowing it. Some of the more sheltered side-shoots of the stream still had ice in them, so this gives some idea just how cold it got at night.

Our time was up, and we had to rush to get back to the city for our appointments, for there were still a few small tests we both had to undergo. I would be leaving that night and needed to report in several hours beforehand.

Zeena had earlier told me that, as with all newborn experimental babies, her child would be put into simulated Earth-type conditions as soon as practicable after he or she was born. If the tests were encouraging, the baby would then be transported to Earth for further tests.

If I knew Zeena, she would not be far away and would probably insist on accompanying her child to Earth. I suggested she call in for a coffee as they passed overhead! That was worth a laugh!

17

The Return

Alone in my room later on, I was examining the rock samples I had collected out in the desert the day before. As I described earlier, my initial cursory inspection suggested these were samples of glazed pottery, but I realised on closer examination that the samples exhibited all the characteristics of a plastic material.

Some samples were light in weight for their size, at least compared to others I had picked up. Most rock or stone is cold to the touch, but this material had a rather warm feel to it, more in keeping with an insulator. To my amazement, this 'plastic' scratched the surfaces of other rock samples which appeared to be very hard. It even scratched agate-type material, which I understand is harder than glass. For that reason alone I thought some of the samples worth hanging onto.

Recalling my earlier observation that many items, buildings and even the car seemed to be constructed of a plastic-like material, I wondered whether they were made from this same material I had picked up in the desert. Did this mean it was a natural substance rather than a synthetic one as I had first suspected? I'm no geologist, but I'd never seen anything like it on Earth.

As I sat in my room, I reached another conclusion, but it was not a happy one. I wondered if this material could be the residue of annihilation. Could artificial structures, made from this material, once have existed out in that desert area and been destroyed in some holocaust so catastrophic that their only remnants were the shrapnel-like pieces I had picked up out there? If ever a landscape fitted the bill for that kind of scenario, I had seen it in that desert area!

I remember Zeena saying that the great rift canyon was created in a monumental earthquake around the time of some of their early dimensional experiments, but I was puzzled. Had there been more to

the desert trip than just sightseeing? Zeena had gone out of her way to show me this area of land but she hadn't exactly elaborated on any major catastrophe. Was I reading something into this that she hadn't really intended? Somehow she'd already known of my interest in rock-hounding, so had she been hoping that my interest would help me discover these catastrophic facts accidentally after she had pointed me in the right direction? But what facts were they? If annihilation had indeed occurred, what was the message? Could this be the future fate of planet Earth? The questions kept rolling around in my head. Why had she not just come out with it?

To complicate matters even further, I was still not entirely sure why they had singled me out from five-and-a-half billion other Earthlings. Zeena would not answer that question for me, but kept on insisting I would be capable of answering most of my own questions in due course! In any case, once I became truly involved in the complexities of the breeding program, some of those answers became blatantly obvious. My thoughts now turned in this direction.

My departure for home was now only hours away and I still had much to do. (Some of this was personal, so I've not included it in this report.) Soon, my rather beautiful golden bodysuit would have to be removed and replaced with the blue version—a procedure that had be performed under controlled conditions in an underground laboratory .

Even with my inquisitive nature I had not been able to bring much information to light on how these suits functioned. For that matter, I had no idea of the exact physical makeup or nutritional requirements of the Haven natives, even though I had temporarily become one of them. However, it is fair to say that the suits were responsible for performing a variety of technical tasks over and above transferring energy and aiding in communication, as outlined elsewhere. Zeena had let it slip earlier that the gold colouring was a reflection of the fairly high gold content. I remember commenting at the time that perhaps I could take one home with me.

Many people back on Earth believe that gold worn next to the skin is beneficial for health and well-being, but I know there was much more to the Haven suits than this. My terrestrial studies have shown that the gold content of the suits could have had something to do with filtering out some of the harmful effects of excessive ultraviolet radiation coming from their sun, while still allowing the absorption of the more beneficial rays.

I have found that gold leaf not only conveniently absorbs blue and violet light, but its textured surface strongly reflects yellow and red—hence its colour. Curiously, this then leaves us with the green sector of the spectrum which is neither absorbed nor reflected. I was amazed to find that under the right conditions this green light comes out on the other side of the gold leaf! If a strong enough light is shone onto a thin piece of gold leaf placed over a white screen, the colour that appears on that white screen is green.

This might suggest that if a suit could be designed to incorporate a thin gold compound, it would have all the necessary properties to make a great UV sunscreen, heat reflector or insulator, with possible inbuilt health benefits as well—and all this while letting in the gentler solar rays.

The second type of bodysuit, the blue one worn on board the transporter, is an even deeper mystery to me. I have a suspicion that the blue colouring may in some way be more compatible with, or in some way accentuate or enhance, the reconstructive powers inherent in the pyramidal shape. As many of you may know, magnetic fields are also intrinsic to the great mystery that lies within the pyramids, waiting to be unlocked. You may be aware of the pyramid's ability to resharpen a dull or blunt razor-blade. What really strikes me about this phenomenon is that it only seems to be effective for the older-style steel razor-blades—the ones that are tempered or blued to bring about their hardness. This tempering not only hardens the steel but magnetises it as well.

Lapis lazuli, the stone that was held in high regard by the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, is also blue. I have seen several photographs of ancient Egyptian wall paintings that depict people who appear to be entirely blue in colour. As most Egyptian art is representative of people's daily lives, I would consider it very unusual for the Egyptians to have drawn such figures in this colour if they had not been trying to represent something that they regarded as familiar or had seen in the past. Whatever reasons these alien people had for their past interactions with Earth races, they could not have been more important than the reasons they have for interacting with us now!

Their aims with their breeding programs were never going to be easy to achieve, complicated as they were by the lack of compatible donors from our side. While I am not going to go too deeply into the reasons why they chose me for this interaction, I can tell you it was a numbers game more than anything else. By this I mean it could just as easily have been any other male from our planet who fitted the bill—except the real

problem was the rarity of compatible males. Evidently it did not seem to matter if a female from our planet was not entirely compatible, provided that she was 'utilised' only the one time, curiously enough. If compatible in all aspects, she could be involved more than that one time as a foster mother. I do not know the reasons for this. The male was a different story and had to be right on every count. It seemed that there was no such thing as 'near enough' on the male side of this 'reconstruction' game. Perhaps if I understood it all, I would be able to describe the requirements to you.

However, Bruce Cathie may have unwittingly touched on this subject in his latest book, *The Harmonic Conquest of Space* (NEXUS Publishing, 1995). If you are at all curious about the technical aspects of harmonics, space and the Earth grid system, I recommend you read this book. With his permission, I now quote an excerpt which could help explain one of the reasons why I seem to have been singled out from the multitude for this experience:

"In my earlier works I have shown that the human body is linked harmonically to its natural environment due to its gestation period, blood heat, major acupuncture points and the geometrics of the DNA spiral. It seems that we are tuned in varying degrees—some more so than others—to our natural surroundings which affect our day-to-day well-being. Theoretically, those who have near-perfect harmonic resonance with all these factors would be the most healthy. All the cells in the body would be in almost perfect rhythm and function at peak efficiency. There would be a very small percentage of people in the world lucky enough to be in this group."

Add to that the vagaries of A-negative blood, and how many are there from whom to choose? I began to see the importance of my childhood interactions, being singled out at an early age and nurtured simply because there were so few of us that they wanted to be sure we were available when needed! There was no coincidence or luck involved in my abduction, it would seem. They knew all about me, even before I was taken aboard.

The clinical precision and long-term planning of this operation made me think they would not tolerate for long the buffoonery of the human race back home on Earth. I decided that if they did arrive on our doorstep one day, life on Earth was going to be very interesting.

My final few hours on Haven went by very quickly, and before I knew it

we were on our way to the transporter terminal. Zeena had accompanied me so that we could say our last goodbyes.

Our last trip together was indeed a sombre affair. Maybe I should have been excited. After all, I was going home (which was what I'd been asking for, at least in the early part of this journey), but this time I knew there might be future opportunities for space travel, time travel or both—possibly the dream of half the population of Earth! It was a strange turn of events: I felt like I was *leaving* home, not returning to it.

The act of leaving was more emotional for me than I could possibly have imagined just a few days before. Some of the happenings immediately prior to this final act on alien soil had rather taken me by surprise. Perhaps one day, when experiences such as mine are no longer considered controversial, and ridicule does not flow so readily from non-believers' lips, I may summon the courage to tell you the complete story of my adventure.

And what an extraordinary adventure it was! I could hardly believe that just six or seven (Earth) days had passed since my involuntary induction into the Haven transporter and my meeting up with Zeena. I had seen and learnt more in those few days than perhaps any other man or woman has in the history of our planet, and there was still more to come. Yet it did not seem that important.

I was saying goodbye to the most important part of the adventure, standing before me in the guise of a four-foot-ten-inch alien. An exquisite creature in every way, there was nothing more certain than the fact that I would never again meet anyone quite like her in my lifetime. (Perhaps I should have crossed my fingers when I thought that.)

We had already said all there was to say, so we just stood there and let the silence say the rest. Finally, I turned and entered the building where I was to be fitted with my new blue suit. I knew that Zeena would be watching me as I walked out onto the flat field in front of the transporter, and would keep watching until the transporter eventually disappeared from sight. My eyes were more than a little damp, but I could not bear to look back. I entered the transporter as quickly as possible so as to not be tempted.

Now there was no turning back. I was going home.

Once on board, the few things I had been able to bring with me were placed in my sleeping area—not that I would use it for sleep, but it was

a place I felt was my own private space. As I was making my way to this area, Zeena's last few puzzling words were still uppermost in my mind:

"Forget the abomination you have seen here. When you get home, with all caution and commonsense, let the Sun see your eyes. In spite of what others may say, do not hide yourself away from a friend."

I am not sure whether this was the same craft I had arrived in, but it looked identical with the same arrowhead-type insignia above the entranceway. I mention this in particular, for the colour of this insignia was a little different from that of other similar insignias I had seen in my most recent travels. They were always in the same position and apparently marked the main entranceway in all pyramid-type constructions. Sometimes, however, there were other insignias accompanying this arrow. The reasons for this were unknown to me in spite of the fact I had fashioned for myself a rough interpretation of some of the more commonly found signs or insignias. Numbers appeared the easiest, simply because where there were more than two choices they seemed to be numerically identified. (I discuss this subject in Appendix 2, so I'll not go into it in any more detail here.)

We did not depart immediately. However, my judgement of the passage of time had been affected throughout this interaction. I had no timepiece or even a frame of reference. In other words, they did not ring a dinner gong every few hours.

Eventually there was a gentle bump, and the next moment we were well above the city. I strained to see towards the coast and Zeena's home, but it was too far off in the distance. We were out of the atmosphere in what seemed only a few seconds. I watched until Haven and its oversized moon were fast-disappearing dots. A few hours later, so was their sun. There was a slight surge in gravity, then it eased off.

The viewing screen had shut down its outside pictures, and I was off to the drinks station. Before I left Haven, Zeena had given me a severe lecture about the dangers of dehydration with this particular form of travel and had told me to take liquid at regular periods, whether I felt the need or not.

There were a few medical functions I had to undergo, mostly I think because they were interested to learn how I was holding up in my artificial state! We were also to undergo time travel over a time span that would be impossible for my primitive body to endure unless I remained in that altered artificial state!

I was hoping I would now have the opportunity to interact with some of the crew members, if only they would communicate with me. There was still much I didn't know about this form of travel and I was about to try to remedy that.

I made my way down to the recreation room—well, up, maybe; it was hard to tell. The thing I most wanted to do was to get a look at the control room, if they had such a thing. I realised this was going to be a fairly tall order unless I could get in with someone who had some clout. The next few hours I spent communicating with all who would pass the time of day with me.

Eventually I came across Yarvitie (my interpretation as far as the name goes). Yarvitie was also a hybrid, I guess; at least he was similar in appearance to Zeena. This was his fourth trip to our time sector, as he put it, and I had many questions for him. Some of the answers to those questions were complex in the extreme and there is every possibility I have misinterpreted some of the answers. Still, I feel it is an interesting field of study for us here on Earth, and worthy of including at this point rather than leaving it out just because I may have misunderstood a small portion.

"If you have made mistakes in the past, and you can time-travel, why don't you go back and correct them?" I asked.

"That would be an even greater mistake," he replied, "for then you would have no control over your 'now time'."

'Now time' is something I was never able to understand fully, so I must leave it as just that during the course of this narration.

"You may end up in limbo, as you Earth people say. You may find your present time does not exist any more when you get back to it, or it is no longer where it should have been. You would become lost in time, as I believe some of our early travellers were," Yarvitie cautioned.

From this I deduced that they had indeed tried to go back in time to change things.

"What is time anyway?" I asked. "Do you have the same unit of time as used on Earth?"

"We measure it in a similar way. There is a small unit of time that we use because it is a natural rhythm that can be found throughout this universe. Crystals can be made to vibrate at a rhythm, which makes it easy to measure time in this small unit. This measure of time was given to your people by friends of ours tens of thousands of your years ago.

Your people used it back then, so it is not strange to you, but it was lost for some reason. You have recently rediscovered this unit of measure and, much to our amusement, you now call it your own! It is known by you as a 'second' of time," he explained.

"A friend of mine, Zeena 5, who is one of your people, told me that you had to change your density level before you could time-travel over great distances. That seems like a lot of trouble to go to just for time travel," I suggested.

"To understand the subjects of time travel and matter transfer through space, you must first understand that nothing in this universe is solid. Therefore there is very little difference between the two forms of travel. Perhaps the best way for you to understand what I am saying is to imagine the universe as being constructed only of wave-forms—microscopic vibrations or small waves of energy that are too small to be seen. If you can imagine these waves travelling in many different directions at the same time, then you must realise that sooner or later they will meet and cross each other. When this happens, they become denser at the point of crossover. If enough waves cross each other, you will soon have what you understand as matter or a collection of microwaves dense enough to be seen.

"Matter attracts matter, or, in reality, these small waves are a form of electromagnetic energy that appears to travel in thread-like lines or ribbons of force. They are attracted to each other and make up a force you call gravity. As matter is formed, some parts of it become more compressed than others—so you have the different elements, as you may know them, in the universe. However, if you stop and pull all these elements apart, you will find they are nothing but small energy-waves once again and have no real, solid form.

"Now comes the part that may surprise you, for our studies have shown that these waves at their inception are nothing more than a very intelligent and powerful thought. That is why your thoughts are important: they all become one with the universe and make it what it is. For, in essence, the universe is just one great intelligent thought, and as conscious thought grows and expands in this universe so does the universe expand. We sometimes refer to this large assemblage of outgoing energy as 'The All That Is', the one great universal thought. Your people would rather call it 'God', I believe.

"So you see, it is true when they say that all things start with a thought.

When you travel through time or space you are no more than travelling through a thought. To do this, well, it is best to have as little substance to your physical body as possible, to become one with that thought. If you really want to know where you are and what this universe is, perhaps you should imagine you are in someone's head and are just part of that someone's ideas or thoughts. Perhaps this someone is your God! That is all I can really expect you to understand at this point in your knowledge quest."

Yarvitie continued, but with a slightly different theme.

"Time travel also made space travel instantaneous for us, and we now no longer use the old methods of gravity manipulation. It is not a good thing to play with antimatter in this way. It would be a good idea if your own people stopped playing around with it, also! We have lost many craft and personnel in the past by using it, and if you heard some of our ancient legends while you were on Haven you might have guessed there is every possibility our parent planet Khyber was destroyed by some overzealous experiments with this substance. The only ones to survive that disaster were those wise enough to see what would become of these experiments long before they took place! That is one of the main reasons we have tried so hard to achieve space travel outside of gravitational manipulation.

"If you think about it for a moment, if you started a long trip through space and then projected yourself forward in time to the point where the trip would end, no matter how long it should have taken you could arrive there almost instantaneously if you wished it so. On the return journey you could set yourself to arrive back at your home base at whatever time you wished it to be. We like to keep in synchronisation with time spent outside this time-space travel. For instance, if this expedition that we are on now to planet Earth took thirty of our days to complete in real time, excluding the time travel aspect, we would prefer to arrive back after those thirty days have gone by on Haven. That keeps us in synchronisation with our life cycle at home—that is, we do not age at a different rate to those who remain behind on Haven. So, you see, we can travel anywhere in no time at all, or in only as much time as we choose to take.

"The catch," he added, "is to make sure you do not arrive back before you personally have left. There are two reasons for this. There will be two of you in almost the same place at the same time, and much confusion. We have since found that one of those two people or items, if it is items

that have been sent though time, will be catapulted into the past and will occupy that vortex or space that was created back there by these overlaps in future displaced time. Please do not ask me to elaborate on that; this journey is not long enough. But I can add that some visitors to your planet have ended up there without really wanting to, because of the above fact, and have had to stay there!"

"Why was it necessary to become dimensionally variant to time travel?" I asked.

"If you remain in a lower order of vibration, such as you would normally be in [he was referring to me personally], you would only find it possible to time-travel within your own lifetime—your third-dimensional lifetime, that is, which will be the only one you can perceive at this time, as I understand it. Beyond that, there are many complications associated with time travel for your kind. For one, you could not interact with or physically touch anything that you saw. It would be an unreal world for you—perhaps similar to the way you perceive a dream, which is one way that you can access the future even now," he explained.

"Do you mean, then, that we could time-travel right now on Earth if we had the technology?" I enquired once more.

"Yes, why not, but what do you mean *if* you had the technology? For you surely do," Yarvitie suggested.

"What do you mean?" I enquired. "No one on Earth can time-travel. We fantasise about it a lot, but no one that I know of has done it yet," I replied, slightly puzzled.

"Well, then—how is it you say?—someone is pulling the wool over your eyes," was his answer, but he would go no further on the subject.

"Do you communicate with other alien races?" I asked, trying to find some other subject that he felt comfortable in discussing with me.

"Yes, when we feel it may be appropriate, which is not often," was his reply.

"Like who, then?" I asked, pushing while my luck was still holding.

"Well, you have some close neighbours. I believe they are interacting with you more frequently than we are," he commented.

"What do they look like and where do they come from?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, from your mind's eye you already know what they look like. [Zetas or Greys—the aliens I had read about in the media.] They come from, well, shall we say, not too far away—at least the ones that are presently interacting with your people."

He would not give much away.

"How close? The Moon?" I pushed on.

I surprised myself, for I don't know why I should say "Moon". I had not consciously thought for one moment that there were aliens on our Moon. Was I starting to access parts of his mind that he was trying to keep closed to me?

"Something like that, but no, not *that* Moon!" He backed off the subject, almost startled.

Did he sense I was getting more information than he intended to give? It was like pulling hen's teeth, anyway. He would not elaborate, no matter how hard I tried to get him to open up.

"Well, then, why do they come to Earth?" I asked.

"Much the same as us. They perhaps need your understanding as well as help. They have been around for a long time. They are mostly a very gentle race, but they do not really understand you at all. You have changed since they were last there in numbers. In spite of that, there is every chance they may be among you openly, sooner than we will be!" was Yarvitie's most unexpected reply.

"May I ask if there are other reasons for *your* most frequent visits to Earth, other than for breeding purposes?" I enquired hopefully.

"Yes, you may. We are at the present time preparing for a major repair and correction that is to take place in your year 1993. It will change a few things—all for the better, you should know. It is of our doing, long ago, that some of these repairs are necessary; it is a payback, if you like. It is for our own good, too, should we be lucky enough ever to share your planet with you," he replied.

I didn't have a clue what the repairs might be about, and he would not elaborate yet again. A little voice inside me kept wondering why I had not asked these questions of Zeena. I was only just beginning to realise how strong her influence had been over me, now that I was free of it! Somehow I was starting to get the feeling that I was only able to ask the questions *she* was prepared to answer. There were some strange emotions at work here. To say I was confused would not tell half the story!

"What are the others [aliens] doing, then, apart from genetics?" I asked, trying to keep my mind on the present.

"Some are also assisting with the repairs; some are doing things with your governments. There is much distrust, mostly from your side," he said.

"How do you feel about all this?" I asked.

"We try to stay distant. We do not like some of what is going on, but we must not judge." He would say no more on the subject.

"What if I were to tell my people back home of all this?" I suggested.

"You may tell whom you like. Those who believe, already know. Those who do not, will not."

There was no arguing with that logic.

"What is important to us," Yarvitie continued, "is that you know we are here and who we are. When we call on you to help us, you will know who we are and what we are trying to do. That may just make the difference in the end."

I thought that now would be a good time to ask about a tour of the control room.

"Would it be too much to ask if I could see how you steer this thing? The transporter, I mean."

"Control centre...hmm..." He thought about it. "I will get back to you on that," he added.

Well, a 'maybe' was better than a straight 'no'! Yarvitie excused himself. Later, the 'maybe' did turn into a 'no'!

I rested, rehydrated, and then searched for more people to cross-examine—not very successfully, I might add.

I had some long talks with Millie who had been told this would be her last opportunity to see Earth for quite a number of years, so she was going to make the most of it. More likely, I think, she was asked along to keep me company—possibly Zeena's idea. We got along very well for two people who were more than a generation apart.

Time passed and eventually I was informed that preparations were underway for my transmutation back to a lower density. I would undergo a similar course of events as had happened on my way in nine days before, but, of course, in reverse order. It was a process that would speed up or slow down my metabolism; I'm not sure which. Just before this took place, I had to consume quite an amount of a very salty liquid—not the best experience of the trip.

The total time for this transmutation process was approximately twenty-four hours. The sequence of events was explained to me beforehand, as it would not be possible to communicate with me once the suit had been removed. What this meant, in fact, was that for just over twenty-four hours I was to become a golden ghost again!

From this point on, things are a little sketchy. I did arrive in Auckland eventually, as you already know from the sequence of events at the beginning of my narration. However, little did I know that my adventure was not yet over; in fact, it was just beginning to warm up! What I had been through was the prelude to, and the reason for, an equally bizarre series of events which were to occur right here on home ground.

PART II

Now that you have emerged from your narrow sphere
and have seen the great ocean,
you know your own significance.
I can speak to you of great principles.
Dimensions are limitless, time is endless.

— Chuang Tzu, Chinese philosopher, circa 500 BC

18

All Hell Breaks Loose!

The experience I have described is now historical fact, certainly as far as I'm concerned. Denying it will not make it go away. However, some people were about to come into my life who wished this historical fact would pack its bags and hide exclusively in their computer files—possibly forever!

I know most of the reasons for the above, and possibly so do you, but do 'they' really think that truth of this magnitude will disappear forever by locking it away? Perhaps during the course of this chapter I can give you an insight into just how jealously the invisible powermongers of this world guard their domains, and how they use fear to dominate anyone who would threaten their domains. With a little luck I may also be able to demonstrate that if you do not live your life in total fear twenty-four hours a day, the power of said mongers is somewhat muted.

For almost twelve months after the initial run-in with the alleged DSIR scientists, I lived quite carefully and kept very much to myself. It wasn't hard to do as I'm normally a rather private person anyway. I was now boarding in the home of Bob's brother-in-law, who was of all things a former traffic officer.

Those previous run-ins with agents, possibly in the keep of the Dark Overlords, were fast becoming a fading if still somewhat unpleasant memory. I began to drop my guard, thinking and hoping they had lost interest in me after almost a year. I had to make a living, as life in a cave for the rest of my life did not really appeal. But if I had known what was awaiting me in the not-too-distant future, perhaps cave life would have seemed a little more attractive, for coming out in the open was perhaps the biggest mistake I was yet to make!

It appeared that someone thought I knew things that could be embarrassing to 'them'. I'm still not sure that I do, but the doubt in 'their'

mind was enough to make my life a living hell for the next four years!

I should have realised that something was up the day my landlord, John, reported that the police, or persons representing themselves as police, had called around to question me about a car I had once owned (not the one involved in the UFO encounter). I was not home at the time and they would not elaborate on exactly why they wished to speak with me. The strange thing was, they did not return.

I guess, with hindsight, they were checking to see if the address they had for me was the correct one. I would like to think that the police of my country do not do the legwork for the SIS or, even worse, the CIA. Hopefully these alleged policemen were not the real thing. You might think I live in a naïve world of oversimplification with thoughts like these, but I choose to stay on that path for just a little longer.

I had noticed more than once during the course of the next few days the same car parked at the end of my street, usually with two occupants but sometimes with only one. Occasionally I would stay overnight at a friend's place and would often arrive home early in the morning. This was when I first noticed the car parked at the end of the street. By the time I had seen it parked there for the third time, I knew who they were.

I moved again, but it was not because I was running: it was personal choice this time. I had decided enough was enough. Whatever came out of the next confrontation with these people, I would just have to wear it and that was that! I had found someone I wanted to settle down with, and that relationship had given me just enough courage to face my pursuers head on.

Why they were just watching me at that time I did not know. But when they finally made contact they left me in no doubt that they knew quite a lot about the particular group of off-planet visitors that had interacted with me. Evidently they had run across them in some earlier, ill-conceived and quickly aborted time-travel experiment—or was that mind-travel experiment? I believe there is little or no difference between the two. (For the more curious, you may find some research in this direction most enlightening. I would suggest you start with the Philadelphia Experiment and follow it right through to its conclusion in the mid-1980s.)

My terrestrial pursuers must have been thinking long and hard as to how they would approach me at our next confrontation. As it was obvious that intimidation would not work on me, they now decided to

try to appeal to my sense of patriotism—at least as far as planet Earth and the human race were concerned. They suggested that what I might know about these off-planet visitors was important to the defence of planet Earth and all the people living upon it!

Had they sounded the least bit genuine, I might even have conceded to tell them a few things, but their approach was all wrong and their previous track-record had left me with too many doubts as to their genuine concern for anything other than their own agenda. In other words, I could read their motives like a book!

A friend once told me, "It's a wise man who can recognise his enemies," and, "There's a great abyss between being smart and being wise." I may never be very smart, but I am truly trying extremely hard to be wise. I believe a great deal more than we can yet imagine depends on our developing some form of wisdom before we leave this Earthly plane of existence.

Someone else, and it may even have been my father, suggested to me a long time ago that prisons are only full of criminals who have been caught, and that the really clever ones are still out there working right alongside us. After my most recent experiences I would conclude that they are, and some of them are after a lot more than just your money or your life. How they go about getting what they want would probably amaze most of you!.

My ancestry on my father's side can be traced back to Germany, and I carry the surname of Newald, which I believe is a misspelling of an old German name, Newall. If what my mother said is true, I was born a blue-eyed blond. I have seen a lock of my hair from my first haircut, which would suggest that perhaps my hair did change from its original colour in those early years. I've heard many a tale as to why our eyes and hair change colour. In my mind, the most convincing reason is that it is due to fright after we realise exactly where we are and what we have gotten ourselves into on this Earth plane! This may suggest that the sooner our hair changes colour, the wiser we become!

If someone knows your name, I guess it is not difficult for them to trace your family tree. I happen to be a second-generation Kiwi (New Zealander), and the ancestry on the German side of my family was barely mentioned while I was growing up and still living at home. I gave it even less thought after I moved away.

Taking all the above into account, when a stranger came to the door at

my new home address and suggested, among other things, that my loyalties should lie with my ancestral lineage, you could surely excuse me for being more than a little bewildered. He soon made it quite clear what he meant, but I will not waste your time relating some of the rubbish he tried to feed me. Whatever research they had done on me, they had got that section completely wrong! Perhaps these mysterious people were not quite as clever as I'd first thought. This idea running around in the back of my head gave me a little more confidence to resist their advances.

They maintained that a debriefing was necessary so that what had happened could be understood and evaluated by all. Just who this 'all' was, they did not say. I can remember telling them, "I'm quite happy with things the way they are." I didn't know at that time where they had got their information and I didn't like their manner or tone, but for no other reasons than those of personal privacy and free will I refused to go with them. The stubborn streak within me may not be my best asset or most endearing feature, but it is the sole reason I'm able to tell this story right now.

They said they could make life very uncomfortable for me if I was uncooperative. However, there didn't appear to be anything they could do to me at that stage, so I said, "Thanks very much for the friendly advice," and shut the door in their faces. That was another grave mistake on my part.

You may be wondering, as indeed I was at about this point, what it was that made this particular alien interaction so important to them. They were obviously more than just curious, and you could say they seemed be taking this whole thing very seriously. I was still struggling with the after-effects and implications of it myself, and had no intention of trying to explain my movements and contacts to others who appeared not the slightest bit interested in my welfare. At that time I thought it was all over and I had won my freedom from interference and harassment. Yes, I was still a little naïve back then.

My style of living over that following year, 1990, perhaps made me a little more vulnerable than most to being 'set up', as it were. I was later to learn that I was far from the first and no doubt equally as far from being the last of my kind to meet this fate.

When you are 'set up', as I was, and your only defence is your story, you do not have an instant compulsion to tell everyone about it in an attempt to save yourself, believe me—not unless you like white coats,

doctors and strait-jackets!

In the years immediately prior to the events I have related, I had been a motor vehicle dealer, at least until 1987 when the stock-market crash no longer made that a viable trade in New Zealand. This was the main reason we (the family) had moved to Rotorua from Auckland. We were going to try a different lifestyle, but by now you know that this idea did not work out all that well! Agencies in league with my most recent protagonists must have known how I used to make a living, and since they had been carefully watching me and my movements of late, the odds were that they also knew how I was making a living at that present time. Events that were to follow suggested to me that this was indeed so.

Even though I was no longer a licensed motor vehicle dealer *per sé*, I would still buy and sell the odd car privately. I had been doing this even before I became a licensed dealer. It was an easy way to make quite good pocket money, provided you knew a little about cars and had some ready cash in your pocket to take advantage of the bargains when and if they came your way.

At about this time, a gentleman introduced himself to me while I was attending a well-known car auction in Auckland city. This gentleman said he had recognised me as the one-time partner of a mutual friend and that we had met some time ago when my partner and I still used to run the same car-yard. I did not think this unlikely, as my ex-partner knew many people in the car trade and was a well-respected name throughout that trade. I'm not all that good with faces or names and took this gentleman's word for our having met previously.

He said his name was Jeff Wright and that he had access to cheap Japanese secondhand imported cars, which were wholesale stock that was not required or was surplus to dealer needs. I knew these cars were being imported from Japan by the container-load, sometimes a hundred or more at a time, and that quite often there were cars that were slightly damaged or surplus to dealer needs, so there was no reason for me to doubt what he said.

I'm not one to turn down a bargain, and must admit I didn't ask too many questions before I began to buy the odd car from him. This eventually proved to be another big mistake on my part!

Perhaps you can guess what was going on here, but if you've lost the plot don't worry because at that time I had lost it too! Jeff Wright was not all that he appeared to be. In fact, I'll bet you that Jeff Wright was not his

real name and possibly he had never met my ex-partner in the car trade.

No doubt Jeff was in the employ of the same people as our nosy DSIR scientists, whoever they might have been.

Eight or nine months must have passed. Jeff would ring me whenever he had a car that he thought I might be interested in buying. Sometimes I would buy them; other times, if I did not have the money, I would turn them down. They were not red-hot bargains; just nicely priced cars that had a margin of profit in them that was attractive to me.

These guys were very clever, and perhaps Jeff didn't really know the full story, for, in spite of my newfound ability to sniff out deception, I could not see through what Jeff was up to. The cars he had been supplying me with were, without exception, 'hot' (stolen), or so it appeared to the courts.

Now, you must realise why there was so much time involved here. If they had just supplied me with one stolen car, that would have been too easy for me to explain away as a mistake, especially as I had an unblemished record at that time. There needed to be more than one if they were going to get this little game of theirs up and running properly. In the end, there were six cars involved in this set-up. Unfortunately, the police got so enthusiastic about it all that they even tried to prosecute me for cars that were not stolen! But I won't go into that here.

As I've suggested, the police were eventually tipped off, and there was no talking my way out of it. The agencies had done a fairly good job. They cunningly let me stew on things for quite some time before they visited me again.

It was just as you would expect: "Cooperate, and we will fix things up for you with the police."

I was determined to ride their bluff to the end. I must admit that, as shocked and shaken as I was, I was still convinced this whole thing was just a bluff, another mistake.

I'm not sure how long a straightforward case such as mine should take before it is acted upon in a court of law; six to eight months would seem like a good guess to me, perhaps even less. But not my case. It was like a slow death in the end: two years of recurring court appearances—over twenty in total, which is some sort of record in itself, I should think, considering the uncomplicated nature of the case against me.

My accusers' exceedingly thin excuse was that they were not ready to proceed. Someone connected with the case always seemed to be on

leave. In detail, from day one of my arrest they appeared to panic and they applied overkill—at least I think they did. If I were James Bond himself, they could not have employed tighter security. First off, they demanded my passport, which is usual, I believe, but I had never been out of New Zealand so I did not have one. Do you think they would believe me on that?

Next, I was ordered by the court to report to the police station every day while on bail. Yes, every day! I do not think an armed bank-robber awaiting trial would have to report in as often as that. This went on for weeks. The game was well and truly in progress!

Next, I was declared bankrupt. How convenient! They had taken away all my assets—fifty thousand dollars worth of cars, all legitimately bought as far as I was concerned—so of course I was bankrupt. I had no other money available to me. Bankruptcy meant surrendering the last thing I had to drive: a car worth only NZ$1,000. In any other case, a person in our country is supposedly able to keep possession of goods to the value of NZ$1,500 if declared bankrupt. I pointed out this fact to the lady who was processing my bankruptcy, and all she would say was that this did not apply in my case; it was an optional clause. Someone had been to see her about me—of that I was sure.

These people were meticulous and seemed to be able to reach into every corner of my life. There was no doubting they had done this type of thing before—but to whom and for what reasons? How many before me had been subjected to the same fate?

I was rapidly losing faith in every part of our so-called 'justice' system. I knew it was just a game for them, but this was my life they were playing with. Losing my car meant I did not have transport to get to the police station every day, and of course I had no money to hire a lawyer. My brother-in-law lent me a few hundred dollars so that I could buy a cheap car to get around in. I refused to go on welfare—I was not going to sink that low.

Then followed the seemingly never-ending court appearances. I wondered how long they could all go on. In fact, they went on for almost two full years.

With each (voluntary) court appearance I would end up locked up out the back of the courthouse until my bail was reprocessed. Sometimes this would take many hours. It was an humiliating and degrading experience. Maybe it was only a game to them, but I think you will agree

it was not a very nice one. In the end, I believe it was more for spite than actually to achieve anything. By now they must have known I would never talk to them about my interaction with the aliens.

After some eighteen or so court appearances it got to the point where a District Court judge said to the police, "If you do not bring forward your charges at the next hearing, I will throw this case out." I really thought that this is what would happen, and that it had all been a bluff. But no; they had other things in mind for me.

My lawyer (appointed by the court because I had no money) was about as useful as a bucket full of holes, bless his cotton socks. I don't think he could believe his luck. If he got paid every time we went to court, he should have made a fortune out of the case!

Needless to say, we lost! There were a few anomalies in my court case which I suppose you might expect under the circumstances. After all, how could it ever be just your average case after what had gone before? I have included some of the anomalies here, even though this trial is something I would really rather forget than remember. I had elected to make this a jury trial, although there was not much point to it.

Some of my friends tried to help me, but I think the result had been written on the judge's report papers before I had even arrived in the courtroom. This trial took place in the main Auckland District Courthouse and actually lasted for a full week. That fact alone should have attracted some media attention, you would think—not that I wanted any of it at the time. The fact that no reference to the trial ever found its way into the local papers, as far as I'm aware, seems just a little strange to me.

No other parties were ever brought before the courts in relation to this case, and yet police admitted there had to be others involved—many others, perhaps. It's not like they didn't have the time to find these others—two years of time, no less! Apart from my own account, no other explanation was ever brought forward to describe how these stolen cars arrived at my doorstep! I was not charged with stealing them; just receiving them. All these cars I had sold openly, in my own name if I had owned them, or, alternatively, openly from my home address if they had been in some other person's name. There was never any attempt on my part to be subversive, but this did not seem to count for much with anyone.

Any paperwork for which I had been responsible during documentation

I had always handled openly in my name. Other illegal, fraudulent paperwork was proved to have been done by others and not by me, and descriptions of these other people were presented at the trial.

Fingerprints had been taken from some of this paperwork, even though one of the leading police officers suggested when giving evidence during the trial that this had not happened. I had to wonder whose fingerprints they were protecting.

Four of my friends were prepared to stand up in court and defend me over some very conflicting and none-too-convincing police evidence, but it seemed to make very little difference, much to their own dismay. Sadly, they did not know the full story, and this book is going to be as much a surprise to them as it is to anyone else.

I had to serve half of my twelve-month sentence following the trial. What it meant, in fact, was plenty of time to re-appraise my situation with regard to writing this story in all its detail. It was no longer a private affair: the world had a right to know. It was now July 1993.

At about the time all this was going down, on the other side of the world something was happening that must have had the very people and agencies persecuting me, in a real tizz. It may even have been the reason they wanted information about my star-based friends so badly and urgently.

The following news item only came my way in June 1995, and in many ways it confirms what I had been told earlier in 1989 aboard the transporter. You may remember I had been told that 1993 would see the return of those from Haven to undertake urgent repairs and adjustments to certain things upon this Earth. If my story needs outside confirmation, surely this is it!

This news item reports that from late December 1992 through to mid-1993, British, American, Russian and Icelandic naval forces were involved in a major operation to hunt UFOs!

ICELANDIC UFO SAGA WITH MISSING AMERICAN WARSHIP?

The following is a summary of events related at a UFO *conference in February* 1995 *by well-known author,* Anthony Dodd.

20 December 1992: *Mr Dodd receives a telephone call from one of his Icelandic naval sources reporting that three* UFOs *had been tracked coming down and entering the sea off the east coast of* Iceland, *near* Langeness.

21 December 1992: *Icelandic fisherman report incidents of large, fast-moving*

underwater craft with flashing, coloured lights. These were accompanied by a glowing airborne object overhead. Heading on a course toward Scotland, the vessels moved through the water, damaging the nets being trawled by fishermen.

Accustomed to seeing submarines in the area, fishermen say that these vessels were unlike any submarines they had ever seen. Icelandic authorities ordered escorts by the Icelandic Coast Guard.

23 December 1992: *An Icelandic Coast Guard vessel and two gunboats are ordered to take position on the north-east coast of Iceland at Langeness where previously, three days earlier, three UFOs were originally tracked. This operation is done in secrecy, causing crews apprehension. Also arriving was a major force of British and NATO warships, described as a "naval exercise". British newspapers report that during the "exercise" they tracked a very large underwater craft, thought to be one of a new generation of Russian super-submarines.*

24 December 1992: *Two crews of British nuclear submarines are recalled from their Christmas leave. Both HMS Endurance and HMS Warrior, of the hunter-killer-type class, are sent to link up with the surface fleet in Iceland. Icelandic Coast Guard vessels are ordered to take up position at Alice Fjord on the east coast of Iceland.*

Further information is disclosed from contacts that four more UFOs have been tracked descending and entering the sea in the same quadrant as the first three UFOs sighted on 21 December.

Sources confirm that the operation is linked to tracking alien underwater craft. Also disclosed is a massive rescue-search for a missing surface vessel, being conducted in great secrecy.

30 December 1992: *Icelandic radio broadcasts that many UFO sightings over the mountains near the coast of Iceland are being reported.*

12 January 1993: *Terrible weather conditions hold up all Icelandic vessels at Langeness Fjord. Fjord residents are terrified, having reported seeing strange, small figures running around the area at night.*

6 February 1993: *Weather improves and all ships are ordered back to sea. Icelandic vessels resume previous positions on observation duty through to 24 February.*

25 February 1993: *In early morning hours, all vessels are cautioned to stay at least three nautical miles away from the American destroyer flotilla operating near the Arctic Circle. While waiting outside the three-mile zone, ship radar picks up sixteen airborne contacts over the American fleet. Sixteen balls of yellow light are reported seen descending and hovering over the warships.*

15 *April* 1993: *All vessels in area of the Arctic Circle are looking for—in a secret operation—a missing American ship. Only two destroyers are now in that area, both having had their visible markings removed; crew can be seen wearing full battle-dress. Civilian vessels, including gunboats and coast-guard vessels, are ordered to stay away from the prohibited zone.*

16 *April* 1993: *British media report that joint American and Russian exercises are about to take place. The press report that, for the first time since World War II, joint exercises between elite American and Russian troops are about to happen on Russian soil. The operations are to be in Siberia, and the arrival of American troops is to be at Tiksi. On the map, Tiksi appears to be the Russian seaport nearest the area where all this naval activity is taking place.*

21 *April* 1993: *Crew of an Icelandic Airlines flight travelling from London report they are aware of two UFOs as they pass over the north coast of Scotland. Two large balls of brightly glowing light take up positions either side of the aircraft toward the tail end, hold position all the way to Iceland and fly off as the aircraft lands at Keflavik airport.*

15 *May* 1993: *Information surfaces regarding Icelandic gunboats searching for two Icelandic fishing boats. The crews are apprehensive and disturbed by the appearance of white tubular fluorescent-type lights which appear in the night sky hovering over their vessels. When this happens, ship radios fail to function, and then resume when they move away. The search for the missing vessels is called off after many days at sea. The authorities are angry that this information has been leaked out. All ships' crews are warned of the severe consequences of divulging any information about events of the previous few weeks.*

[Source: NEXUS Magazine, vol. 2, no. 26, June-July 1995]

The military must have been fuming about all the comings and goings of craft over which they had no control. If they'd lost a ship, that would really have rubbed salt in the wounds. I have not the slightest doubt they would want to find out in detail what was going on up there in those polar regions. If they needed to spy on those regions twenty-four hours a day, I also have no doubt what they would have used to do it: a satellite. In the *New Zealand Herald* of 7 October 1993 was this item:

SATELLITE FAILS TO RESPOND

Vandenberg Air Base [a US Air Force base 200 kilometres north of Los Angeles] — Ground controllers were unable to establish contact with an Earth Observation Satellite

after it was launched into orbit on a United States Air Force Titan 2 rocket. The satellite is operated by the Earth Observation Satellite Co., under contract with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. The satellite company is a joint venture of Hughes Electronics Corp. and Martin Marietta Corp. Air Force officials said ground controllers were trying to establish contact with the satellite, called Landsat 6, as it orbited the Earth. The satellite, which lifted off nearly a week late, was to settle into a polar orbit and spend sixteen days taking high-resolution pictures to study the global environment, land use, water-flow patterns, mineral deposits and timber lands...

November 1993 saw me in a place called South Camp Rangipo, a new minimum security prison in the central north island of New Zealand, not far from the tourist town of Taupo.

It was here that the agencies decided they would have one last go at me. If I were a good boy and cooperated with them by giving them information, I might get out of prison in time to be home for Christmas! "Big deal," I thought. "Five months' gaol instead of six!" I knew what they could do with their one month!

They even accused me of trying to write about things I did not properly understand. That may well have been true, but at that point in time I hadn't told *anyone* I was writing *anything*, so where did they get their information? Then my mind went back to that one time I thought my flat had been broken into.

Back then, I had not yet recalled all the details of my off-planet interaction, but I knew enough to be sure that I was going to do something about it all. The only variable was that it wouldn't be with the people who were sitting across the table from me in that little room in South Camp Rangipo. The surprise about this last interview was not what was said, but by whom, for one of the gentlemen conducting the interview spoke with a distinct South African accent, although I feel he did his best to disguise it from me.

Some of my earlier writings from the first few dreams which I put to paper had the odd symbol or two on them, but I had no idea back then, and none now, what they might have meant. I'm sure these writings went missing at about same the time my flat was turned over. I'm not accusing anyone, as I may well have lost them on one of my many moves, but this gentleman with the South African accent showed me some very similar symbols, and for some reason he seemed to think I should know what they meant.

There was an indirect link with South Africa which came to light almost a year after this interview in Rangipo. It concerned the two iron pyrites crystals which I found in the car after completing my trip from Rotorua.

I had shown the one remaining crystal from that set to a new friend I had just made, named Daisy Kirkby. She suggested I ask a geologist where such crystals could be found. (More about Daisy very soon!)

That sounded like a logical thing to do, so I rang a local geologist and explained to him over the phone exactly what I had. His reply (remembering that this was only a phone enquiry and he had not actually seen the crystal in question) was that it was possibly quite rare and at least only found in South America or South Africa! He gave no indication that such a crystal could be found in New Zealand.

If there is, or was, a message for me in those crystals, I have yet to realise it.

19

Chance Connections?

This chapter marks the start of another adventure altogether. Although I may not have left the planet during this second journey, I would like to say it was no less amazing.

By nature I am an inquisitive person, and once I fully realised that nothing that had happened to me over those last few years had anything to do with hallucinations or medical malfunctions on my part, I began some very earnest research into my off-planet adventure. As far as I was concerned, this interaction had to have been with some alternative form of biological intelligence not of this Earth. But if they were frequenting the Earth, then surely I was not the only one to have seen or interacted with them. Somewhere, someone else must have had an experience similar to mine.

As you can possibly imagine, the years leading up to my incarceration were not really conducive to quiet philosophical thoughts and discussions about such things. That does not mean I never gave them a second thought; it's just that survival was uppermost on my mind. And once I was released from gaol in January 1994, getting back into the family situation dominated my thoughts and aspirations.

By mid-1994 I was more settled, so I decided it was time to do something seriously about the pile of handwritten notes I had salted away in the bedroom wardrobe. But, as I had no frame of reference or comparison, the only thing I could do was to start reading about other people's reported abductions and interaction experiences with aliens. However, I soon found that nothing seemed to fit with my own experience. This was puzzling.

Who were these blue people? (Well, *sometimes* they were blue!) And why was my experience so different from all the others I had read about? Were they actually aliens or not? If not, then who or what had abducted

me? And why had I just spent six months in gaol? I had so many questions and didn't appear to be getting any satisfactory answers in the areas I was looking. There was only one thing I could think to do.

While in South Camp I had read a magazine article about a lady in Auckland who was running a support group for abductees. From what I had read in that article, this lady knew quite a bit about alien life-forms and could possibly answer many of my questions. Just by chance (or coincidence, if you prefer) she lived not far from where I was then residing. This was a big step for me, as I had not openly discussed what had happened back in February 1989 with anyone up until that time.

Daisy Kirkby turned out to be as nice a person as one could ever hope to meet. I tell you now that if that had not been the case, perhaps you might very well not be reading this account now. Daisy encouraged me to read about and discuss anything related to the subject. She lent me numerous books over the following year, and from these I was able to draw many comparisons, some of which I have included in this book. She introduced me to other abductees so we could compare notes, and even had me talking about my experience in front of understanding groups by the time a year had gone by! I cannot thank Daisy enough for her help and encouragement in my quest for enlightenment on this most complex subject.

It was in an attempt to probe even deeper that Daisy introduced one of her contacts into this scenario: a hypnotherapist by the name of Lorraine Carter. Did that ever open a whole new can of worms! The discoveries I made out of these sessions are scattered throughout this book. Once more I was fortunate. Lorraine proved to be one of those rare individuals who exudes gentle patience—no doubt a necessary attribute for the job.

At this stage of my narration I must make a noteworthy point about the quality and sincerity of the people who are drawn to this most puzzling phenomenon. I cannot help but think this is an issue worth studying in its own right. Or is this just another coincidence?

My discoveries about self, the human race, our spiritual basis and many aspects of the off-planet interaction that did not initially manifest themselves, now follow in these last few chapters. Some of these discoveries came from hypnotherapy, but just as readily they came from the gradual awakening of my own inner consciousness, bearing in its wake a flood of information that I felt must be shared.

Although you should make allowances for any misinterpretations on my part, I would suggest you use what is contained in this book as a basis for further research into our other selves, for my own studies are far from complete at this point. But beware: there are powers upon this planet that would intercept your receiving information along these lines if they could. The reasons for this I leave to your own interpretation.

The following item demonstrates one of the many possible ways they can intercept information before a person like myself can deliver it to you (as if they hadn't already tried hard enough to stop this in my case!).

The United States has in place a law (Title 14, Section 1211 of the Code of Federal Regulations, adopted in July 1969) which permits the authorities to gaol any US citizen automatically for a year and fine them US$5,000 if it can be proved that they had contact with extraterrestrials. Not bad for a government that doesn't even acknowledge that ETs exist! Still worse, it appears that a NASA administrator is empowered to determine, with or without a hearing, whether a person has been 'extraterrestrially exposed', and impose an indeterminate quarantine under armed guard which cannot be broken even by court order!

While I have struggled to find people who have had experiences like my own, nevertheless there are many who claim to have had contact with ETs. Indeed, almost every day, worldwide, it would appear that people are being abducted—sometimes more than one at a time! Quite a few of these cases, some of them involving the use of regressive hypnotherapy, have been documented and published in various books on the subject.

There is also another form of contact—channelling—but I knew nothing of this phenomenon when I first put pen to paper. It can be quite detailed and controversial if genuine, and why shouldn't it be? It may well be a window into other worlds. Channelling is best described as a means whereby an extraterrestrial entity is able to speak through a human contact or receiver. This person, while in a trance or meditative state, can actually allow the alien entity to speak through him/her and answer questions. This process is usually done under controlled conditions, sometimes with a public audience. While I cannot comment on the reliability of such contacts, this is not really the issue here, for, as I've just explained, I knew nothing of channelling or channellers. Nor did they know of me, yet the similarity of reported events and descriptions are startling in the extreme! I had at last found some information that fitted with my own experience!

No. 1: *The Strange* Blue *Light.* Right at the very start of my abduction you may recall I became suspended in a blue light. Now some ETs themselves have suggested to abductees that if they wished to alter the abduction experience and be more in control of it without being victims, they should try to project a blue light around our bodies. This would tell the particular aliens encountered that they knew what was going on and wished to keep some control over the event. Some ETs have actually suggested they would prefer it this way, as they would rather have meaningful interactions with us than the type most commonly reported.

As I appear to have had several encounters with such entities in the past, going all the way back to my childhood, it may well be that I acquired this knowledge along the way. (I describe these interactions in detail a little later in Chapter 20). I certainly had no conscious knowledge of what the blue light could do. It has been described in one publication as an "intense, electrical, blue energy field".

No. 2: *The Glowing* Entities. You will recall my mentioning that as I became accustomed to the low light level, the first visual contact I had was of ghostlike figures in the distance. Channelled information suggests that groups of aliens from the Pleiades (note that there are possibly many different groups from the Pleiades) and other star systems exist on a different vibrational plane than we do, and they would therefore appear at best as ghostly images. Only after a transitional period of raising or lowering the particular vibrational plane of existence would it be possible for the two groups to interact. It appeared to be just such a vibrational variation or adjustment that my physical body went through on entering and exiting the transporter.

While on the subject of the transporter, it is interesting to note that the aliens who abducted me always referred to their base as a transporter, not a spaceship. By definition, the transporter may just be a base station from which whole groups of people are projected large distances, a shuttle craft then being used for the final short distance onto and off a planet. The base may not have to move at all, but act more like a transmitter of solid objects. Could such a device be housed in an underground base right here on Earth? Or might it be lurking somewhere within our solar system?

In 1988 the USSR launched two probes to Mars. One was lost on the way there; the other arrived in late January or early February 1989. In

March of that year, this probe encountered a large object, some 25 kilometres in length and shaped like a pencil or cigar, located very close to Phobos, one of the small moons of Mars. This object showed up on radar, and some images of it were transmitted to Earth just before the probe was seemingly put out of action by some unknown force!

The timing of these events fitting in so well with my own interaction is at least incredibly coincidental, you would have to admit. Few people outside the USSR military would have known of this Phobos UFO event at the time. And even when this information was leaked to the West, it never exactly became public knowledge. Most certainly, I did not know about it until much later. The Mars and Phobos connections I believe are very relevant to my interaction. It's obvious that someone out there does not want us nosing around!

No. 3: *Skin Absorption.* Continuing with the Pleiadian theme, channelled information suggests that these people are turning to a form of nourishment-gathering via absorption through the skin to obtain most of the nutrients they need for life support. However, liquids are becoming more important to them as they reduce their intake of solid food.

It would seem to me that nutrient absorption has moved several steps further down the road, if my own experience with aliens is any guide. This suggests to me that my contacts come from perhaps much further into our future than do the Pleiadian contacts recorded up until now.

Some of my contact group may well have found their way back to our time only within the last fifty years or so. This may explain why they are not featured among the more common abduction scenarios of the last few decades. By this I mean that we may only now be seeing scout groups of their kind, rather than fully-fledged traders or emissaries, and that they have visited us only very rarely in the recent past—but I think that is about to change. Their needs appear to be much more urgent now because of the state of decay of their sun.

No. 4: *Inside the Craft.* Back to transportation again, this time with a channelled contact from Zeta Reticuli. This is a different extraterrestrial race, commonly known as the Greys. This channelled entity, describing the interior of his craft, suggested we would find it encircled with a band of light. The Greys apparently prefer a dull-red light as the most comfortable light in which to operate.

Even though this is a different race of ETs, it may well be that all space

travel has a common scientific basis. As a point of interest, Zetas also reportedly absorb energy through the skin.

No. 5: *Projected* Images. A 'gaoled' abductee in the USA said that on one of his excursions with ETs he was taken to a place where everything looked a little artificial, as if the images were projected. He believed they may have wanted him to think he was some place other than where he really was. This feeling I also had from time to time on my visit to Haven.

No. 6: *Female* Instructors. Another quote from our 'gaoled' friend: "I was asleep, but came awake while sleeping. My instructor was female, and I remember telling myself that she wasn't half bad for an alien. At this she laughed and said, 'I'll take that as a compliment.' She knew my thoughts and was very free with information given. She had deep, dark, liquid brown eyes and small teeth."

The humanoid's encounter with the abductee seemed to be for the purposes of making contact and giving information. The abductee also stated: "I have a feeling that some ETs wanted me to know what was going on, while others did not!"

No. 7: *Structures*. More channelled material here. The structures that some ETs have described as their homes have been likened to the shape of a spiral shell. I cannot help but feel the similarity here with what I experienced in the pearl-like interiors of 'my' alien hosts' home, with spiral ramps running about the perimeter.

No. 8: H*ybrid* Immune System. In some channelled material I have read of an immune-system deficiency affecting various hybrid strains of ETs. Other reports suggest that some of these hybrids, which are a human-ET mix of unknown proportions, have actually conceived and given birth—around the year 1990! All this ties in very much with the experiments in which I was involved. These reports suggest that these hybrid aliens are trying to strengthen their children's immune systems by using portions of human systems mixed in with their own.

There are just too many coincidences in these reports—so many that these coincidences might just be facts! However, that's for you to decide.

20

The Other Side of Reality

There are many possible reasons why I have been lucky enough to recall so much of this apparently unique experience. If perhaps an outside influence has been helping me with this chore, I would not be surprised. However, it's possible for us to train our minds and bodies to help recall material we may have thought unrecoverable.

Zen meditators have been found to be able to alter their alpha-theta frequencies according to the depth of their meditations, as Japan's leading neurophysiologist, Dr Tomio Mirai, has reported. He has correlated brainwave patterns with certain stages of meditation. According to Dr Mirai, "Meditation is not merely a stage between mental stability and sleep, but a 'condition' where the person is relaxed but ready to accept and respond positively to any stimulus that may reach him."

Research has confirmed that brainwave rhythms correspond to certain states of consciousness. This suggests that individuals capable of altering their brainwave patterns can have significant control over their mental and physiological functioning. As Elmer and Alyce Green of the famous Menninger Institute first reported in the mid-1970s, "...simply causing your brain to generate theta activity for a few minutes each day seems to have enormous benefits, including boosting the immune system, enhancing creativity and triggering integrative psychological well-being."

Biofeedback researchers have found that people who enter the theta state expand their state of consciousness, acquire super-receptivity to new information and demonstrate a greater ability to 'rescript' material on a subconscious level.

One effect of this experience was that it made me want to re-examine life and the simple act of living in a little more detail. As I was doing this, it appeared that things were not quite as straightforward as I had first

thought, especially regarding birth and death. My in-depth investigation even suggested that some engineering and choices might be involved in this respect, especially as regards birth!

It only takes a line or two to suggest this, but it would take a book larger than this one to expand on the statement. It would be best for me to leave you to do your own research in that direction.

What I had learnt from my terrestrial studies I then combined with information I had been told during my off-planet experience. It soon became obvious to me that some behind-the-scenes organising goes on, which we do not seem to be able to remember while we are in bodily form down here on planet Earth.

This in turn led me to think that having been born into a pollution-free and drug-free environment may well have had a significance or purpose. I also found in later life that my body could easily reject poisons and seemed to have some sort of auto-alert mode when it came to biological pollutants. Again, this suggested that something was indeed going on, necessitating still further investigation.

It goes even deeper than this, I think, for I have found myself in many situations where I could have been harmed in a most serious way. Several such situations I have already recalled for you. We don't need to go looking for these situations: they are inevitable if we live a life containing some amount of action or movement. Because none of these events has ever ended up causing me physical injury, you could say I've become blasé to the whole danger thing. I've not yet been put to the test, but I do not fear death for I believe there is much more to come after this life. This could end up being a very dangerous attitude to life, I might add, and should not be encouraged in the young! I think, though, that we have a natural, in-built reflex action which helps us defend our bodies against possible injury or death.

Most certainly when I was very young there was no way I could consciously have been in charge of the auto-alert mode I mentioned earlier. An example of this was my sudden (and, at the time, unexplained) rejection of milk as a food source. During the early 1950s the Americans were testing nuclear weapons in the atmosphere over the Pacific Ocean, not too far to the north of my homeland, New Zealand. In 1954 they tested their first hydrogen bomb in the area of the Marshall Islands. This released into the atmosphere a tremendous amount of radioactive material which eventually found its way onto the pasturelands of New

Zealand in the form of strontium-90 and worse. From there it made its way into our cattle and, following the natural chain from there, to our milk—which in those days was given free to all schoolchildren during their lunch or play time. It was as if a bomb had gone off inside me! My body began to reject milk at just this time as if it were pure poison (which it actually is!). I have not drunk straight milk since.

Arguably, I could say that the first kind of 'pollutant' I'd come across was the terrestrial school education system. Did my auto-alert ever work well there! Something told me this was not a good thing and I was not going to go! Of course, I did go, but not without a fight.

As coincidence would have it, I recall that it was at about this time that I had my first interaction with something that may not have been terrestrial, at least not in the manner in which you and I might initially perceive it. This was perhaps one of the most startling things to come from my hypnotherapy sessions, and may suggest that even back then, in times of trial or stress, I always had someone looking over me.

On my way to school on one of those very early days, something happened that made school just a secondary place of learning and nowhere near as much fun for me. Although I was only five years old at the time, a very strong memory lingers now that it has been revived.

The distance to school was possibly more than a mile, and on the way I had to pass by a park. (This was in the days when it was safe for a five-year-old to walk to school alone!) We lived not far from the sea, so a seagull in the park was no strange thing to me—but one that did not move, however, was. I can remember to this day saying to myself, "I can catch that bird as it isn't moving", without a thought as to the reason why it was not moving. I was just about to pick it up when a light so bright that I could not look at it directly caught the corner of my eye. I can even remember shielding my eyes as I tried to look into it.

What emerged from that light may only be the interpretation of a five-year-old's mind seeing something that it could not comprehend—or maybe I was just allowed to see what was perfectly acceptable for a five-year-old. Whatever the interpretation, I can remember seeing three fairies, or at least something similar. They were no taller than I and they glowed in the bright light with the colour of gold. They did not step out of the light but beckoned me toward them. It was as if I knew them, for I do not remember being fearful. Perhaps I said hello in recognition, but that's not so clear.

What they gave me to hold I shall never forget. I called it a "triangle box"—perhaps a five-year-old's description of a tetrahedron or pyramid. With hindsight, I should say it was a pyramid. They asked me to look into this pyramid, but I do not recall the exact words or even if words were used. I looked, but, because of the impatience of my age, when nothing happened after a short time I tried to give it back. They asked me to look again. This time, I remember, I became dizzy; I felt like I was falling, as in a dream. What I fell into was more than a dream: it was a whole new world!

My small friends or fairies were there, too, in this strange land, and they took my hand, I think to comfort me. I remember walking up a large ramp into a building that looked like a very large version of my triangle box. As we crested the rise, within the pyramid and stretching out before us as far as the eye could see was a land of green grass, trees, rivers and lakes. There were buildings, too, but they were strange to watch. Some were the shape of the triangle box; others were tall towers with 'light bulbs' on top. The smaller ones were rather like a snail's shell or a seashell. I was told these buildings were *grown*, and can remember thinking to myself (as my father was a builder) how strange to grow houses and not build them. Most were the colour of a silver pearl. The triangle boxes or pyramid-type buildings were much bigger and looked to be made of glass, but I was later told it was more like a synthetic crystal material.

There were other children there, too, and we played together. The best game was where several of us would sit in a circle with one in the middle. The outer circle of children would hold hands and the one in the middle would rise in the air. I had my turn in the middle as well. How could I forget that!

This was my first encounter with a world within worlds, but I still have no more of an idea where that world might reside, in relation to this one, than I did back then.

On a later visit I asked why I always felt dizzy upon entering their world. Their reply was that they were using the magnetic road through time, so my internal compass would spin and make me feel dizzy or giddy. I asked many questions during subsequent visits, and many things were explained to me. But as I became older I remembered fewer and fewer of these interactions upon returning to this world we call reality.

Not all this material came out during hypnotherapy sessions; quite

often it would come back to me in vivid dreams as much as a week or more after these sessions finished! Other times it would just be remembered as one remembers the name of a long-forgotten friend. The dream memories, however, were far more 'real' (if I can use that word here) than in an ordinary dream. I think I've experienced enough of both by now to be able to tell one from the other.

I can recall being taken inside one of the strange, round houses when I was much younger, and can even recall a few of the details that were explained to me at the time. I remember it was aglow inside, but there were no lights that I could see. I asked where the glow was coming from, and to the best of my knowledge this is the answer I received.

The 'house', as I called it, was a naturally formed creation. Much, if not all of the light was from a natural phosphorescence generated by the living structure itself! This was backed up by a form of photosynthesis which acted not unlike a solar cell and which, in turn, served as an additional power source. The house was a mixture of both plant and animal life! It was grown within an electromagnetically-constructed grid, which also supported the structure until it matured and solidified. I was told that almost any size could be constructed and that once it had matured it was almost indestructible. There were no seams or joints to weaken the structure. It did not need heating, as the structure was a living entity that could regulate its own temperature, as most living things do. A vegetable-animal mix might be rather hard to imagine, but possibly easier for a young child to accept than an adult.

I had forgotten most of the above detail over the course of the years, and perhaps most of it would have remained in the recesses of my mind had it not been for a piece of information that subsequently came my way by pure accident.

One day while in my local library searching for information on human blood and the existence of different blood-types, a book by Fred Alan Wolf, titled *The Body Quantum*, fell off a library shelf and almost hit me on the foot! It just so happened that this book had a little information about blood types, so I took it home. I do not profess to understand even half of Fred's work, but all the same, on pages 184 and 185, I came across something so relevant to the possibility of an vegetable-animal cross that I must share it with you now.

Quite simply, what I found was that there is very little difference between the structure of chlorophyll and blood haemoglobin. Apart from

the core nucleus of chlorophyll being magnesium and the haemoglobin being iron, I thought they both looked identical. Fred's comments on this suggest that both plants and animals may have an ancestor in common.

As soon as I read this, I knew that what I'd seen back then as a child had been real. This in turn brought my more recent 1989 experience into light. The details simply filled themselves in after that.

This brings me to another Fred I quite like: Sir Fred Hoyle. This Fred also has some interesting things to say about chlorophyll. Sir Fred thinks that chlorophyll may not even be a native of planet Earth! If it grew up here, he states, it should *not* be green. Green is altogether the wrong colour! He asks why chlorophyll should choose to miss out on the best part of the colour spectrum for supplying converted energy to its parent plant. By reflecting green light, it cannot use it; and, as you most likely know, green falls right in the middle of the light spectrum on this planet. Surely this is a foolish mistake on Nature's part? But it would only be a mistake if E*arth* Nature were responsible for it in the first place. According to Sir Fred, chlorophyll on this planet should be black!

If our plant life did not originate here, perhaps the same could be said for other forms of life. Remember what Fred Wolf said: both plant and animal life could have a common ancestor.

Once I had accessed that lost memory, a lot of long-forgotten material came back to me. Some of this material concerned pyramids, but not necessarily the ones on our planet.

The pyramids I do remember had many functions, one of which was as a school of learning. It was explained to me, although I cannot remember the exact words, that within the pyramid there are very special forces at work that can tune the mind and extend one's understanding of all things. The pyramid could also be used as a doorway to other worlds, and it was through one of these doors that I had been brought on my many visits.

It was also explained to me that 'physical' matter as such could not travel through these doors. This left me with the perplexing problem of just what part of me *had* passed through to this 'other' world. There was always the promise that the mystery would be revealed at a later date.

I cannot remember what happened when I came home after these first interactions at around age five. I'm sure that on more than one occasion I didn't get to school at all. There's a vague recollection I have of sitting on the back steps of a local church one day when I was very young. I was

alone and perhaps should have been at school. Curiously, this church was in the opposite direction to my local school and I could not remember how or why I was sitting there. I can imagine what my mother would have said if I'd arrived home with stories of playing with fairies instead of going to school! It makes me wonder how many other parents have children who come home with such stories.

I wouldn't argue with the explanation that some children just have very active imaginations and live in fantasy worlds. But do we really know what fantasy is? Is it a doorway to distant worlds, perhaps? And why is it that adults seem to close themselves off from such doorways? One of the main objectives of the terrestrial school system that I was trying to escape, would seem to be the removal of such worlds from young imaginations. "So that we might concentrate our efforts on this 'real' world we are all living in," would seem to be the reasoning behind their actions. But could there be hidden, ulterior motives?

In answer to my own question, I would suggest this is done partially to keep us from discovering our true selves. The potential within us all is greater, I think, than we can imagine; greater than some on this planet would wish us to know! But to access this potential we must involve the use of the inner mind—that part which is denied the light of day by the very system which is supposed to bring out the best in us!

The human race has reached great heights in a very short time as far as the evolutionary scale on this planet is concerned. But I wonder what greater heights we could reach if the whole human entity were allowed to contribute. Attributes such as an open mind and sustained, positive thought are sometimes the equal of a high-class education, if some of mankind's greatest inventors and inventions are anything to go by. Almost all discoveries and breakthroughs are of a type that cannot necessarily be studied or devised from textbooks. So where do most of them come from? In my opinion, they come from the inner mind. The ability to 'think outside the square' cannot be taught, and perhaps fewer than one in a million of us is allowed to or has managed to retain it.

One of the greatest minds of this century (or any century, for that matter), was a scientist by the name of Nikola Tesla. Quite possibly most have not heard of him, and in many ways this confirms exactly the point I want to make. Jealousy and fear are two of the most likely reasons that you may not have heard Tesla's name before now. These are also two of the main reasons why overactive young minds are snuffed out in our terrestrial school systems. There cannot be too many geniuses running

around: that would undermine the power base of the select few who fancy they own this planet and us along with it!

This man Tesla had just such a mind as I could be criticised for encouraging in the young! Without blueprint or plan he could build his machines in his mind, and run, modify and improve them without one part actually being constructed. He could even allow for wear and tear in this manner so that he would know when he had to replace particular parts.

Even though Tesla did not invent electricity itself, he may as well have. He discovered how to create and harness an alternating current, which was a vast improvement over the direct-type currents that had been in use up until then. It is because of him that most of our electrical appliances are what they are today. But he was much greater than that!

It is what he discovered a little later that caused Nikola Tesla's name to be scrubbed from the history books. He found a simple and inexpensive way to extract the unlimited supply of electrical energy in our atmosphere and within the Earth itself, and then transmit it without wires to anywhere in the world! The dream of all mankind!...except those who profit from present-day methods!

When Tesla was asked to turn his inventive genius to help the military during World War II, he soon lost favour because of his sense of ethics and his attention to detail. He died in 1943 under mysterious circumstances and in abject poverty—as so many top scientists seem to do when they fall out of favour with the military or behind-the-scenes powermongers.

Tesla's genius has only been rediscovered in the last decade or two, and while many would still want to suppress or ridicule his work for obvious reasons, enough people now recognise its potential that we may yet see Tesla's dreams, and ours, become reality.

Perhaps his work may yet help us unlock the doors to these other worlds that I'm sure exist right alongside our own. One day, maybe we'll see another Tesla come along and do just that.

21

A New Understanding of Space-Time

From what I have been able to decipher, galaxies are not scattered willy-nilly all over the universe as you might imagine. They seem to be linked by threads of energy and arranged in rows which run in many directions. Moreover, not all galaxies are linked together by the same threads of energy.

Deep space can be likened to a many-ribboned highway, where these 'ribbons' of energy can be used to navigate the heavens. Some space travellers 'fire' their craft down these highways at fantastic speeds using the natural energy of the universe. The technique is akin to using an optical fibre filament. Indeed, the spaceship becomes no more than a pulse of electricity or light as it utilises these filaments of pure energy.

On this planet I have heard these types of ships referred to as "lightships". I'm not sure whether the people who use these descriptions really know how close they are to a true description of these fantastic vessels!

A lightship is a marvel of technology and Nature combined. It is an exercise in cybernetics well beyond our understanding. As with their houses, these ships are partially living entities. A few people on this planet have suggested that some types of alien craft are powered by giant crystals. This may be correct for some, but the craft or transporter I was privileged to board was a living crystal-based entity in its own right! Apparently, this is essential for dimensional-type travel, as everything that passes through the 'gate' (a black hole?) must have natural regenerative abilities.

In other words, the body—and whatever else accompanies it—must carry a natural blueprint within it so it may reassemble itself in the proper

form after the event or transformation. A crude example of this would be in the way a crystal dissolved in water can always reconstruct itself perfectly once it has dried out of the solution. The human body has regenerative capabilities similar to this and far beyond our imaginings. Perhaps one day we will learn to tap into this phenomenon, but this is an altogether different subject which I won't go into here.

It must suffice for us to understand that, as with the ship, the human body must also reassemble itself after one of these transmutations. It just so happens that the pyramidal shape is custom-made to accomplish this task. The primary function of a pyramid, whether it be on or off this planet, is to reconstitute matter to a preset form, or, in turn, to transmit it to another pyramidal formation at some other location for reconstitution. The matter transmitted need not be solid-state matter, as might be expected, but may be in the form of sound waves, pictures (as in our own TV transmitters), or in some other as-yet-unidentified form such as fourth-dimensional travel or mind travel. We have only to study the effects of a pyramid on a blunt razor-blade (as covered elsewhere in this book) to see that we already have the proof, right before our very eyes. It is not sci-fi: *this is real*!

Because the lightship is a living thing, it has many benefits we can hardly imagine. It can divide itself on demand more than once and then reabsorb those divisions into itself. It can change its shape if need be, and probably its size, too. When this freakish device is used in an atmosphere like our own, I was told it could be made all but invisible as it could bend the Sun's rays or any light around it so as not to cast any shadow on the ground or leave any silhouette in the sky!

For all that I say, I have not seen a lightship, or any other UFO for that matter, in the sky either by day or night, so what one might look like in flight is anyone's guess. Earth science is far behind what I have witnessed, but it may not be as far behind as you may think. What we are told we can do scientifically and technically is one thing, but what goes on behind closed doors is a different matter altogether. Today's science fiction is tomorrow's reality, but what you see today has been played with for years behind those very same closed doors.

The way light and other base elements interact with one great variable in the universe is what helps 'make' what appears to be a 'solid' object. That variable is known to us as magnetism. For all our scientific knowledge today, it is curious that the force of magnetism is one of the least understood. How fitting, perhaps, that this force is the very one

that needs to be fully understood before mankind can truly come of age in the cosmos. It is almost as if this last realm of science has been denied us because we are not yet ready for the responsibility that this conquest may bring. For sure, if magnetism is misused it could have devastating effects on us all—as could well have happened at some earlier period of our history!

Light is an excellent conductor. A conductor passed through a magnetic field can, or should, create an electrical field. Now we have three major 'players' working towards the construction of planets, suns, and all that is out there in the sky at night. Magnetic energy can be found in the universe as eddies or swirls in time and space, just as whirlpools or eddies can be found in water. In fact, space is much more like water than we have been led to believe by the 'experts', for water in its natural, flowing state is also full of energy streams or filaments. Just ask a fish!

If I have it right, everything can be constructed from light. Its interaction with the vagaries of the magnetic phenomenon helps create all known substances. Black holes are not much different from how they have been portrayed in many science-fiction movies and TV shows, in that they exist at the extremes of two realities. They both give and take of substance. As they absorb light and matter from the universe, so they give it back. I'm not so sure if they actually open the way to other universes or just relocate matter in some other area of the same universe. However, I *am* sure that black holes feed energy back into areas where there are very dense objects such as suns and large planets. In this way, some measure of balance is kept in the universe. I don't understand how these separate entities manage to link up in this way, but they do. It seems that the larger the object, be it planet or sun, the more energy it attracts.

Our own Sun is constantly being fed energy from a black hole at some other point in time and space, possibly even from a universe parallel to our own. Every major planet—even those in our own solar system like Saturn, Jupiter and Neptune—receives energy this way. This energy may not necessarily be recognised for what it is as it radiates out into free space. It could arrive here in a form foreign to us and we would not notice it at all, for we Earthlings do not yet understand pure light energy. It may be that this energy is arriving here from another dimension, so the way it manifests itself could well be difficult for us to track down with our present state of technology. Only time will tell.

This opens us up to another phenomenon which I do not profess to

know too much about. This touchy subject is the existence of planets in other dimensions altogether. If this energy that is making its way into our solar system is undetectable, planets and perhaps even suns made of this material could exist right alongside our own world and we would not even be aware of them! So much has been made of these other dimensional worlds from so many different quarters that I'm inclined to think that where there's smoke there is quite often fire!

From what I understand, this transfer of energy can also be used to advantage as a form of high-speed space travel. Once the chosen vehicle has been processed into a form of pure light or some compatible energy, these doorways in space become open to the traveller. I believe the process of entering and exiting these areas is called "transition". That should ring a bell! There is very little more that I can add to this, except to say that if my own experience is anything to go by, much work must be done on the human body before it can enter these portholes in space. It might well have been that I had to leave my Earth body behind in storage before I could undertake such a trip through time and space.

Ever since I was told that Zeena's people could have originated in our own solar system—and, more specifically, on what would have been the fifth planet from our Sun, if such planet existed today—I have been interested in finding out more about something that is still out there, in what could have been the approximate orbit of a fifth planet. This 'something' is the asteroid belt.

The first encouraging thing I learnt was that cosmology suggests that many millions of years ago our Sun was probably hotter than it is today. This no doubt helps to explain the far more tropical climate the Earth is believed to have had in those early years. More importantly, though, a hotter Sun would also have helped this alleged fifth orbiting planet to stay above freezing point, at least some or perhaps most of the time. This seems to be one positive factor in favour of the ancient Haven legend.

Next I was to find out that the asteroid belt is not just a mass of small rocks, we might imagine. In fact, there are some quite large, almost planet-sized chunks out there, and some even have names! Ceres is 1,003 kilometres in diameter, Pallas is 608 kilometres, and Juno is 250 kilometres. Then there is Vesta, with a 538-kilometre diameter.

Vesta is an interesting addition to our puzzle, for, though much smaller than Ceres, it is the brightest asteroid and under ideal conditions can be

seen with the naked eye. For Vesta to shine like it does, it must have water or at least be covered in ice. The fact that there could have been water on this possible fifth planet is very important for obvious reasons. The only other possibility is my own thought, that maybe it is made of metal! Yes, possibly an ancient artefact, a lost space station, or some combination of both. Too incredible? Perhaps. Anyway, it is reasonable to conclude that this fifth planet might have been warm enough and watery enough to support life—and any planet that had enough water to form a block 538 kilometres in diameter after it was blown apart had to have had a fair amount of water on it.

Out in the asteroid belt there are several other large lumps of matter with diameters ranging around 200 to 300 kilometres, at least fifty other large rocks with diameters of approximately 100 kilometres, plus thousands of smaller ones. To me, this describes a planet in bits—not a collection of rocks that had nowhere else to go when our solar system was formed. What's more, parts of this planet have been falling our way for quite some time now, but no one is quite sure just how long—maybe as long as 400 million years.

It is also possible that many of the smaller moons orbiting Jupiter and Saturn (the next two planets out from the asteroid belt) are also captured pieces of our fifth planet. Saturn, for instance, has twenty-three moons, and Jupiter has at least sixteen, possibly twenty.

These rocks that have fallen our way are known as meteorites, and most of them are likely to have come from the asteroid belt. Some have been analysed—and they make for some interesting studies, I can tell you. Most of these meteorites are made up of the same basic materials as our own Earth, and in just about the same proportions, too. This could mean that our lost world was very much like Earth—which is all good for the legend!

Some stony meteorites contain microscopic bubbles of carbon dioxide and water. Others even contain small diamonds (which, as we all know, are formed under tremendous pressure), so these rocks must have existed deep within a planet at some stage, not just floating in free space as rocks all their lives!

Some meteorites contain carbonaceous chondrite, and may also contain carbon and bound water. Fifteen per cent of chondrite from the Orgueil meteorite, which fell on France in 1864, consists of organic-type paraffinoid hydrocarbon molecules. When studied and photographed,

this rock revealed the presence of fossilised one-cell organisms: dinoflagellates or chrysomonads that inhabit the water in lakes and seas! Other meteorites have later been found to contain these same types of fossilised organisms.

Is this our first real proof that life has formed elsewhere in our solar system—with water as the starting point? Could the impossible be true? Is the legend, as told to me, actually *true*?

In view of all this, it is hard for me to get overly excited about the supposed meteorite from Mars that has been in the news during the latter part of 1996. What has it got that those earlier meteorites have not? It would seem that it is now okay, even fashionable, to talk about life outside of Earth. It is as if they are softening us up for something—which, of course, they are!

Here is the catch with the rock-from-Mars scenario. Most of you will know that this rock was supposedly blasted off Mars by the impact of an asteroid many millions of years ago and arrived on Earth by good grace and luck in 1984. Now, why did it take these scientists twelve years to find these organic carbon-based molecules, or, rather, why have they waited twelve years to tell us about them? If that rock had been blasted off Mars all that time ago and somehow made its way to Earth, where are all the rocks that must have been blasted off our own Moon in much the same way? After all, the Moon is so much closer and has lower gravity than Mars (or does it?—something else for you to read up on!). To my way of thinking, everyone's backyard should be full of Moon rocks if we are lucky enough to have *any* rocks from Mars on Earth. Or did that rock arrive here some other way?

It may seem I've been rather harsh towards some of our terrestrial scientists. Nevertheless, I should point out that there are always a few heroes in every field of endeavour—people who have their say even if it costs them dearly. When someone feels strongly enough about something, perhaps we should stop and listen to what they have to say. This is exactly what I have done in devoting this final section on science to those who would fly in the face of convention.

Most of our modern-day scientists are happy to suggest that all of the approximate 200,000 'complex' enzymes that help make up the human body evolved by pure chance on this planet many millions of years ago. They state that all life is self-generating; in other words, given the right conditions, life just has to happen!

However, there seems to be just as much proof—and by more than one eminent scientist—to suggest, at least mathematically, that chance had nothing to do with it at all! These not-so-new findings should now be accepted into our history books and taught in our schools. What am I trying to say here? To make it simple, life appears to need a kick-start—dare I say, intelligent intervention!

Let's have a closer look at the possibility of the chance manifestation of these enzymes. Sir Fred Hoyle, a very revered man in the more enlightened scientific circles, likened the chance formation of simple enzymes from our Earth's ancient primordial soup to being about equal to throwing 50,000 straight sixes with a dice! Think about that!

Dr James F. Coppedge and Prof. A. E. Wilder-Smith have come up with similar, almost incomprehensible numbers to prove the same odds against life forming on this planet by chance. One such number is 1:1000 000 000

But that is not the end of this series of 'coincidences'. For the carbon to survive in this relatively unstable state, it must not mix with other elements like oxygen which also abound in the fiery interior of your average star. As chance would have it once again, oxygen vibrates at a slightly lower rate than carbon, so the two do not mix. The *manufactured* carbon is then ejected far and wide when that star explodes in a supernova. Sir James Jeans said it all when he remarked: "Our bodies are formed from the ashes of long-dead stars."

You will surely allow me the right to ponder the possibility of a M*aster* I*ntelligence* here, for with the creation of the building blocks of life (carbon) and a place for it to grow (Earth) it would be silly for this life-form to be fried out of existence by the by-product of the carbon producer, i.e., the Sun's radiation. So what do we have? We have a nice, safe umbrella called an atmosphere that purely by chance, according to science, happens to take out ninety-nine per cent of our Sun's most harmful rays and at the same time lets all the useful parts get through to us that we need for our growth and development. The processes involved in this protective atmospheric umbrella are staggeringly complex. Anyone who thinks it got there by pure accident should reconsider its composition—in a little more detail, this time.

It scares me to think that the military is tampering with this fragile safety screen, and I find it even more suspicious that a hole in the ozone layer was suddenly discovered at just about the same time they started playing around up there! Anyone interested in finding out more on this subject should investigate HAARP, the High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program based in Alaska.

Continuing on with this theme of the possible existence of a Master Intelligence or driving force within the universe, I would like to give a few of the reasons why I feel there could well be such a force. There are many names for this force, but some call it "The All That Is", or "God".

One of the main reasons why I am swayed to believe in the existence of a Master Intelligence is the fact that some of our ET friends believe in it, too! They believe that in the beginning there was only this Intelligence, which in its wisdom decided it would like to experience life in as many diverse forms as possible, all for its own growth and enlightenment. To achieve this goal, it set about creating all the necessary mechanics for life to evolve; hence, we have stars that manufacture carbon, and so on. The force knew that all intelligent life would eventually reach such levels as to be 'reingested' within the whole,

and recognised this to be the natural course of all intelligent evolution, for its primary intent was to gain the knowledge and experience of all its created life-forms.

Each of us is but one small part of that experience, as is each of our ET brothers and sisters. Some ETs may even have been babysitting us, waiting for the time when we, too, would reach for that next level of development, when we could interact or integrate with them and progress to our ultimate destiny: the final union with The All That Is.

I do not expect or want you to believe blindly in this explanation. Most likely you have not had an experience like mine to draw upon, and I must admit it is rather an alien concept to grasp (excuse the pun!). Nevertheless, it now fits well with me, and in a way it is rather nice to think we may be part of a grand plan—even an important, integral part of that plan. Surely this helps explain much that has puzzled mankind about self, destiny and the world for many a year.

Cosmologists and astronomers must have suffered a tremendous shock when they found out we humans are not alone in the intelligence stakes. They may have discovered this as recently as fifty years ago, possibly a little longer, but decided to keep it a secret—for reasons best known only to themselves. In effect, they have had to live the lie, even to the point where they cooperate in building spaceships and using radio telescopes to search for other intelligences whom they already know to exist—and with whom they are quite possibly already in contact! These same scientists are quick to put down all other reported contacts, especially those like my own, saying, "No, no! It can't happen that way! We think it should happen like this..."

The skies are not the only place with secrets that have been kept from us. This close-knit scientific community is also pretending to look for the so-called missing link in our evolutionary past, knowing full well they will never find it—the reason being that, in the context of natural evolution on this planet, it does not exist. Despite this, some scientists who have not been able to find this missing link have even stooped so low as to invent one! Is that what science is all about? Trickery? It would seem that this is *exactly* what science is about, for this next and last example exposes one of the biggest scams of the 20th century.

The fact is that millions upon millions of taxpayer dollars have been extracted from the people of this planet to fund a scam that is an insult to us all. It has been perpetrated by government after government

worldwide and is nothing short of fraudulent behaviour on the part of those who would seek to impose laws and controls upon us.

This scam concerns the destructive capabilities of the atomic and hydrogen bombs. While these bombs are certainly capable of wholesale destruction, the much-projected scenario of multiple-strike nuclear weapons detonating simultaneously across the globe could never happen!

Nuclear devices require time-frames for successful detonation. Each pre-determined area of our globe is compatible with nuclear detonation at a different time, and this timing needs to be calculated to the fraction of a second. Compatible harmonic 'windows' for detonating nuclear devices in different parts of our globe can be days or even weeks apart! (Of course, if a number of nuclear bombs did happen to explode across the planet over an extended time period, the effect would still be one of total devastation.)

So, how is it possible that bombs could explode all over the world at the same time? To answer this, we have only to consider the importance of nuclear-strike submarines to nuclear nations. With these subs, these military powers can afford to delay launching their nuclear missiles until the timing is exactly right. On the other hand, multiple-strike warheads are not aimed at a variety of different targets, but are designed to cover a larger area of the one target in the hope that one of them might just find the infinitesimally small area of the target that is compatible with a nuclear detonation at the split second of impact. Exact timing is almost impossible with this method of delivery.

Because this information has been withheld from the public, certain governments have been able to spend untold amounts of taxpayer dollars over the years on retaliatory weapons against a questionable threat! Of course, someone has to make these weapons and bank the money—*your* money!

This raises the question of what some nuclear nations have actually been doing in their supposed underground testing of recent times. Could they be carrying out antimatter testing rather than nuclear testing?

More details on the nuclear subject and much more can be found in Bruce Cathie's fascinating and informative book, *The Harmonic Conquest of Space*.

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The Rise of the Human Race

The history of the human race is but a mere blink of an eye in the long-drawn-out gaze of evolution. I have seen scale models depicting the history of this planet to date, and in all of them the position relegated to mankind occupies the last half-inch of a space the size of a football field, or so it would seem.

No matter how we look at it, the human race has undoubtedly achieved a meteoric rise to fame in a relatively short time. Most anthropologists and archaeologists try to tell us that this is just a freakish, natural progression that the human race has undergone in its rise to the top of the heap on this planet. Personally, I think the idea that an ape creature 'evolved' into the likes of you and me in no more than two million years is a bit much to take! Even the notion that Neanderthal man progressed to the more modern Cro-Magnon man in less than 100,000 years is hard to handle. One hundred thousand years is only yesterday on the evolutionary time-scale. A bug may just manage to grow another spot on its back in that time! So how is it that a whole new species or race could emerge so quickly, as seems to have happened with the human race?

Common sense and logic suggest that something is going on here which does not fit with what we have been told about the evolutionary processes at work on this planet. I am not taking into account any information that alien intelligences may have suggested happened in our not-so-distant past. If we truly seek the whole truth to our amazing heritage we must look deeper than mainstream anthropology and archaeology want us to. But there is no need to take my word for it, for there is a wealth of enlightening literature available, much of it suggesting that evolution, as generally taught to us, is a myth! We evolve, for sure, but it seems that the whole process happens in leaps, in the blink of an eye, almost as if someone were pulling the strings.

I should point out that I don't consider myself a religious man, but all this is a puzzle and a source of great wonderment to me. If what I have been told is the truth—and I certainly believe it is—then my dilemma is that perhaps I *should* be a religious man!

In any case, for the record, here is an alien slant on the heritage and possible future of humanity. It helps explain how the human race became fine-tuned over the last two million years, and thus may answer more than a few questions which all self-respecting humans have about themselves. It also helps to explain the rush with which we developed in the first half of the last few hundred thousand years.

The human brain grew rather like a dry sponge dropped into a bucket of water from about one-and-a-half million years ago. It progressed through several different but quite mysterious growth binges—mysterious, for there was no obvious need for it to have grown past its size of 750 cubic centimetres just one and a half million years ago. Diligently used, a brain of that size could suffice for us right now, maybe even with a little to spare! So why did the brain of early man continue to develop, eventually to double its size to what it is today? Why did primitive man need to keep pushing this development?

Nature does not or cannot predict the future—or so we are taught at school. In other words, natural evolution cannot prepare a species for a task before that task has presented itself to the species. If it could, then the whole evolutionary process would be back to front. Animals do not normally develop appendages which they don't need or which they don't know how to use! But this is exactly what man has done. We have developed a brain that is far bigger than we know what to do with, and we have to wonder why.

Could we be different for other reasons? The answer I was given on this question is irrevocably "Yes!" We are different because as H*omo sapiens*, the end product in this brain race, we are a *manufactured* species! Our species has been fine-tuned to receive a soul or spiritual body. We are really two entities in one. If this is not too surprising, it is because we all instinctively know this anyway. To realise that our cohabitant is a bodiless, alien entity might be a little frightening, but we have been friends with these entities for almost a hundred thousand years, so this is not the time to abandon ship.

Why would they come here? Well, why not? If you did not have a body but knew how to make one and wanted to give physicality a try for a while,

why shouldn't you? We are not the only curious beings in this universe, I can assure you. In fact, the desire to run faster, jump higher or swim further comes from the one within, who is without body. Once again, deep down inside, we already know this. It is that magical voice from within, desirous of bigger and better performances, which is the source of strength for all champions. Let any champion tell me to my face that this is not so! I, too, have heard my own inner self, and I know what it likes.

Our other ethereal selves have been very patient. They have known all along that we, as 'animals', have all the primordial instincts of aggression and self-preservation that other similar species have on this planet. They knew that we would need time to work these instincts out of our systems, but maybe they have decided our time is now up.

There have been several times in human history when we have approached a similar level of sophistication to today's, but for various reasons we have not been able to complete our evolutionary course. It has also been suggested that we have had some form of civilisation on this planet for at least 40,000 or 50,000 years. If this is true, and H*omo sapiens* began to manufacture weapons other than the most basic spears and clubs at about this time, it might indeed explain the demise of Neanderthal man around that same period.

Whether 40,000 or 50,000 years is enough time to get 2,000,000 years of primordial instincts out of our system is neither here nor there. It would seem that the decision has already been made for us. This is it! It is as if a script has been written for us, and things are about to happen according to that script!

I have reason to believe that *within the next few years of our lives here on this planet, there will be open contact with extraterrestrial beings*! It has been suggested to me that this will take place well within my own lifetime upon this planet.

It is expected that *a group of extraterrestrial beings of many different races will openly approach a selected group of humans, comprising civilian as well as military personnel*. This human group will have been contacted prior to the meeting, initially by subliminal message, then, as the time approaches for open contact, via telepathy in order for more details to be passed on. It has been suggested to me that contact could take place simultaneously in several locations around the world. I've been told that children will also be involved (perhaps theirs as well as ours—my own conclusion).

As I understand it, *in the near future some other major event is expected to take place on or about this planet, possibly in the sky.* There has been much preparation for this event and there is still some cause for concern, but I do not know the exact details. When I know, *you* will know—that much I promise!

However, the future is not *now*, and it remains for us to discover whether what I was told during my magical ten days off-planet shall actually occur. If I trust my own instincts, I should say that tomorrow is closer than we imagine.

I have been sitting on this experience for longer than perhaps I should have. Some of that procrastination has not been of my own doing, as you will have discovered by now. However, I feel that events about the globe are leading in the right direction to suggest that these aforementioned happenings are imminent. If what was possibly stunning news back in 1989 is rather more 'ho-hum' to some of you now, this is probably my own fault. Still, this book is about *awakening*. Those who know what is about to happen do not need this awakening, but others might.

I have suggested there is more to life and death than meets the eye, and I did promise earlier, in Chapter 12, to describe in a little more depth a near-death experience I had as a youth. Since we are about to meet others who live most of their lives *off* this planet—and who, in due course, no doubt will fill you in on some details of what life and death are *really* about—now might be a good time to relate the more interesting side-effects that manifested themselves to me during and after that near-death experience.

I have no idea if the method by which one experiences near-death has anything to do with the end result or type of experience encountered. But I should think that electrocution would be the most likely way to experience some form of hallucination or out-of-body transference, as we are basically run by electrical impulses, be they ever so small. It would be somewhat like supercharging your mind and body—that is, until you burnt out all the wiring! This considered, I guess it's fairly obvious that my brush with death in this instance was via electrocution.

Some people say that when death is near, your life flashes before your eyes. Well, I was still quite young then; maybe I missed that part! As you may recall, I was in the family garage storing away the mast of my sailboat when the rigging made contact with the exposed metal pins of

a power lead only partly connected to the fuse box. I got zapped!

What I do remember of the experience is that at first there was just black. Then I saw stars. You might say, "Well, what do you expect?" But no, I do not mean those sorts of stars. These were the type you see in the sky at night, but they were bright and clear. The black of the night sky was even deeper and somehow more intense. Next, there was a gigantic flash of white light, and I realised I was inside some kind of ball of light. I now felt very safe. It also felt like something or someone was pushing me. I must have had my eyes closed (if that is possible after what I have just described seeing), for I can then remember looking around me as if seeing things for the first time. I found I could look both up and down, so I must have been suspended in some way. Still, I felt this pushing. The next sensation was that of rushing through the air at greater and greater speed, then I was back in my body at home, saying, "Ouch! That hurt!"

It was some time later that same day, I believe, that I had the distinct feeling someone was standing behind me. There was never anyone there when I turned around, yet the feeling persisted for most of the day. That night I had a dream that somehow must have been related to the 'shocking' incident I'd had that same day. I have no idea what a bullet would see when it is shot from a gun, but if you could imagine for an instant that you were such a projectile, and the gun barrel was long and studded with lights and you were racing through it at high speed, this is how the dream started. Talk about Superman—what a ride!

It's been thirty-plus years and still I remember it, such was its impact upon me. I seemed to wake from the dream, but perhaps I did not. There in front of me was a kaleidoscope of colour, turning about itself as if to show all its facets. I was to see this same thing, in a smaller guise, many years later while under hypnosis. But this night it was there in all its splendour, not quite filling the room. It was hypnotic in its effect. I do not remember if I tried to call out or move from the bed but it just hovered there, suspended in the middle of the room. I must have drifted back to sleep after that, for I do not remember any more of that dream or vision.

In the meantime, I have discovered that this feeling of having someone standing behind me is not a curiosity unique to me. The Indian yogis have claimed for many centuries that man consists of several bodies. In addition to the physical or crude body, they identify at least three more bodies telescoped into each other. One of them is the astral body, the

repository of imagination and sensuality. The followers of Zoroaster claim that man has two souls—the higher or reasoning soul, and the lower, sensual soul. He who could learn to control them could change his shape into that of an animal, for instance. The ancient Egyptians believed in the existence of man's energetic doubles, and depicted them in their drawings as standing *behind* the physical man!

The Russian professor, Boris Iskakov, of the Moscow Polytechnic Institute, suggests that any concentrated mental effort, or an effort of will, emits an impulse into the surrounding space. It takes the shape of tiny material particles, known as leptons, which, at a certain concentration, can assume concrete shape—for instance, the shape of a person. What is more, this impulse can move through space and time in lepton streams at incredible speeds. These streams can move back and forth, carrying information about everything that was, is and will be in the universe, and forming a single energy-information field. This databank can be tapped, which is what 'travelling doubles' do.

Another Russian, Victor Meshalkin, claims that he can create his own lepton double, visible only to the participants in the experiment, and that he can help others do the same. He is not forthcoming on the details of his technique, but he insists it has nothing to do with meditation or hypnosis. Interestingly, from my point of view, as a result of these journeys of doubles staged by Meshalkin, participants reported that their pains and diseases had gone away. According to Meshalkin, any disease is a consequence of negative thoughts or actions that might even have been initiated by a distant ancestor. His participants also reported that they could gain access to any information during these journeys! There is much food for thought here.

Many of our more ancient and maybe wiser races on this planet have some interesting stories to tell, so, while I am still on the subject of life, death and the human race, I would like to describe a few ideas about the afterlife from a very interesting area of our globe.

As much as I am drawn to the ancient land of Egypt for the obvious reasons of its little-understood past, its great monuments and yet-to-be-discovered legacies, something even greater draws me to the central and southern regions of the Americas. If you read between the lines, some of the myths and legends passed down by these great peoples suggest that their history may very well be the history of the entire human race itself.

Almost thirty years ago, Irene Nicholson wrote a fascinating book titled

Mexican and Central American Mythology (Paul Hamlyn Ltd, 1967). While the book is now a little dated in view of more recent archaeological finds, it is still a useful reference because the myths have not changed. By studying the myths of these astute peoples—the Huástec, Maya, Mixtec, Náhua, Olmec, Tarascan, Totonac, Zapotec—it can be interpreted that they indeed 'rubbed shoulders' with the 'gods' from the stars. As I read through this book and others like it, it was not hard to see more than one meaning to the interpretations of these great myths. They will be coloured in this instance by my own beliefs, but I make no apologies for this as I feel my own interpretations are as valid as any that have gone before.

Let us start with some creation myths from the collection of Maya sacred books, the *Chilam Balam of Chumayel*, for, as best I can tell, these encompass the beliefs of the Náhua peoples of Central America. They demonstrate that these so-called 'primitive' tribes understood at least 2,000 years ago the beginning of creation and time on a level at least equal to that of our own modern scientific era, and may well have understood it on an even higher plane.

The sacred book speaks not of *when* there was neither heaven nor Earth, but of *where*. It speaks of a *place* beyond time, not merely of a period when time was not. In Maya terminology, this is the 'first time' outside material creation. The God Above All had to descend into the second time before he could declare his divinity. The Maya also envisaged an end when creation would return to its beginnings, with all moons, all years, all days, all winds, all people reaching their completion. They measured the time in which they could know the Sun's benevolence. They measured the time in which the grid of the stars would look down upon them and, through it, keep watch over their (and our) safety. The gods trapped within the stars would contemplate the people.

The Mayas counted not only in days, months and years but also in larger periods of time. In approximate terms, *katun* meant 20 years; *baktun*, 400 years; *pictun*, 8,000 years; *calabtun*, 158,000 years; and *kinchiltun*, 3,000,000 years. It is reasonable to ask why a 'Stone Age' people should need to count to three million and more.

Note the reference to the gods trapped within the stars, for this could apply to *my* people, the people of Haven, trapped in a dimensional warp within their own system. However, it also intimated that the supreme God was free, while further suggesting that lesser gods were subject to the laws of time and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. Freedom

was thus relative and depended on the exact position of any particular god in the heavenly hierarchy. Some gods might be aloof from the long, cyclic procession of all created bodies; others would be inside it, fulfilling their duties in smaller cycles.

The Maya accorded special and miraculous significance to time and space. Like the 'first time' outside material creation, there had to have been a 'first space'. Indeed, the two concepts cannot be separated. However, they considered that space-time does not exist of necessity, for on the highest possible level it merges into the absolute being of the all-powerful god—The All That Is. My word for this god is Nature, in its purest and simplest form. Nature's intelligence is accessible to all living creatures through what is known to us as instinct.

According to the myths, the deceased of the Náhua people could progress into and through three different heavens. The first and lowest of these was Tlalocan, land of water and mist; a kind of paradise where happiness was of a very Earthly variety, but purer and less changeable. It was a sensual world for the gourmet with discernment, where happiness was conceived of in a simple-minded and materialistic way. It was supposed that after four years here, souls would return once more to mortal life. Unless the soul reached higher, the perpetual round would go on. Most on Earth, it was foretold, were destined to perpetuate this cycle of birth on Earth, death into Tlalocan, and rebirth on Earth—their desires and pleasures never rising above the simple pursuits of material life on Earth. (Why does this not surprise me?!)

Next there was Tlillan-Tlapallan, the land of the black and the red, signifying wisdom. This was the paradise of the initiates who had found a practical application for the teachings of the god-king Quetzalcóatl. It was the land of the 'fleshless', where people went who had learned to live outside their physical bodies, or unattached to them. It was a place celebrated in many ancient poems and was considered to be greatly desirable.

The third heaven was Tonatiuhican, land of Tonatiuh, house of the Sun. It was reserved for those who had achieved full illumination in the quest for eternal happiness.

So, here we have a series of three paradises, each more 'perfect' than the one below and to be attained only by ever more intense spiritualisation and sacrifice of the gross physical world. In fact, this message has been about on this planet since before man could write,

but has only ever been heeded by a few. How long it will take for the message to sink in?

This next section deals with how the Náhua peoples may have interacted with a race from the stars—a race that may well have been responsible for the above message and others like it. I shall try to keep it as close to the actual recorded script as possible, but a little reading between the lines is necessary.

Legend has it that one day the gods gave birth to a large stone (perhaps a spaceship?) which they threw to Earth. From this ship or stone emerged 1,600 heroes (ETs?). When they first arrived they were alone, man having died in one of the not-so-infrequent calamities that wiped all living things from the face of the Earth. These 'ETs' sent an ambassador back to their motherland (planet?), asking if they could recreate man to do manual work for them. This request appears to have been denied, for, when the hawk (spaceship?) returned, these entities were told that they were on their own and had to finish their work (whatever that may have been) using their own resources.

By all accounts, this didn't go down too well with the Earth-based party, but they decided to stay on Earth, not wishing to return home even after their task was completed. With this in mind, they decided to go ahead and recreate the human race anyway, but they needed some form of DNA to start the process. From the legend it would appear that they had to steal it from a third party, the god of the underworld. However, I cannot offer any enlightenment as to the exact identity of this god. In any case, the task of recreation seems to have been a successful one!

One of these gods may have been an entity known to the ancients as Quetzalcóatl. According to Irene Nicholson, "The myth of the plumed serpent is dazzling in its beauty. It is the complete fairy-tale. All things change perpetually into something else; everything is elusive, intangible, yet permanent and true. The great bird-serpent, priest-king Quetzalcóatl is the most powerful figure in all the mythology of Mexico and Central America. Quetzalcóatl was a great lawgiver and civiliser, inventor of the calendar or book of fate. He was a compassionate king who, like the Buddha, could scarcely bear to hurt any living creature. No one knows just who he was or whence he came."

Indeed, it has been claimed that Quetzalcóatl came from a number of places—everywhere from Ireland to Atlantis. It was supposedly he who introduced maize to the people of the Central American region, so this

would date his arrival at no later than 8,000 to 10,000 years ago; some say even tens of thousands of years before this!

According to legend, Quetzalcóatl dropped from the heavenly plane to Earth on a ladder, followed by two other gods. In one hand he carried a staff, from which sprouted life, and he also carried the spear of the morning star (Venus?). (It could well have been at about this time that Venus arrived in our sky.) Some say he was the colour of jade or some other precious stone.

Quetzalcóatl has been known by more than one name down through the ages. Votan, or Pacal Votan, and Kukulcan were two other names. A self-confessed 'serpent' of unknown origin, Votan was ordered by the gods to go to America to found a culture. It appears he may have tried to return to the heavens or his homeland. As the story goes, it seems that a tower was being built to reach the heavens (spaceship?) but was destroyed because of a confusion of tongues among its architects. However, Votan was allowed to use a subterranean passage in order to reach the 'rock of heaven' (most interesting!).

There was also a god known as Lakin Chan, the serpent of the east. He was depicted in ancient artefacts with an elephant's trunk (breathing apparatus?). It is said that Lakin Chan was the creator of men and of all organic life, and that he founded the Maya culture. He invented writing and books and had knowledge of herbs and healing. Some say he was the son of Hunab Ku, the invisible god above all.

As we leave Mexican and Central American mythology, there is just one small clue remaining which points towards my own encounter with 'the gods'. At one time, Mexican gods who stood at the cardinal points of the compass were all Tezcatlipocas (gods of matter). Oddly, the colour of these gods did not always fit with the normally accepted compass colours—white, north; red, east; yellow, south; and black, west. Black, red and white were used, but for the south—which I believe is the direction from which settlers from Haven would have moved into the area—the colour was *blue*. This blue Tezcatlipoca was also depicted wearing what looks very much like goggles or some form of glasses. It also appears that blue was commonly used to depict priests or wise ones.

I leave you to form your own conclusions.

PART III

"Psychological and socio-cultural assumptions and preconceptions constrain us to a large extent, and shape our views of the universe so that we are inclined to find what we are looking for, and fail to see what we are not."

Quote from Global Competitiveness Forum (GCF)
25th January 2011

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What you see is what you get

Long before I could comprehend my reason for being, long before I even knew who I was it had started. My connection with non-physical beings was never questioned even though I did not understand why, to put it another way it was no more questioned than the act of breathing, I could only imagine it must have be the same for everyone. Of course I was wrong.

At first it seemed almost impossible to hold the memory of these communications for more than a few moments, you could say nature, in a very natural way was censoring these intrusions into my life, they were lost as quickly as a dream might be. Or were they?

I understood even when I was very young that people had dreams, thus it was easy to pass of my extraordinary experiences as dreamtime adventures, without a thought to the fact they happened mostly during broad daylight.

Why was I this way? Why was I geared to see a different aspect or spectrum of the environment than most others?

In the short review which follows I have endeavored to explain by way of scientific reasoning, why some are different and find it possible to see things that others cannot.

Nature's 'guard' at the doorway of your mind.

Because we appear to look at objects with our eyes it is very easy to forget that you do not actually see with those eyes, they simply convey data your brain then turns that data into perception.

Now here is the interesting part, what your conscious brain sees is not the same as what your non-conscious brain might see.

The brain processes many millions of bits of information every

second, yet we are aware of only a small percentage of this, in other words there are millions of bits of information your brain processes behind the veil of your awareness and then basically ignores it. So what determines which bit we will 'see' and which we will skip over? That all-important, life-shaping decision is made, moment to moment, all the time, day or night, awake or asleep, by a part of your brain called the reticular activating system the RAS.

The RAS is the scientific term for a network of nerve pathways at the base of your brain that connects the spinal cord, cerebellum, and cerebrum and acts as a filter for the sensory input your brain draws from your external world. Anything that you see, hear, taste, or smell passes through this fine network, which then relays the signal or message on to the appropriate part of your brain for processing.

Your reticular formation stands at the doorway of your mind, sorting through the torrent of incoming information and searching for those specific bits that best match those information patterns already established in your brain. Information patterns already established in your brain is the key factor here.

Your reticular formation picks up all the sensory input from your environment and, IF IT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU, sends a signal to your conscious brain to alert you that something important is going on. And it does this at a speed eight hundred times faster than your conscious brain cells operate.

It has often been reported when a UFO has been sighted by a group of people, some in the group will see it while others will not.

If you are open to these things—children are more open than adults for reasoning of conditioning—then your chances are that information will get through to your conscious mind and you will remember or see something that perhaps others might not.

You can think of this system as being something like Google. When you type in a word or search string into Google it scours the Internet for everything it can find that relates to the specific phrase, then retrieves it and presents it to you for your inspection, and it does all this in a matter of seconds. Your reticular formation does much the same thing only it does its work not in seconds but in thousandths of a second. The catch is you cannot expect to find that which you never search for, or what you believe does not exist.

Now we are going to turn this all around.

Thought influences matter.

Quantum physics is the study of how the world works on the smallest scale, at a level far smaller than the atom. As scientists studied the nature of reality on a smaller and smaller scale, something strange began to happen. The deeper we went into reality, the more it seemed to dissolve from view. The search for the smallest know particle of matter had instead turned up distinct yet elusive little packets of energy, which physicists called quanta. So it all comes down to this, everything is energy. A rock, a planet, a glass of water, your hand, everything you can touch, taste, or smell—it's all made of molecules, which are made of atoms, which are made of protons and electrons and neutrons, which are made of nothing but vibrating packets of energy.

For once we now know that everything is energy, that there is no absolute distinction between matter and energy, now the boundaries between the physical world and the world of our thoughts start to disappear.

In the decades that followed Einstein's theory of relativity, the new quantum physics began to reveal some very strange things. The tiny packets of energy know as quanta exhibited some very peculiar behaviours, including an unexplainable ability to influence one another, a property called entanglement. It did not seem to matter the distance apart, once related parts of the whole were separated they seemed to remain in contact with each other and this connection was at speeds faster than that of light, which violates one of Einstein's basic rules.

Scientists dubbed this mind-boggling capacity for instantaneous interconnection as 'non-locality'. Einstein had a somewhat less technical term for it. He called it 'spooky action at a distance'.

What could this force be? Could it be something even more basic than energy? The search was on for an underlying force that could bring together all the different kinds of energy we knew. This quest for a single mathematical equation that would account for the behaviour of all the known forces in the universe—a unified field theory, or theory of everything—has become the holy grail of science.

Two of the early pioneers of the quantum world, the Danish physicist Niels Bohr and his protégé Werner Heisenberg studied the puzzling behaviours of these tiny subatomic particles and recognized

that once you look deep within the heart of atoms, these "indivisible particles" are not at all the neat little miniature solar systems of billiard balls everyone had expected, but were something far messier, they were something like tiny packets of possibility.

Each subatomic particle appeared to exist not as a solid, stable thing, but as the potential of any one of its various possible selves. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle stated that it was not possible to measure all of a subatomic particle's properties at the same time. For example, if you record information about the location of a proton. You cannot pin down its speed of trajectory, if you figure out its speed, now it's precise location eludes you.

Bohr and Heisenberg's work suggested that at its most basic level, physical matter isn't exactly anything yet. At the subatomic scale, according to this new understanding, reality was made not of solid substance but of fields of potentiality, more like a set of possible sketches or ideas of a thing than the thing itself. A particle would take on the specific character of a material thing (in the scientists' terms, its properties would collapse into a single state) only when it was measured or observed.

And that was the really strange thing, the discovery that the act of observation influenced these particles' behaviour.

Every time the scientists looked for an electron, an electron would appear, right where they were expecting it. In fact, even more bizarre, it was soon found that the mere intention of measuring particles, even without carrying out the actual act itself, would still affect the particles in question.

Suddenly subjectivity—the action of consciousness upon a piece of "matter" had become an essential component in the very nature of reality.

The Zero-Point Field

As scientists continued pursuing their explorations on staggeringly small scales, they eventually found themselves staring at something truly confounding. They termed it the zero-point field (ZPF) because at this most infinitesimal of levels, some sort of force appears to be present even at a temperature of absolute zero, when all known forms of energy vanish.

This is the place where the instantaneous connections of

entanglement—those action-at-a-distance phenomena Einstein termed spooky—begin to make sense. Here, beneath the level of energy itself, exists a still more basic level. The field at this level is not exactly "energy" anymore, nor is it a field of empty space. It is best described, physicists realized, as a field of information.

To put it another way, the undifferentiated ocean out of which energy arises appears to be a sea of pure consciousness, from which matter emerges in clustered localities here and there. Consciousness is what the universe is made of, matter and energy are just two of the forms that consciousness takes.

Ervin Laszlo calls this field that underlies and connects all things the A-field, in deference to the ancient Vedic concept of the Akashic record, a nonphysical repository of all knowledge in the universe, including all human experience. The psychologist Carl Jung called it the *collective unconscious*, Rupert Sheldrake refers to it as the *morphogenetic field*. It has been intuited and described for thousands of years and in a multitude of terms and images throughout human history. Only in the last few decades has science caught up to what we always sensed but could never fully explain.

Says Laszlo: "The ancients knew that space is not empty, it is the origin and memory of all things that exist and have existed… This insight is now being rediscovered at the cutting edge of the sciences and is emerging as a main pillar of the scientific world's picture of the twenty-first century. This will profoundly change our concept of ourselves and the world."

I would go one step further than that, it seems most likely that in the singular we may well be able to change or restructure our own bodies, i.e. self-heal, and perhaps collectively change our whole universe, no wonder the dark forces on this planet are trying so hard to keep this from us.

So, when more than two decades ago, I met up with a group of peoples who described to me how they had reinvented their own reality to the point where they had actually created a new dimensional realm in which to live, how was I to convey that in layman's terms to my friends and acquaintances when I had no concept of how something like that could ever be achieved? Now that I have studied up on my science and have related to you the above discoveries suddenly it does not seem so preposterous at all.

Now many years later I have this feeling of melancholy, have I missed something of great importance? Have I wasted the greater part of my life by simply living it and not pushing myself to find a deeper meaning to it all? I have an inner feeling that is exactly what has happened, but a can't put my finger on the exact course of action I should have taken to have opened said door. It seemed I had the invitation I attended the Ball, and then walked away from it all dizzy and self reflective, but not moved enough to stop living the life of the norm. I carried on with life trying to push the intrusion aside, as if it was an inconvenience!

So here I am writing to you now about what happened but still not knowing what other course of action I could have taken.

The details of a one-on-one interaction with a being from another reality follow, but before that there is something I do wish to share with you, I might not have known what to do with the insights and information passed to me but maybe you do, perhaps these revelations will alter your life path, your understanding of thinking feeling intelligent life, or in fact your understanding of the universe as a whole or fractal of everything. I truly do hope so.

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Recent Earth visits

[Editor's Note: This continues from the end of Chapter 5]

Z-5 continued to answer my questions. At this point I need to tell you I didn't really like the idea of communicating with an entity who's name tag was more like that of a robot, so for my own personal comfort I bestowed her with the more Earthly name of Zeena. In any case Zeena seemed to accept her newly bestowed name as readily as I had accepted mine.

"You don't remember the lessons but still they influence your life path, you follow the teachings from day to day, your higher self never forgets."

I looked at her. "But my life has been very average, how could this be the chosen path of my higher self?"

"Do not think so negatively about your wonderful life on Earth Anu, have you not always followed your passions?"

"Well yes I guess so." I replied.

"You need not guess, we, I, can read your entire life path right to this very moment."

I must admit this rocked me a little. "Are you telling me everything I have ever done you know about?"

Zeena looked to comfort me. "Not every detail, just the imprint of your intent, your joys, your sorrows, your emotional imprint. By following your passions your soul or the spirit of your higher self has been bathing in the wondrous excitement of these physical endeavors. By the very act of following what excites you there is very little negative energy attaching itself to your physical framework.

"It might be best described as getting itself tangled in the wiring, for it is not so much a physical illness but a mental one, I had best be

careful here or you might misunderstand what I am trying to say. Negative energy is what causes most illness among your kind.

"Surely you have noticed how you never have any serious sickness? We are very interested in this aspect of your physical make up we need to know how to be healthy on your planet also. We may know the theory to these things but we need to study the practical application of this theory, in that way you have been most helpful to us, you might say a living experiment?"

I did not quite know what to make of that last statement, I must admit it made me feel a little uneasy.

Zeena continued...

"In the past when some of our people tried to live in isolated outposts on Earth they quickly became ill and many died. One such outpost was a very small island in your southern oceans known to your people as Southern Thule—this was before the base was compromised by unfriendly forces. We tried to live there underground to remain undetected and private, even though we had permission to use it as such by the governing body in control of that small piece of land.

"Mostly we had to live beneath the surface because of the extreme weather conditions in that area. This was a test laboratory if you like, a place where we experimented with ways to overcome the dangerous toxins in your atmosphere and underground. A place to allow our young people to acclimatize to Earth's conditions.

"The reason I raise this point is that we have tried to live on Earth already but found our metabolisms unable to cope with the negative forces and energies that pervade your planet. Mostly this has to do with the dark-energy I mentioned earlier which is not a native but a hybrid visitor designed to do the work of others. You don't realize how much resistance you have built up as a race, naturally combating this parasite. But we have little or no immunity to it and need to boost ourselves quickly and effectively this is where you once again have been of help to us Anu.

"I know you have been unaware of the parasite's existence until our meeting but still you build your immunity naturally, just as you do with any unseen germ."

At this point I had to interject.

"Southern Thule? I thought you said earlier it would be too

dangerous to give out locations on Earth that you have been using as bases, just in case someone manages to get inside my mind?"

"Yes it would be" she replied, "but we no longer use it, perhaps one day we will take you to our new base, another visit perhaps another time when we think we are ready to show you the new US."

The new 'us' I could only ponder on the meaning of that small word.

Zeena continued to describe what happened to base number one.

"As if the parasitic force was not successful enough in killing off some of our kind, the base was also attacked by human forces as well. Of course they could not damage our underground facilities from a surface attack, it was just a statement as if to say, time to move on before we get serious about evicting you. Some landlord, this from the very ones that said we could use the land many years before."

I had to ask. "Who had given you permission?"

"Your so-called world government, the ones that control you when the dark force is taking a holiday. The unseen ones to you perhaps but we know them only too well. However it might well be there are others now in control of this we are not yet sure"

She then continued to help me come to grips with what she was trying to say.

"I have gained permission from the Elders to help you understand better what this coming war might be like. We have already told you there will be increasing storms and very unusual weather in all parts of your planet this is part of an unseen war which is in fact a mind war to this point in time but it could become far worse than that, please let me explain why this could be so.

"The Earth and you are not dissimilar, the Earth has a body just as you have, and Earth also has a consciousness just as you have. Your consciousness resides outside your physical body. The air about the Earth contains its consciousness, the Earth has been infected by the dark force both in mind and body.

"When I said you had built up a resistance to the force this is only so far as the infection within the consciousness is concerned, in other words the infection within the atmosphere you are resistant too, but you have not yet been exposed in full to the infection within the Earth's body.

"When we set up one of our bases at Southern Thule there was good reason for this, not only was it isolated which suited our work but it

was also infected beneath its surface with what I could call a black plague. It is like a concentration of negative energy. We wanted to see if we could nullify this plague before it made its way to the surface by accident or design. It is easier to control if it is kept near zero degrees so it was best to work with it in the colder regions of your planet, heat appears to be its friend, if it was ever released into the tropics I don't think we could deal with it.

"Our interests as well as yours are endangered here. Somehow we must prevent this exposure. It was a set back to have our project at Southern Thule shut down, even after our friends in Argentina tried to help. We have since moved to another location where our work continues. It is not over yet.

"We have even stronger friends than those in the south of the Americas, perhaps one day you will know this. But never forget we are not friends of those of the stars and stripes, if someone tells you your ET brothers and sisters are coming and to hold your hands to those that come to visit with the stars and stripes let it be said there is danger in the air for this could never happen.

"The battle in the atmosphere is the outward sign. As the storms build in intensity so those manipulating the forces are becoming more and more desperate. Perhaps this will be a good sign for you because as some of you say the darkest hours come before the dawn.

"Perhaps the best sign of the wars end is the appearance once more of the gold coin. I do not fully understand your monies and how you rate its worth. To us gold can be food—you know this for you are now partaking of it. We have seen the value of gold come and go with your peoples many times over the past few millennia. Perhaps today it is worth its least, as you do not use it as money as you once did. Those of you who are our greatest enemies do not want the true value of gold to be known, so it is predicted when a gold coin once again has true value to your people, the wars will end. It is difficult for me to explain because as I said I do not understand some of your values and your food I understand even less."

My next question.

"How can you transfer my protective abilities of this parasite to yourselves if you suggest it is just a case of a natural build up of immunity due to constant exposure, and it is not so much a disease but rather a controlling energy force."

"You might be surprised at what we can do for it is not your terrestrial body that carries the immunity it is your conscious outer self which wears this new armor.

"You might recall earlier I said it was more a case of your wiring being affected than your physical body, and as you are really one of us that just happens to be wearing a terrestrial suit for the time being, it is not such a big deal, as you might say, to slip you out of your suit for a short period of time and try and synthesize or clone your other self. From that we will learn much."

I had to jump in there.

"Hey hang on, slow down there a bit! For a start I'm not 'one of you'. Here I am, sitting here, looking at you Zeena—there is no way you can convince me I'm your brother. Besides, if I'm one of you how come I know nothing of any of this already? It's all news to me."

Zeena replied. "We will get to all that soon enough. This all started with you wanting to know more about your early schooling, the non-terrestrial schooling, is that not so? So let me tell you about your early years with us and perhaps when I have finished you might understand a little more of what or who you are.

"In many ways what happened to you might be likened to being sent to a boarding school, a permanent live in boarding school, or if you prefer the military style explanation you were an advance scouting party, testing the waters for those that might follow. The only thing is that to you it might feel like the other way around, it had to be this way, you had to think and know you were human through and though if there was ever even one doubt in your mind you would go insane or be called insane, it would amount to the same thing.

"So Anu, you succeeded beyond all expectations—you are human, don't doubt it you are as human as anyone else on the planet—but to us that is a great joke, for all humans are really what you might call Angels, but for a short time Angels with solid bodies. It is just that you came by Earth from a slightly different direction as one of us, you died on Earth, that is the only difference between you and the other Angels, your start point was off by a few degrees of light that is all.

"On Earth there are people from all over the universe that died somewhere else and chose to be reincarnated on Earth. It's not hard to spot the strangers in town if you know what to look for they are mostly the ones that don't tow the party line as you might say, which

is why up until now we had to hope you would not awaken too soon or we might have lost you to the forces dark and evil killers, the ones your Hollywood make movies about like the 007 spy."

Again I had to say something.

"What are you saying then? When I go back I'll be hunted and killed!"

She tried to comfort me once again.

"Don't despair, we will wipe this event from your memory, for your own protection, you will arrive back on Earth if you so wish without memory of any of this. Your life can continue as before, if that is truly what you wish."

My mind was swimming. I died on Earth but it was not my home? This I ran over and over again in my mind. To Zeena it would seem I was thinking out loud—I knew this but I had to play it back, over and over to make sense of it all—talking to myself I held up my hand to Zeena to advise her to stop the information overload. I needed to be left alone with this, it was going to take some time for it all to sink in, I needed time to rest, my head was spinning. This could not be real, this must be a dream, it has all gone too far.

Nothing in my previous existence on Earth had prepared me for this landslide of information coming my way via a slight wisp of a girl with blue skin and very large violet eyes.

Still as I looked into those very deep violet eyes I could easily let go of this reality, was I being seduced for a reason, or was I seducing myself? More frightening was it easy for me to be seduced because this 'IS' where I belong.

It was time to take a gamble, if I did indeed have a higher conscious mind that knew all, then it would not let me make a mistake this big, I had to trust what I had always trusted back home, something that had never let me down in the past, my gut instinct.

This was my direct line to god, my higher self, if the phone line was still intact I would make a call. I needed to still my mind, clear it of the past moments of information overload and just see how I felt about all this.

I asked Zeena if I may be excused, I need to sleep this off, I would be back when I had rested.

25

Past Lives

I wanted to learn more about the times during my early childhood when I would set out for school in the mornings but never seemed to arrive. I can still recall 'awakening' in the afternoon on the back steps of a local church near my home. As was the norm with many conversations with Zeena, I received far more information than I knew what to do with, let alone fully comprehend. What you are reading now is an interpretation of a number of detailed subjects of which I still only have a very limited understanding.

It was during one of these conversations that I learned my host and others of her kind knew me by another name. To them I had always been known as Anu. Here on Earth the ancient spelling of this name has often been recorded through history as simply AN. Strangely enough these are my Earthly initials in this very lifetime, or at least the two initials I use the most.

Perhaps we cannot entirely escape our past? Or was there a deeper reason, perhaps as a reminder. I was soon to learn our lives are dotted with signposts to help show us the way and to remind us of our goals and intentions. It's just that most of us forget to watch out for them or are unaware we are even following a path, as happened to me.

I have always had a passion for motor sport and have raced cars of all types over the years. As you might expect there were accidents, most of which were of no consequence, however a few could well have claimed my life. When I was 27 years of age and driving a single-seat open wheel race car I was fortunate enough to make it through one of the more spectacular and life threatening accidents of my motor-sport career without damage to myself.

Small open cockpit racing cars are typically more likely to cause

injury to the driver during an accident mostly because they are very lightly constructed. The fact they have an open cockpit, or no roof, does leave the driver more vulnerable to injury during accidents, especially if the car should roll over at any stage. Even though they are fitted with what is called a roll bar, this does not always offer total protection to the driver.

During this particular accident my race car did indeed roll over in mid-air and at high speed. As every driver of this type of vehicle knows, at that point its pure luck that decides the outcome of such a crash. Perhaps because of this its not hard to imagine the driver might well see a flashback of his or her life or some significant event of importance that might be hovering within the minds eye, as indeed I did. There was one major surprise to me however, the flash back did not appear to have anything to do with any part of my *current* lifetime. It was as if I had borrowed the memory of someone else in the fleeting seconds before the car hit the ground.

The Flash back

It was such an unusual visual spectacle and so foreign to me at the time, that I have never forgotten it. Now that I found myself in an equally foreign environment, the alien spacecraft-crash flashback seemed vaguely familiar and popped into my mind on more than one occasion. So when the chance came to question Zeena about this incident I quickly did so.

Zeena whom as always, was both trying to encourage my understanding of all things new and at the same time protect my fragile grip on the realities being presented, was, in this case, able to supply me with an explanation. But I'm not so sure it helped protect my fragile grip.

I described that motor accident in detail to her from those many years before, and the life that had flashed before my eyes as the car rolled over in mid air and seemingly floated as if in suspended animation. I described in thought for her all the things I had seen at the time, scenes during the flashback that I would never forget. I explained to her it was as if I had swapped one accident for another while awaiting the new one to be completed.

In the flashback I was also spiralling out of control through the air before things went blank. The next recall was that of being carried by

unknown beings far larger than myself, into an open clearing outside of the craft or vehicle I had been flying. I felt pain in almost every part of my body, at first it appeared these large beings were trying to help and comfort me, but this quickly changed when some form of large transport vehicle arrived and I was loaded inside of it. I felt a deep sense of loss and this was confirmed when I saw my two travel companions lifeless bodies being lifted into the same vehicle. Some time passed, maybe days, and I realized noone was attempting to help me recover from my wounds, and that I had only been examined by these curious beings for their own interests, not mine.

As my life force slipped away I recall a longing to see the sun, as if it's energy could have helped heal me. In desperation I tried to reach out with my mind to the only being I had seen that seemed to show a little compassion toward me, but my mental interaction only confused and stunned him. The others thought I was attacking him and came at me with weapons in a threatening way, it was then I knew that all was lost, I soon would die.

All of this and more recalled in what could only have been the blink of an eye.

I looked back at Zeena in wonder and hope, could she explain why I should have such a vision in the cockpit of my race car when it appeared my life was in danger seemingly for a second time?

"I am not surprised your higher-self saw the similarity to the predicament you found yourself in during your auto-accident. It must have almost mirrored the time many years before when your scout-ship crashed this resulted in your ultimate death on planet Earth approximately 40 terrestrial years ago. You were just seeing a flash back from your past life because of that similarity, it is perfectly logical when you think about it" she replied.

"You mean that really was me in that recall, and the aftermath, in the dark cell with the beings in white coats? Strange, in the flash back I could not recognize them as fellow humans, but they must have been, right?" I asked.

"Most likely" Zeena replied "but not necessarily so, there are more than just you humans running the show down there, as I have tried to describe before".

I felt a cold shiver run down my spine, "sometimes it really is best to be blissfully ignorant I suggested."

"Please yourself on that," Zeena replied "personally I would rather know who I was dealing with, good or bad".

Of course she was right.

"You said before if I wished to not remember any of this interaction you could wipe my mind of it. What if I choose to remember?" I asked

"Then we would have some work to do," Zeena commented. "There is a process you need to go through upon your arrival back on Earth that normally edits your memory of everything that has happened off-planet. It is just the physical process of fitting you back into the normal state, what you might call a denser being, a more compressed self. The new material you have taken in, the new information never sticks, it is like your dreams. In fact it is exactly like a dream memory, some very small fractions you might remember, but quickly the details will fade. Try as you might you will lose most of your recall. The only way we can restore it, is to feed it back to you once again in dreams, only over and over again until finally it becomes a normal memory of a normal event. But even this does not always work, it is as you say a hit-and-miss affair, and as well as that, it will only work if we are in Earth time and space. I can't do it from home, I, we, need to be in your airways so to speak, do you understand what I am saying?"

"Well yes, it sounds like a difficult job, kind a labour intensive, I would see how you would not want to do it to everyone you put back." I replied.

"Exactly, and it might be best for you if you don't remember, because from experience, I think you will never be able to live a normal life again if your memory of this is fully restored. You should weigh the pros and cons of this very carefully. You are still young in Earth years with most of your life ahead of you. Even if you are exceptional, I doubt you will survive to live a normal life. Or worse, it could very well end your life if you try to convince the wrong people what you have seen and done. This is very dangerous territory and there are many on your planet that would rather see the back of you. I hope I am making the dangers clear to you Anu, I do not want to be responsible for harm coming your way."

"I thank you for the warning and yes I will give it deep thought before I decide."

This was my reply at the time but of course it should be obvious to one and all what my ultimate decision was.

"So this is why I can't remember what happened to me when I was a young boy?" was my next question to Zeena.

"Not exactly, we never took you off-planet when you were young. We presented you with a holographic classroom or learning center. We simply made you invisible to others while this was being presented to you. You simply stepped out of your time zone for a short while. In actual Earth time, mostly you were never gone for more than a few moments. It was only very occasionally you might have had some missing time, I mean real time outages, where you don't remember what happened for part of a day. This is very disruptive and we try never to do it very often, so it would have been important whatever it was that could take away some of your real time on Earth. If it helps you at all, it is only the young that are very important to us that this would ever happen too.

"Please believe me Anu when I say we care very much for you, we always are trying to protect you. We know by interacting with you there is always a chance we could endanger you. But ultimately it was always your choice to live this life, that is a decision you made before you were born. I did not see you choose your life, but I know you would have been privy to most of the ups and downs of your life choice. We always are, you me, the rest of the world's population have all made choices. It is difficult to say this but you should never really feel sorry for anyone, they are mostly living their chosen life within a small degree of alteration.

"But this is a very deep subject and I am perhaps not skilled in this area to give out too much information. If you need to go deeper, I would refer you to my Guardian, the Elder you met when you first came aboard, for surely then you would know more than you could ever imagine. This is another place it is dangerous to tread, because to know too much about the life you are living, is to endanger its existence.

"I could, if you wished it, open your mind to it's inner self, then all that is forgotten would be recalled and you would see yourself and the other worlds for what they really are. For you I think many mysteries would be unlocked.

"A part of me says I should not make this offer, yet another part of me knows you are longing for the information that lies deep within you. A life on Earth requires this information be sealed until death

of the physical body reunites you with it. But here we are not in Earth's grip, perhaps you will never return to your home world. I feel if you know yourself at this moment you will be able to make that choice with greater wisdom. So there is my offer to you Anu. Do you wish me to turn the key for you?

"Another word of warning perhaps, this will be little different from physical death, the same doors will be opened and I am not sure how you will handle such things because I have not personally had an Earth life as of yet, so my experience of what you will endure is unknown. You must trust I think what you call your instinct."

Stunned as to what to think of this offer, my head filled with all that could be if I said 'yes' to it. Another part, perhaps deeper within me, was calling out 'caution'—maybe once unlocked, Pandora could not be put back in her box? What if I learn the secrets of life and death, what if I understand reality, could I return to a normal life on Earth knowing these things? Surely people are locked away when they try and talk of such among those that are not equipped to comprehend?

Zeena was understanding of my dilemma, so I took the time to look around. I looked at her once again deeply and with meaning. I studied her closely, I felt I had the right. I looked hard into her eyes, I found wonder there. Then I touched the wall of the transporter and took delight in the customary sparks that issued forth from my finger tips as I drew closer to the surface of the craft.

I remembered the other human inhabitants I had met when I first came aboard. Was I not already so deeply immersed in this adventure, so far down the rabbit hole that nothing could ever now be the same again? Save for this memory being totally removed I felt I had little to lose by taking another step. If I should refuse this chance I would never have another in this lifetime.

I did not have to reply. Zeena knew I had to reach out to the highest level within myself for an answer.

"Let me give you a taste" she suggested.

For the second time on this journey I lost contact with the physical form, drifting like a cloud in the sky, or was it more like falling?

Things rushed up at me, things I could not define.

Now I was being born, born from the Sun or some type of fiery creature.

At first I did not have form or identity, but I was aware of others.

Eventually, because there were others, I could define myself distinguish myself.

I was different even though similar, it was perplexing but pleasing to know I was not them, and so self grew.

Time was a measure of conscious growth, I am tendered, as you would tend a plant in your garden, only more so.

Now I am restless, there is a desire within me that I do not understand, I think I know who I am and I want to expand on that, how?

So my first time as a physical being starts.

I have no idea what type of being I was, looking out from the inside you are always the same, without a mirror how can you know what you really are?

If you draw deep within yourself what do you see?

What shape are you?

Does it really matter?

You are just you, correct?

Can you even perceive a form?

"Forgive me Anu, I must leave you for a short time, I feel I need guidance before I say or do more."

26

Dream Machine

This was the first and only time Zeena excused herself almost in mid sentence, or to me, mid dream. Never before had I seen her falter in her presentation of information to me. In many ways it only endeared her to me all the more to know she was not just an infallible machine regurgitating information like some computer programme. It made me see her in a new light, a better light in fact. But that is a dangerous road for me personally, and one I would rather not travel down in relating my experiences to you right now. For I was not sure how I should feel toward Zeena, I was still a stranger in a strange land in spite of what was being presented to me. I could still feel the resistance from many of the crew when I was near by, perhaps with good cause on their behalf, because of the dangers they face from humans when they come anywhere near Earth time-space. But all that aside I was on my own here, and I felt one wrong move from me and things could get very interesting in the wrong sort of way.

So I was left to my own devices once again to roam the transporter, or platform as I heard some of the crew describe this machine that could transverse time space and dimensions just as easily as we would cut cake.

It was strange after Zeena hastily excused herself from our conversation about the choices of life and what happens before one is born. I did not see her for quite some time. Instead I got my one and only real visit from an Elder. I can only guess what went on behind closed doors but it seemed Zeena might have overstepped her station and talked about subjects that might have been taboo for me at that stage of learning. Whatever the reason it actually turned out to be a bonus for me, or at least I thought so, as the Elder (no name) took the time to escort me to what I can only describe as the

bridge deck of the transporter. It was here once again for the first and only time on the craft that I saw more than one Elder in the same place at the same time.

If I observed correctly, it seemed that three Elders were required to control what could only be called technical guidance. There is a high degree of probability I have most or all of what I observed wrong, for I certainly had no real idea of what was going on. I can only report what I saw and hope some aspects of my observations are correct. The three Elders sat facing each other in a triangular fashion. The instrumentation did not appear to be mechanical, more like layers of light into which the Elder I could see closest to me placed it's hands.

I guess the best way to describe the instrument it was using, would be a three dimensional chessboard made from laser lights, although there may well have been more than three dimensions to it. It was interesting to observe that when one of the Elders made an alteration or a movement to the device—they all did. Perhaps they were not all altering the same setting but something was being adjusted in what appeared to be simultaneous unison. The Elder I was with never explained anything or described anything. It was left for me to observe and form my own conclusions. Much later when I went over this experience in my head while alone, I did wonder why there was no commentary or guidance. I came to two main conclusions, either they did not really want me to know what was going on, which didn't really make any sense, after all why take me to see the bridge in the first place, I had never asked to be shown. So the second more likely conclusion was they were observing me, reading my mind and seeing if I was comprehending, remembering some aspect of driving the machine.

The three Elders appeared to be in a vortex of light spiralling to the very top of the chamber, I guess best described as a whirlpool.

I got the impression it was a plant like organism made of light and controlled by the thoughts and actions of these three amazing creatures called Elders. I just knew the craft was alive the very first moment I found myself within it. Later I learnt just why it had to be this way, for the very aspect of time displacement or instantaneous transmutation requires some aspect of reassembly upon reaching the required destination, and only living creatures it would appear carry the DNA structure inbred that can self assemble when required, no man made mechanical object can do that.

Nature never ceases to amaze me in the most wonderful ways. The very thing that makes an oak tree out of an acorn every time, was the same mechanism that allowed this craft to be disintegrated and reassemble on command.

Somewhere else!

This is when the penny dropped for me, the bio-suits, this blue skin I was wearing was also vegetable in nature, also part of the craft and also 'alive'. I wondered why when I got to close to the walls of a room or touched some part of the craft I would always get a small sparking effect. What was happening was the suit was trying to become part of the craft, to join forces so to speak.

Then I began to reach even further into the mystery of what I had been drinking in vast quantities at the suggestion or almost insistence of my hosts. This strange glowing golden juice was a form of electronically charged chlorophyll, or so I was told, an exotic elixir of metals like gold, rhodium and platinum reduced to their basic chemical state of powder. Sometimes referred to as "manna" or "white power of gold" on Earth, this was mixed in with a plasma base that was in composition similar to sea water or blood plasma.

Was I becoming a plant? And if so was this a good or bad thing?

As I did not know anything remotely like a crystalline state of gold could even exist until I did some research on my return to Earth, finding such states of certain minerals do exist even though mostly suppressed from the general public back home, made me wonder deeply about how much the evolution of the human race has been retarded by the ruling elitists, the generals of the dark overlords.

When Zeena joined me once again to carry on our conversations and explanations, she almost seemed like a different person. For some reason she seemed to have lost her self confidence, through this I felt another side to her, a loving gentleness not easily detected before with her aloof matter-of-fact form of presentation.

We mostly had these talks in what I called the oval room, which seemed to be the number one recreation room for crew and passengers. It is surprising how soon you can get used to something that at first might have taken your breath away. Not enough that Zeena had a blue body and looked just a little more than unworldly,

not enough that I looked the same, but here we were in a room that had no corners, no lights but was never dark. Constantly the room would change colour from a light green to a pink or purple, then go back to a creamy silver. I still had trouble gauging distances in these curved rooms, they did not always look so big but it took an age to travel from one side of them to another.

I now rarely needed any sleep, and *not* eating or even desiring hard food seldom crossed my mind as strange anymore. Talking without sound was another aspect of life I was starting to get used to, although I would occasionally catch myself talking the words as I communicated to Zeena.

Then there was the other thing, being in constant contact with someone will either drive you away, wanting your own space, or pull you closer, even more so if it be a male, female, friendship relationship. The softening of Zeena's exterior personality, if that is the correct terminology did something to me that was more than just physical. Dare I say she became more human and much easier for me to like, which is a very reserved comment for something very much deeper I think.

'How could this be happening?', I would often remind myself. Here it is only days since I was driving my car, minding my own business, full of my own sorrows and driving past things that were so familiar I didn't bother to look at them. Now it was happening in a place where nothing could be called even vaguely familiar. I have to wonder in awe at the versatility of the human mind, to take in new information, new sights and new environments and adapt so quickly. We truly are a wonderful machine. It would not have been a surprise if I had been in fear for my life in this situation, but I now found myself, instead wondering if this slip of a blue-faced girl fancied me or not!

If it was possible for me to blush with a blue face I must have done so, because I soon realized I was thinking out loud, if Zeena felt any resentment, contempt or embarrassment with my personal thoughts she did not let on, and covered her own thoughts as only she could do.

So my questions drifted back to life, or to be more precise, life before life. I wanted Zeena to expand on her explanation about our life choices. I felt she was about to describe something of importance and certainly of great interest to me when she pulled back from the

conversation and excused herself just before my trip with the Elder to the bridge deck. For the first time in our interactive relationship I felt a hesitance from her to proceed with an explanation.

"Perhaps I should approach this subject from another direction," she suggested. "One of the main reasons there is resistance from my people to interact with the Earth's population to a more expanded extent, is because of your belief systems or understanding of the self. We are constantly under-whelmed by your sciences, which appear to be held in such high regard by your peoples. They appear diligent in their endeavors but darker forces control them. Their vision is confused by their inability to expand and combine the knowledge they hold. Small sections of knowledge are never combined so a bigger picture can be seen. In this way they are controlled because the right hand never knows what the left hand has discovered and vice versa. Those among you gifted enough to be able to see all are quickly dispatched by the unseen ones, and your history books mostly deprived of their contributions. So you all remain deprived of your true history and an understanding of what being human is all about.

"The non-physical aspects of life on Earth or life in a human body, have generally been ignored by your sciences at the direction of the darker forces. The science of your churches, which you might expect to discover and revel this subject to all, have been corrupted also. But you know this so, I do not need to expand on it now. Still I hope this gives you an overview of just how extensive the censorship of your knowledge about the self is, and how such censorship continues.

"Without this knowledge you are but children and easily controlled. You could be turned against us at the whim of the unseen ones and anything we might tell you would be looked upon with more than suspicion. To condense what I am trying to say here—your people are not yet ready to embrace the truth. This is not to put the people of Earth down, for they are but puppets at this time in your history. If we could declare all the truth at one time your civilisation would most likely collapse and this we do not wish to see.

"So what is all this about then?" I had to ask the question, my mind was flooded with the confusion of having been told so much and at the same time told this was information I was not ready for! "Why are you telling me this, what can I do with this knowledge, not that I know much of what you talk about but even so why tell me this if you feel I, or the human race, are not yet ready to deal with it?"

"I have to tell you because you asked," Zeena replied.

"It is strange that you still do not realize you are not one of them—you are one of us. I am trying to remind you of that which you already know, but have just forgotten because of your circumstance. You need not repeat any of this information to anyone if you so choose, it is for your benefit that I recite this account of life on Earth. It has been suggested to me that perhaps it would be better for us and for you to keep most of this information to yourself in the short term. Perhaps at some later stage in your life on Earth, you might consider the information I am now sharing with you is ready be passed on to others. This we will leave to your judgment, but for now treat it as a reminder of the way things are. We feel it could be of help to you in the trials which will confront you after your return to life on Earth.

"Now if you wish I will remind you of what your sciences have yet to discover about the non-physical aspects of life on Earth?"

I duly indicated I wished her to proceed.

"Your preoccupation with speed in this life-time is most likely a residual aspect of the life you lived before that time. The crash you recalled earlier, when you thought you saw a glimpse of a life you did not recognize as your own, was perhaps a more accurate reality than your everyday life. For once you saw a duality, even if it was out of time, a flashback, it still reflected the aspect of overlapping lives. You have two bodies back on Earth, the physical and the non-physical, so you never walk alone. Most on Earth intrinsically know this but your science is working hard to disavow the fact. What we are trying to do in our experiments and visits to Earth is fuse the two aspects of humanity into one whole—in other words for you to be aware of the other self. We have failed thus far in our experiments. If we should succeed, the unseen ones would lose control over the population of Earth, the Sun would shine a different colour, the deserts would bloom again and Eden would once again become the garden of plenty.

"Those that dwell in an existence close to yours, draw off the light, for they live in a darker world. They extract the life force from your planet in a way that not only drags down your own moral fortitude but it depletes nature's energies as well. Only a few of your kind have stumbled upon the existence of this other world, and they have been dispatched and dealt with by the unseen ones and their corrupt

legends which dwell among you. Many of your own kind have given themselves to this force for a token moment of personal glory, which is all that each life on Earth really is, only a moment of your own personal history, a blink of an eye.

"So this is the dark force I often speak to you about, as I have described it to you, it is within you and without, by that I mean it possess some of you, while it resides elsewhere." Zeena concluded.

Upon my return to the Earth-plane I have allowed my intuition to guide me far more directly than I might have ever done in the past, this unseen guide directed me to a man by the name of Trevor Constable and through him I was directed to the work of Wilhelm Reich. If you seek a more definitive backbone of truth to the unseen world, which at time invades our own, I implore you to use the life's work of these two men to help build your own understanding of the subjects raised in my conversations with Zeena.

As always I was impressed with the patience shown by my new found friend as she tried to download a universe of information to her wide-eyed recipient. That she thought the need to apologise for wandering off the main subject from time to time, was a further testament to her patience, as Zeena continued to remind me of my own personal history.

"Once again I have diverted from the true subject, that of your choice in this life on Earth. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive those on Earth that have fallen prey of the unseen ones. If you have no warning of these things you have little defence. Those that forget the lessons of past lives, live the same mistakes over and over until they at last recall them. Many among you are weak and fall prey to an easy life path, which the unseen ones are only too happy to provide if they gain from such.

"Before being born, you were given a glimpse of your life path, for a labyrinth of choices always come your way as you navigate towards your chosen goal. All lives are chosen as lessons, you feel a need to improve some aspect of your being, a life path is chosen to help with this learning. Often you can be distracted, the chosen path forgotten and the lesson does not take place. So you must attempt it over again. For some this can happen many times before any progress is made. The glimpse of your life before it takes place is to help you remember which choices to make if you are to reach you goal, but

still it is easy to forget. Just as you forget your dreams when you awaken from sleep so it is easy to forget your chosen path once you are born. Practice makes perfect as your people say, and as one lives through more and more experiences it is easier to focus on the goals that have been set. So the older more experienced soul has less distractions, does not get hooked into power plays, does not sell one's self out to the highest bidder and usually stands out among your kind for totally different reasons than those that are glorified by the promoters of fame and fortune.

"These promoters are not to be trusted Anu, most work for the unseen ones. Glorification and a path to the easy life is their seductive weapon. A young and inexperienced soul is easily drawn in, but I know you are aware of this even if you seem confused at this time, your higher self is well schooled, it has not forgotten your life path. Still your mind and listen carefully to the whispering from within, it is your best guide in all events on Earth. I know you have used it in the past please continue to do so.

"I feel I need to help you here, for your life path could well become a troubled one soon enough. The signs on the road of life you hope to have remembered, when choices need to be made, are not always to make it easy on you. Just the opposite, they are mostly there to make sure you walk the more difficult road. When you make a choice do not despair if it appears to have been the wrong one and things turn against you, there is much to be learned in adversity and very little to be gained from a soft ride. I'm sure you understand what I am saying Anu, for you are a battle hardened soul of many campaigns, you just suffer the amnesia of life. It's all part of the game—the one you love so much—and which one day I will also be part of."

Zeena now wanted to explain the link between my past life and the one she was leading in a different area of time and space.

"By now you must know this life path you are on was planned even before you were born. We were expecting to see you and as we don't dwell in the same time standards as those on Earth. To us it has been but a short time since we lost you to an accident that ended your physical life on the surface of planet Earth.

"You used to be one of us Anu. My guardian elder, the one that has just recently introduced himself to you, he knows you from before and is amused you do not remember him.

"You might recall once before, many lifetimes ago, you also died while exploring Earth. Yes as I read your thoughts, the recurring dream you had as a child and young adult, it is a fractured memory of another adventure which also ended tragically on the surface of planet Earth, still you are drawn back to this watery planet like a magnet to steel. I can only wonder why? But perhaps you can now find it easier to believe what I am describing to you, these other lives if you try hard you will be able to recall far more than just two deaths on planet Earth.

"Also because of your love for the blue planet I know you will be eager to return to it, even though you are welcome to stay, after all this is really your home. However you appear to have adopted Earth or Earth has adopted you. Either way I think you will be keen to know that your job down there is far from complete and at a later date, when you are more confident with us, there is much the Elders would like to discuss with you."

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Simulations

This discussion about planet Earth started me thinking about a subject that had been bugging me ever since I first learnt how amazingly good these people were at simulation and manufacturing life like situations for training purposes. These thoughts have been magnified since returning home and reading Robert Monroe's book F*ar Journeys*. His experiences in the non-physical realm left him spellbound where simulation was involved. He states there was no chance he could ever tell if a situation he found himself in was real or simulated when his friends in the non-physical regions presented him with possible life choices—what they called lessons of progression. Every time Robert lived through one of these lessons, and there where many, he suggested it was impossible to tell that it was only a simulation. He lived though each lesson as if he was living a day of his life, and it was always as real as that. Each time he was presented with a new challenge he did not remember he had just lived though a similar event until after the simulation was finished. These beings were therefore the masters of deception or the unreal.

So now I have to ask myself a question and perhaps you might want to consider it also. If there are beings that can create such dazzling reality on demand, that is obviously not the real thing as we understand it, then it begs one to wonder—is there actually anything in our universe that is real in human terms?

I have seen and lived though similar training simulations. In order for them to work, it is preferable you think they are for real, and so it always seems they are. The mind can play so many tricks, for instance when you are dreaming the most implausible dream, do you ever stop and tell yourself this isn't real? Maybe you do, but what if it's not an

implausible dream? What if it was a 9-5 dream, get up go to work come home have an evening meal, any reason to question the validity of that, dream?

I know this is not the first time similar questions have been asked, but the trouble is I have met the people that can pull it off and so has Robert Monroe, and I presume there are others that are even better at it than the ones I have met. Very much better at it!

Science in it's wisdom, or rather scientists, keep telling us you can't get something from nothing, there is no form of free energy, it's just not possible to have such a thing. Yet with the other ear I hear them telling me the big bang produced everything in the universe and that all came out of nothing! Strange belief systems scientists have. I could much more easily believe the universe started with an idea, and it grew from that. With an idea you need nothing to start with, but a thought. From that first thought, you could grow it into something quite spectacular, like our very own universe.

Anyone gifted enough to be able to create simulated life experiences that humans can't tell from the real thing could most likely create a simulated universe for us to live in, and who's to say that is not what we are living in now?

I don't even need to say 'if' there were beings that have lived their entire lives without physical bodies, because I 'know' there are such beings, these beings would appear to have control over all the perceived matter in the universe, as they should if they created it. I can't help but think they would want to play with the toys they have just made, and to do so they would need some kind of physical presence either remotely operated or personally operated, usher in beings like us humans. Now the physical beings can relay back to the creators what it is like to have a physical body and everyone learns a thing or two. This sounds far more likely than the big bang theory, but what do I know, I'm only a part of a non-physical being having a physical experience I'm no scientist so I guess I don't know anything.

28

Intel

Twenty years and more have past since I made a pact with myself to never surrender to the unseen unnamed and unjust rulers of planet Earth. I was born here a free man, not encumbered to anyone as we all are, some may argue that fact but I stand by it.

I decided those many years ago I would also die the same way I was born. Most of you, luckily I hope will never have to consider seriously a pact of this nature made under similar circumstances to mine. I should hope you would never have a gun placed to your head under threat of death, never be beaten to within an inch of your life for not cooperating with the said ruler's Hench Men.

That pact has gotten me into more than enough trouble over the years that followed—some of which you are about to read. I see no reason why this stance should gain me any extra friends or ease of passage in the foreseeable future either but that is who I am. It would appear my 'other worldly' connections come at a price many are not willing to pay on planet Earth. Perhaps just standing up for one's self can cause the same amount of trouble and pain. Our history books are riddled with the proof of such. I'm not sure if I'm blessed or cursed but I deal with it in my own best way. I do not ask for sympathy nor help but a little understanding would be nice once in a while.

I don't even know why I have such a strong aversion to the rules set by others. Perhaps it's because in most cases I have never met these people and they have never asked me what I might want from life. I have always felt I was a fair person never wanting to push my desires on to anyone, yet to live on planet Earth I feel I am under siege at every turn to do as instructed under treat of punishment. I am free to do as I wish it would appear, as long as I do as I'm told.

Perhaps I could live with these rules if it were not for the fact that

many that set up these rules, and indeed some that enforce them, are the most unethical and criminal people on the planet.

I consider I am a gentle loving person—in many ways a loner, for I do not make friends easily, perhaps because of the above. Most people cannot figure me out. I guess I rub them the wrong way when I say nobody on this planet, or for that matter in the entire universe, owns me, or has the right to instruct me as to how I should live my life. One thing is for sure I'm not ready to give the only thing I really own, which is myself over to others for the price of a ticket of acceptance. Given some of my early education was not 'Earthly', does that explain this annoying habit I have of wanting to be in charge of my own destiny?

When my mother took me by the hand for my first day at Earth school I freaked out. I wanted to run as far and as fast as I could from that school and never look back. Well that's not what actually happened, but soon after I seem to have been immersed into a field of energy or oneness with nature that molded me in a different way to most others around me. I cannot describe it in greater detail as much as I have tried, but it took me aside and helped me through those early years. You might call it extra-curricular schooling from the far side of the mirror we call our mind.

As in the first section of this update I had to get all that out of my system so I could tell you about the more interesting things that happened to me after I decided to make that pact.

During the winter 1993 I found myself in a 3-metre square cubical at Rangipo Prison in the central North Island of New Zealand. I was there mostly because I had decided not to sell out my ET friends. Others however had different ideas about that.

I had hardly gotten settled into 'my cosy little home away from home' in the freezing rural New Zealand highlands when I was summoned to the visitor's quarters and shown to a seat in a private interview room.

I sat there for some time staring at the two empty chairs on the other side of the small gray table and wondered what they were going to throw at me this time. As always they are masters of surprise, you are never told anything until it has almost happened. It's a ritual they make a habit of—never letting you settle, never pre-warning you, keeping you guessing and out of step while they take their sweet time

to set you up in great detail. In other words you need to keep your wits about or you will be eaten for breakfast. I had decided having been eaten once it was not about to happen again. But still they surprised me.

There is no way it seems, for a South African to speak english without giving away his nationality. Eventually after a staged period of time, just enough to almost put me to sleep, in they came. Two guys each about the size of your average house—why is it all spooks are built this way? The size of these guys by now did little to intimidate. I'd seen it all before, but South African? That was a new twist.

I'll cut to the chase. From 1989 through 1991 there appears to have been a major influx of extra-dimensional and/or extraterrestrial craft into Earth airspace. It would appear at least one such craft crashed or was shot down over South Africa. The 'house' with a South African accent told me all this. I still don't know if it really happened, however there are reports on the internet about just such an event if can we take any of those reports as real that is.

I was handed several pieces of paper with various glyphs and some form of wording in a very strange looking script. My first thought was they could have been taken to be instructions for opening a device of some kind. It appeared they were of the understanding I would be able to decipher it for them.

So I said nothing. And they pushed for a time, and played all the usual mind games, but I remained silent.

"Very well then" said the 'house' with the South African accent, "perhaps you can help us with this little toy."

He passed me a small brown item about the size of a matchbox which he removed from a small alloy lock box. The item he wished me to see had rounded corners and edges. It also had several markings embossed or engraved into the surface, similar to the ones I'd just been shown drawn on paper. It was logical to assume the instructions on the papers somehow related to this small device or vice versa. I guess if I had somehow deciphered the printed wording I would never have gotten to see this artefact. So was I winning ,or was it a draw up to this point?

Again I said nothing, but I could not help but see as he released the 'toy' the imprint of his thumb and forefinger remained on it for

some time rather like a shadow. Intrigued I asked if I could pick it up? He nodded affirmatively.

It had nothing on it that looked like a button as you might expect to find on a remote control device, it was as smooth as a pebble you might find in a steam.

It was also very light, much lighter than I had expected. It felt like it must have been hollow. I held it up to the light but could not see into it except for the fact it did appear to have tiny dark lines within it. They almost looked like veins. I guessed some type of internal circuitry.

"What do you expect this thing to do?" I asked.

I felt as long as I was there against my will I might as well milk them for as much information as they might have been expecting from me. I got the answer you always get from these guys.

'That's what we are here to ask you" replied the house.

"Give us a clue" I answered back. "I'm not a bloody mind reader. You must have found it somewhere and I would guess it was not out in a field all on it's lonesome when you picked it up."

"Fair enough" replied the house. "It was attached or next to a tube like device that looks like it might take or fit a human body, or at least some form of a body, like say a 'pod'".

I almost fainted! A rush of images filled my head, I felt quite sick. To this day I'm not sure if I somehow managed to download information from the small alien artefact through some form of contact interaction, or whether the discussion had triggered latent memories from within me.

The interrogation ended soon after. I think they could see my mind was a little preoccupied, but not before we both had one last shot at each other.

For the first time the second 'house' had something to say. He was obviously a Kiwi (New Zealander) I could tell by his accent.

"We can have you out of here before Christmas if you just help us a little with our inquires" he said.

My reply was as mild and polite as I could muster under the circumstances.

"Look guys this whole event has destroyed my life as I knew it. Most likely it will take forever for me to recover financially and I might never be able to live a normal life again because of what I now know and

what you have done to do to me. There is no chance now that I would make it right by you, you simply don't deserve it."

I continued. "I will tell you a few things that you must already know though. One, you must be very desperate for answers or you would not be here now wasting your time talking with me. Two, what you and I both know is that there is very little time left for your masters and your options are very few if any. We both know things are going to get really strange on this planet very soon and I doubt anyone is going to feel comfortable with what is coming, least of all you guys. I'll give you one clue, get out of the game you are in and do it asap."

I concluded with a veiled threat suggesting the next time we met the tables might have been turned and it would be best if they could find a little love and hold it in their hearts otherwise things might not work out to well for them. Perhaps they recognised the truth in my words I'm not sure but their attitudes seemed to change soon after. Regardless the interview was now all but over.

Later that evening in my small cell I wrote non-stop till dawn. The information flowed from me like spring water. Almost half of the baseline material for the first C*o*E*volution* manuscript was laid out that night. I also felt a cold shiver run through me as I contemplated the next 25 years of my life and what I had remembered was to come.

As they both left the room at the conclusion of the interview, the 'house' turned and said four words. "It's not over yet."

I had no doubt he meant it, and I knew that there was a power of truth in those words that perhaps even House did not realise. Years later however I was the one pleasantly surprised by the double meaning held within his words.

I made mention of portions of this interview in the original draft of C*o*E*volution*, and the reason it is being reviewed here again in slightly more detail, is because of what happened during the final few moments of that interview and what was to unfold in the ensuing years almost up to this present day.

It appeared the 'house' with the South African accent wanted to stay in contact with me—and maybe not in such an official capacity. As the interview was nearing the end, I was surprised when he quietly and stealthily handed me a slip of paper and put his finger to his lips as he did so.

As you might expect I had no reason to want to communicate with him on any level, I truly thought it was just another ruse to hijack information from me one way or another. I was intrigued though, for along with a phone number and an email address he had scrawled the words "**I *have communicated with one of them***"

The slip of paper still ended up in rubbish bin.

The bus ride home from the prison farm in February of 1994 to the smell of summer hay fields and bird song was something I will never forget. You have to lose something dear to you and then have it handed back before you could possibly know how I felt.

Of course they had taken away every material thing I owned, that was just part of the ordeal of counting oneself a free and independent person.

I was not talking of material things when I said 'handed back'. I didn't even have $10 of my own that day on the bus trip home but it didn't matter somehow. When your eyes have been opened to the cosmos in the way mine had I sometimes wonder if a bullet would not just pass right through me and do me no harm at all. There might be some truth in the saying 'the truth shall set you free', I had always considered myself free but somehow on that day I was doubly so.

The House had for the moment, been forgotten.

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House Calls

A year or more passed before I could afford a computer capable of internet connection and to be able to convert the C*o*E*volution* manuscript from an almost illegible handwritten scribble describing five years of my life, into an electronic version capable of being understood by others. Whether it would ever be believed or not, was a different question.

Even though many people are convinced of the reality of UFO's and the like, the fact that someone like myself might actually meet up with the occupants of such a device and communicate on an equal footing seems to be beyond their grasp of understanding.

The manuscript was already in my publisher's hands before I received an email from the recently forgotten House, and so began perhaps the most unusual relationship you could ever imagine. I was never one hundred percent convinced anything I was told by my new acquaintance was factual, but I allowed communication to continue because I felt I had little to lose and perhaps much to gain.

I will continue to use the nickname 'House' for my South African acquaintance, because he did eventually become a friend even though we never met again in person. I do not wish to openly name him because it might still in some way damage his family. It will not do the House himself any harm I am sure, as I was sadly informed by those close to him that he passed away recently. It is only because of that fact that I have included his information here in this update. I can only hope his passing was from natural causes.

It would appear House was a lot more than just the rather large spook I initially took him to be. If I can believe anything he has told me over the years, then he was a very clever man. It appears when we first met, he was working as a consultant with the CSIR (Council for

Scientific Industrial Research) of South Africa. This is not surprising considering my first contact with other spooks in 1989 seemed to have come through the New Zealand equivalent organization the DSIR (Department of Scientific & Industrial Research) even if they only used that organisation as a front or cover.

However House appeared to be slightly more 'freelance' than I expected. I guess his considerable academic skills and qualifications might have given him a little more freedom than most.

Some organizations he worked for (all South African) are the SAEON, ISES, and HMO. I give these out for those that might want to look them up to see what sort of work House was connected with and to, during the time of our contact over the years. His last posting was with the HMO (Hermanus Magnetic Observatory) which has a base in the Antarctic.

His life story is really an adventure in itself, however I willonly touch on the highlights and related subjects, because to relate all he has told me over the years would keep me writing for days.

When you see a UFO, or even more so, if you get to see a visitor from such a craft your life changes forever. I guess I don't really need to tell you that—but when two such people get together for whatever reasons—there is a bonding that is difficult to describe. I may be able to relate to or understand it better if I compared it to sharing a life threatening situation which might have required two people working together to save themselves. Imagine the feeling you would have after coming through something like that even with a total stranger—you will feel a lasting bond of sorts I'm sure. That is the kind of friendship that developed between House and myself.

He got tired of the bullshit that is part of intelligence work. It's actually no different than working for the Mafia, is how he described it. I know he thought the only way he could reach me in a way that would make me even the slightest bit interested in what he might have to say—was to lead with his ace, so he cut right to the chase.

In one of his very first emails to me was a footnote which read: P*lease delete after reading*.

He described seeing his first ET or DT (Dimensional Traveller) in 1988 even though he was not directly involved in that interaction. He had more to say about his second encounter though. From what he has told me—the years 1988 through 1991 saw an large number of

downed or crashed vehicles that where not of Earth origin. It appeared someone had perfected a new weapon during that period—a type of beam weapon derived from Tesla's work more than half a century before. He said he knew that for a fact. He suggested it was first used in a fairly primitive state back in 1947 at Roswell New Mexico.

He then proceeded to tell me all about what he suggested was his first real personal contact after the crash of a UFO in South Africa in 1989, which eventually would lead to his coming to New Zealand to interview me. He described in detail what it had felt like to meet someone that was not human and he suggested that it had changed his life totally, and was responsible for him removing himself from the uglier side of intelligence work.

The UFO occupant in question subsequently died, but House had been one of the first to the scene of the crash and had sat with this unusual person for some time before others arrived to take him or her away. He was never sure of what gender it was, and said it had the most gentle of faces. He knew as soon as he looked closely at this creature it was a great mistake to have shot them down, there were others in the craft but they had all died before he arrived.

He could not describe why he felt this way he just said he felt very sad and very guilty. As he sat with the dying astronaut trying to communicate with them, at first with speech which did not appear to work as far as he could tell but he kept talking anyway, he talked about his family, his home town, anything that came to mind. Something of the conversation must have gotten through to the injured astronaut he surmised, because House started to see pictures in his mind of strange faces and a civilisation or collection of buildings he found hard to describe, some dome like, others more akin to spirals.

The craft itself he described as looking more like a 'Stingray' than anything else. It even had what looked like gills on the underside and even thought it had crashed it was still capable on sucking all the electrical current out of any machinery that got near it.

It was a dull brown in colour on the outside and he got the impression it was trying to camouflage itself mimicking the desert terrain, but once inside it was as if made of glass, you could see around you a full 360 degrees.

It was hard for me to hold back my enthusiasm, I did not reply to

these descriptions even though much sounded familiar. I had decided not to interact with House on anything to do with my own experiences with DTs or ETs, but I did interact with him on personal day-to-day Earth affairs and UFO general knowledge and news about such. The rest I left for him to fill in.

I really did want to turn the tables on House and question him over the artefacts he had come all that way to show me while I was in Rangipo Prison. His reply was, "Yes, I was expecting you to come at me with that one sooner or later. I guess I can fill you in on that to some degree, but for the record the craft the artefact came from crashed before my time on the groundwork team.

"It was from South America, Argentina I think, and the crash would have been mid 1980's. A very large craft from the pictures I've seen. Strange thing about that investigation when the pickup crews arrived the craft was completely empty. Did not even look like anyone had ever been in it, no signs on the ground of any foot or wheeled traffic, a real mystery. One of the reasons it was still on the files when I took over.

"When we came to you it was a long shot chance you could help us. But you knew didn't you? I mean I could see it in your eyes, your body action, you got excited I could tell. What did it say? On the artefact, the small device, what did it say?"

"Sorry House" I replied "that's a need to know question." I laughed but not rudely, "and you don't need to know."

When he managed to extract himself from the more aggressive side of his job, he described being sent to various parts of the world to investigate and assess the value of various artefacts being dug up at archaeological sites—not the least of which was a posting to the Middle East.

He was one of the first Special Ops personnel from outside of the USA to go into Iraq in 1991 under the pretence of searching for weapons of mass destruction or some such guise. He was back there again 12 years later yes you guessed under the same guise of searching for weapons of mass destruction.

This time I think they might have found something of significance or at least there was a hint of it from his communications. Once again his scientific credentials and his recent area of expertise, (collecting investigating downed UFOs) made him one of a very few trusted

individuals that could be sent in on a clandestine mission searching for alien artefacts in what was once called the Garden of Eden. He was not prepared to tell what they might have found but it was a lead in to what became for him a full time job.

Soon after this he was send to the Antarctic every other summer for 6 to 8 weeks to work on a similar type of job, extracting or looking for hi-tech artefacts from the frozen wasteland of the southern continent. Once again he would not open up to me entirely except to described a shootout at one stage over a claim, and the downing of a supply helicopter. This was in the area of the Great Dome which has been an area of great conjecture for many reasons not least of which are magnetic anomalies which might suggest buried metallic structures under the ice, and also the warm water lake two miles down below the surface with the ancient life forms it might contain. There has been a mandate to prevent drilling into this warm water lake because of contamination of possible exotic life forms that could be millions of years old but House suggests drilling was done in secret anyway and some serious health problems developed with the scientists that were involved in that venture.

Other artefacts were found in this region and removed by one or more US-supported organisations, Raytheon being one of them. House was under no doubt what they had found could be, and would be used for weapons research and development. Which meant he knew what was there in great detail. I think he was more than a little annoyed that some other organisation had stolen the artefacts right out from under their noses.

He said in spite of that, "forget the Americans they are small time players, all of this is controlled from Europe". He suggested the last time the English came down south in the early 1980's they 'struck gold' to coin a phrase. He would not say exactly what, because I don't think he really knew in any detail—just that it was some kind of technological jackpot. There is no way for me to sure what we speak of here has anything to do with the finds in Antarctica but the timing fits, as does this next portion of information from House.

This info came to him through an English colleague that he had studied with many years back, this was one of the first times he had ever used a name, I guess because he was long dead. Victor Moore.

This colleague worked for Marconi in England and was at that time a design engineer, this friend let slip one day about a new robotic fluid their computer and engineer guys were working with, that could be programmed with radio frequencies. They thought they might be able to use it hydraulically, which would open up all kinds of new design fields. When he asked around, nobody knew who invented it or where it might have come from, nor even any talk of patents to buy from another company. One comment from his friend that stuck in House's mind was during the experiments with this substance every time they would activate it they got interference on data signals coming in from their weather satellites. House told me as if to qualify this statement his friend's areas of expertise did indeed include satellite communications. He was no fool and was well respected in the academic world so when his friend let this information out House suggested it should be taken seriously.

House also thought something about the job had been really bugging his friend but he could not talk about it openly of course. He did say however he was working on something out of his field, indeed out of everyone's field at Marconi. He didn't feel he was up to it or comfortable with it. He even let slip it was a little spooky what this stuff could do, even reaching into the fields of medicine biology and nano-technology. Unfortunately this friend was reported to have taken his own life in early 1987, this was just before House became involved with the UFO crash recovery program and before his meeting with me in New Zealand, so he never got to learn anything more about the substance.

But if it came to Marconi by way of the Antarctic or Southern Thule we can only speculate—was it the same substance Zeena's people had been working on a few years before?

I asked him if the Falklands War had anything to do with all this. I did not include my personal knowledge of Southern Thule, as I did not want to give out more intel than I could have been receiving.

His reply was something like, "Yes I believe that was when they took away more than they bargained for, but I can't go there in detail, it's all rumour and hearsay from where I stand, best not go there." But he did anyway with a little gentle urging. Something really strange started happening at Marconi from 1982 or 83 right after the Falklands and Victor ended up right in the middle of it silly bugger.

"I don't think they knew what they are playing with", House said to me in a later email. They (the English) came back down looking for some more of this stuff quite recently and most of those connected to the dig as he called it, got really sick, they put a lid on it real quick he said. I was down there that year, glad I didn't have anything to do with that expedition", which he added was to the Great Dome.

To continue with other happenings deep in the Antarctic centre in early 2009, House told me that he and others were also very concerned about the new Chinese base (Kunlun) being set up at the Dome—with their sights also set on possible drilling through to the lake. Now I read in the summer of 2011 a more overt mission to drill into the lake. There is a lot more going on in this region than we are being told you don't have to be very smart to work that out.

The last piece of interesting information to come from House before he passed away, was a note to tell me "several antenna (not man made) around the world had suddenly become active and were broadcasting a signal out into space. These antennae, several of which are on the sea floor, have been known about by the powers-that-be for many years, but until recently they had been dormant".

The ones he had been asked to investigate because they were in his neighbourhood, the Indian Ocean and the Antarctic, had started broadcasting. I have since heard rumours of other locations including one in the Great Wall of China that had also started to transmit. What this all means to mankind we can only speculate on. But maybe the experience of what it's like to interact with beings from another world might not only be limited to people like myself and House in the very near future?

To end this chapter I last sent off an email to House in mid September 2010 to thank him for the update on the signals and asking if anything new had come to light on the reasoning for their activation. He never got to read it. Approximately two weeks later I received and email in reply from a family member to say that House had been ill for some time and that he had passed away in his sleep two weeks ago. This was a courtesy email to all his friends from overseas that had been on his email lists and other emails that remained unanswered on his computer.

Farewell my friend may you rest in peace.

Or, if you're on another mission, good luck.

Epilogue:

Speculations on Future Technology

My objective in writing this book was to give a factual report on an actual incident. While I have tried to keep any speculation on my part to a minimum, if I have included any it was not my intention. Wherever possible, I have tried to remain neutral, at least as far as the off-planet segments are concerned. However, my demise at the hands of terrestrial authorities has made it difficult for me to remain neutral in that area. Perhaps you will forgive me this transgression.

What I'd like to do here in this final section is unleash upon you some personal speculation (albeit, based on fact) as to how some of what you've just read might be more easily understood in the world of terrestrial reality. I do not for one moment suggest I have got this right. It is just as I said: personal speculation.

At this point I have to thank a new friend, Jonathan Eisen (editor of the book, *Suppressed Inventions and Other Discoveries*), for allowing me to bounce some of these ideas off him at short notice. I appreciate his input on the matters discussed here.

The year 1947 (coincidentally, the same year as the now infamous Roswell saucer retrieval incident) heralded one of the biggest single technological breakthroughs of this century when, on 23 December at the Bell Laboratories, inventors John Bardeen, Walter Brattain and William Shockley unveiled the first point-contact transistors. Shockley followed up a year or so later with his junction transistor development. This amazing new technology amplified electrical signals by passing them through a solid semiconductor material—basically the same operation performed by present-day junction transistors.

What resulted from this invention has been little short of miraculous, even 'out of this world', dare I say. Following on from here, we end up deep within this next subject.

Most substances can exist in three different states: solid, liquid and gaseous. Temperatures and pressures determine which state is adopted. The solid state is usually crystalline. Differences between the three fundamental states are often depicted by simple diagrams in which atoms are represented by circles. Usually these circles are clustered together in a roughly spherical layout, at least with the solid and liquid states. However, when the atoms are replaced by molecules that are elongated in one direction, a peculiar intermediate state of matter arises: the liquid crystal. We must therefore conclude that there are more than just three states of matter.

The liquid crystal is a law unto itself; different from gas, liquid or solid crystal states, but just as fundamental. As you will no doubt associate liquid crystals (LCs) with the liquid crystal displays (LCDs) of quartz watches, TV screens and computer games, you may be excused for thinking that all forms of liquid crystal are modern high-tech substances, for they are not. Liquid crystal, in various forms, abounds in most living things—plants, animals and humans. Perhaps the least understood of all these liquid crystals is the one known to us as water! Personally, I have only one word to describe water: magic!

To summarise this small section, liquid crystals, or "mesophases" as they are sometimes called, are intermediate forms of condensed matter which can lie between the crystalline and liquid states, sharing characteristics with both of these extremes. Their peculiarities stem from the elongated cigar-like shape of their molecules, which gives rise to spectacular optical effects. There are two classes: "thermotropic mesogens", where the transition from crystal to liquid crystal occurs upon a change in temperature; and "lyotropic mesogens", where the transition is caused by a change in solvent concentration.

If LCs are placed within a modified field or device, they can be made to respond to an electrical field. An example of this would be the LC numerical readout on your wristwatch or calculator. A compressed explanation for this is simply that the long LC molecules tend to align themselves to the induced electrical fields. The shape and layout of LCs can be altered very easily, even with our primitive terrestrial technology.

Can you imagine what a more advanced race might be capable of doing with this substance? Need I add that LCs and transistorised technology fit together very well?

A point to note here is that polaroid filters affect most LCs in terms of

enhancing their colour variations or making them plainly visible to the naked eye. Just by way of a little clue as to why we are on this subject, how often have you seen a UFO show up in a photograph taken with a polaroid filter, where the UFO could not actually be seen at the time the photo was taken? If you're a UFO buff, I would suggest you have seen more than one such photograph.

That was a bit long-winded, I know, but I needed to give you a rundown on liquid crystals so you would not fall off your perch when you read this next segment!

During the last year or so I have met many interesting people involved with the UFO phenomenon, not the least of whom is a gentleman by the name of Kahill Radcliffe, who lives in Queensland, Australia. According to Kahill, he has had many interactions with ETs over the years. On one occasion, he and a friend had cause literally to bump into an invisible ET craft. Not actually being able to see it, they could at least *feel* it. Kahill described to me how the outer surface felt more like a liquid and was malleable enough for him to be able to push his hand through the surface layer! He could then feel a more solid surface beneath that outer layer.

Now, a step sideways. Quite recently in the USA, a substance known as white powder gold (actually, one of several ORMEs—orbitally re-arranged monatomic elements) has come to light. Readers of NEXUS Magazine will know it well as it was featured in the August through November 1996 issues. This substance is little short of mind-blowing, and I suggest you read about it if you haven't already done so. It is a superconductor extraordinaire and appears to become multidimensional when heated at a specific temperature for a particular period of time. Can you believe that?! It is reported to be able to restore health and raise human consciousness, to name but a few of its attributes.

Another related subject concerns a group of organic superconductors known as Bechgaard salts, discovered in 1985. I mention them here because they have interesting characteristics in relation to UFO sightings. If light is shone at the crystal but is polarised parallel to the conducting direction, it is reflected, thus giving the crystal a characteristic metallic lustre. Polarisation in the transverse direction produces a dull-grey appearance. If the power supply is turned off, the material disappears from sight. How about that! Conclusion: just because something looks like it's made of a metallic substance, this does not necessarily mean that it is!

Since 1989 I have had two-thirds of a jigsaw puzzle in my head. I knew that my aliens' craft could change shape on command and that these craft were in fact living entities in their own right. I knew that some form of crystalline technology, possibly using a pulsed resonance or vibrational frequency along with temperature variations, was being used to go interdimensional. What I did not know or understand was how all this could be put together, but since the white powder gold article appeared in NEXUS I may possibly have found the missing link.

Had I suggested to you before the article was published that a yet-to-be-discovered, mysterious crystalline substance, capable of going interdimensional with very little effort, was needed to make all the above material into some form of space-time dimensional craft, you would no doubt have laughed me out of town. For all I know, you may be doing that anyway! But hold on; there's more.

We are now going to have to take the biggest sideways step of all. Some of you may not agree with my findings in this section because they are not as well documented as some of the material that has gone before. All I can say about this is that, as far as I'm concerned, what follows is fact. If you choose not to believe it, then that is your decision.

Plant life on this planet has an intelligence level that has been sorely underestimated by mankind for millennia. Plants can read or sense human intent—which is more than most humans can do! Plants can communicate with each other—something we humans have more than enough trouble with at times. They can even identify specific individuals. Should it be such a far-fetched idea that a race slightly more advanced than we are—and more attuned to Nature and, thus, plant life—could have some affinity with plants and cooperate in joint projects? Perhaps this advanced race is part vegetable itself!

People more astute than myself have already commented on the close relationship between chlorophyll and blood haemoglobin, some even suggesting that chlorophyll is not native to planet Earth. Maybe we've already been invaded by extraterrestrials and they *are* green! It's the old story: being human, would we recognise intelligent life if we tripped over it, whether on Earth or in space? In my time on this planet I have never met a more benevolent life force than that of the plant kingdom.

Back to the point. It then follows that we could create a craft which is at least part vegetable, part liquid crystal, and part white powder gold or some off-planet equivalent. If we could communicate telepathically with

the craft's plant content, it might provide us with some form of control. Perhaps we could alter its shape at will by manipulating the liquid crystal portion with electrical stimulus and activating the dimensional capabilities with application of heat. If we could do all this, I would suggest we would have a fairly awesome machine by terrestrial standards. As I say this, I would like to make it clear that none of this technology is totally beyond us here on Earth, and is possibly under development right now!

Going right out onto the leading edge here, I would suggest that if you could coat your body with a composite of the above materials, and maybe ingest a little as well (there's nothing toxic in the mixture; quite the reverse), you could well become one with the machine you have created!

From there, nothing would be impossible.

B*on voyage*!

I do not know what I may appear to the world,
but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore
and diverting myself in now and then,
finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary,
whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

— Sir Isaac Newton

Appendix 1:

T*he* Tests

What you are about to read I had not intended to include in this book. For one, I do not believe in scaremongering. I think the human race has enough things to be concerned about without my adding to its woes. In any case, the purpose of this book is to enlighten, not frighten!

Some people around me have expressed an interest in knowing more about these compatibility tests which were required before I could enter the so-called breeding program on Haven. With respect to certain 'events' that are about to take place on planet Earth, perhaps it would not be such a bad thing to put a few things into perspective. I would hope I have some of this wrong, but I doubt it!

We have never been alone on this planet. Another race—you can call them "Greys" if you like—has been here longer than we have. They seem to have been content to live mostly underground up until now. Somehow, quite recently (I don't know exactly when or why), their agenda seems to have changed. Linked to this change in agenda is some tie-in with factions of our Earth's military-industrial cartel (if that is the right term for it). This agenda, according to *my* alien hosts, is "to let loose or introduce a new breed of so-called humans onto this planet we call our own".

Now, before you start to jump up and down over this revelation, there is some controversy even in my own mind as to how we got here in the first place. It may have been just such a move long ago which brought about the species called H*omo sapiens*—you and me! If you think we are such a nice lot, please find me a Neanderthal man or woman—the species we superseded on this planet.

You may ask how such a thing as a new race could be brought about without our resisting it. Quite simply, build a new race that has a

resistance to a certain lethal virus and then let that lethal virus free amongst the general population. You see, all the best plans are simple ones! If you don't believe that a new race of humans is being constructed on this planet right under our noses, I suggest you start reading some alternative literature.

So what has all this got to do with the testing I was undergoing on Haven? Once again, it is quite simple. There have already been some preliminary tests done on this planet Earth to see how these viruses work! I could quite easily have been carrying one of these viruses, as any of us could. Some of the tests were not to see if I had any viruses, but, rather, to see if I was resistant to them in the long term! There would not be much point in those on Haven building a race to come to Earth, only to be killed off immediately by some deadly virus.

By now, you must surely see a bigger picture emerging. It's going to get very interesting down here on Earth in the next few years. I would suggest you start looking after your body and start eating properly, for you will need to be in the best of health if you are going to be around to see how all this works out. Yes, you can beat it if you are healthy. The human body is a wonderful thing—very resistant and resilient.

It may now be a little more obvious why a worldwide shutdown of access to natural health remedies is being implemented lately through various trade agreements. Once you understand the big picture, all the little things fall into place. Again, I can only advise you to become educated on the subject. Knowledge is power!

Back to the tests. It appeared to me as if they were testing every part of my body as if each segment or organ had come from a different place! Now that is a scary thought. The tests also seem to include areas that were outside my physical body.

Maybe this future interaction between Zeena and me was also to be a true union of the souls. At that time I had no idea what might be in store for me, but the tests were extensive and seemed to be on a molecular level, or so I was told. My only doubt is I hope I'm not working for the wrong side here!

There is not much more I can tell you about the tests. I'm no medic, but it seemed that I met all the criteria that had been set. Because of reasons of personal privacy, though, I have opted not to divulge any more details about what exactly was required of me in the breeding program.

Appendix 2:

Communication

According to reports, the primary form of communication used by our star-based brothers and sisters is almost universally acknowledged to be telepathy. It is also reported that there are many different groups in contact with us. However, as I have met only the one group, my experience is just with them. They connected or communicated with me using a method which I suppose you could describe as telepathic, in that they used no verbal sounds or spoken words. But as I do not really know what telepathy is, I can only imagine what it might be like.

It is absurd to think that each and every ET group would be using the same means of communication. As we humans do not all speak the same language yet live on the same planet, why should all ETs use similar means of communication?

All that I really know for sure is that my head was continually full of pictures, colours and sounds when my Haven friends were connecting with me. At first this was very tiring and it didn't take long before I would have to break off the contact and rest, but I did improve in this department soon enough.

They were also able to transfer their raised energy levels to me, and I found that just by being in the same room as one of them seemed to charge me up in some way. It was as if they energised the very air that surrounded me. At least this was the case with the Elders.

Logic would also suggest that as they appear to be more intelligent than we are, it would be easier for them to convert their own form of communication into something we could understand, rather than try to teach us their language. However, an exception to this rationale would be if their language could not easily be converted into word forms as we would understand them. It would appear that the group

who made contact with me fits into this category.

Most of us may think of telepathy in terms of the spoken word, but why should this be so? If, as I believe, most alien telepathy is a form of communication used by beings who have largely dispensed with the spoken word, why would they limit themselves to word-type transferences? If, indeed, these alien forms of communication were 'light years' apart from ours (forgive the pun!), a different approach to interactive transference might have to be adopted. It might well be that *we* would have to learn *their* form of expression!

I should imagine that they would have all sorts of technical gimmicks to help us achieve this goal, from portable computers to, as in my case, a wearable computer in the form of a bodysuit. I am convinced that the human brain has vast reservoirs of untapped potential in order to assimilate information transmitted by such telepathic means. After my experience, I am equally sure that our brain was designed with this form of communication in mind.

The telepathy I encountered was truly a dynamic means of interaction, tenfold more precise than any language on Earth. You will have heard the expression, "a picture is as good as a thousand words". Well, therein lies the answer to the ultimate 'language'. With the transference of a dozen pictures or diagrams in as many seconds, bookloads of information can be passed on in a very short time.

We have only to look at the way modern computers work. Rather than having to use complex scripts to give a command, with most systems available now we have only to click on an icon. It seems we have gone almost full circle. Are not icons very similar to ancient hieroglyphs? If indeed some of Earth's more ancient and as-yet-undeciphered hieroglyphs originated from some unknown alien computer-type icon language, then it is no wonder that modern linguists have not been able to translate them.

This alien language has an extra dimension to it. By adding colour codes and a corresponding, almost musical, resonance to match and back up the pictures or icons, they prevent their communications from being misread. It is worth mentioning here that this 'sound' has a definite resemblance to some of our more melodic languages of the East.

I discovered a most surprising thing when I attempted to translate their numerical system: it does not appear to be metric! It seems to

be built on a system of twelve, as is the case in our old imperial system. They use six basic colours which they split into both dark and light shadings to give this sequence of twelve. Instead of going up in tens, they repeat in units of twelve, e.g., 12, 24, 36...144...288, and so on. These are values that coincide with those present in Nature. Our ancient ancestors may once have understood them; but, as these values have not been used since antiquity, we have forgotten their true meanings.

I can recall that they would always express part numbers as fractions of the whole—not as tenths or decimals. For example, *pi* would be 22/7, not 3.141592 as in our decimal system. Their logic was simple, I thought. For example, how do we divide 10 by 3 using our decimal system? Such a simple sum really has no answer. Amazing, isn't it!

This interesting number *pi* may have more to do with my adventure than I care to imagine. For instance, if we multiply *pi* by itself (or square it, in other words), we get approx. 9.8696 or 9.9, which just so happens to correlate with the length of time I was off this planet, if we use an Earth day as the base for our units in *pi*. The six colours of this number sequence are red, orange, yellow, green, blue and a purplish indigo or violet.

Their alphabetic system uses a similar but more complex technique, and I cannot do it justice here in black and white. The colours are split many more times and can have dark, medium or light shading. I'm not sure how many divisions there are in this sequence, but there are many. In turn, the resonance accompanying each colour is indispensable.

It may sound complicated to you straight off, but this is really just substituting colours for letters. Only with telepathy could this form of communication be achieved without artificial help. I probably don't have to remind UFO buffs about a certain film, made in the late 1970s, that featured a similar form of communication. I can assure you, my memories have nothing to do with that movie. However, I cannot say that the example shown in the movie did not come from someone else's real-life experience that could very well have paralleled my own. For those with failing memories, the name of the movie is *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

I have to be a little careful about divulging the form and possible

meaning of certain hieroglyphs I saw on and about their craft, for these symbols have already caused me more than enough strife with some people on this planet! Numbers, however, are different and I see no danger in presenting some examples here. While I believe this set contains the numbers from zero to twelve, note that the symbols for seven, eight and nine may be incorrect. I saw these types of markings about their craft and city, and I include them here simply because they look right. I make no apologies for the fact that several of these symbols look very similar to some of our own.

The symbol or insignia I've shown as representing our number twelve has a little story attached to it. It is actually a very revered symbol on Haven. For all intents and purposes it is their unified or national emblem. The incomplete circle I understand is representative of their still incomplete evolutionary cycle, albeit self-imposed. The internal triangle, or perhaps pyramid or tetrahedron, represents the pinnacle of their achievements thus far—that is, dimensional travel. This symbol therefore stands at the head of their numerical system.

A point of interest while on numbers is that they would always telepathically communicate the value zero, or the symbol that it represents, as white in their colour range. When they use white in the alphabetical sense, it is as a spacer between sequences of colour, defining words and sentences.

These are the possible numerical symbols I have identified:

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12